SCIENCE
Saturday Review
APRIL 15, 1972 50¢

Army Ants: Fiends from Hell or Man's Best Friends?

Cataract Surgery: A Different Tune

Teeming Life in the Miniature Seas Called Tide Pools

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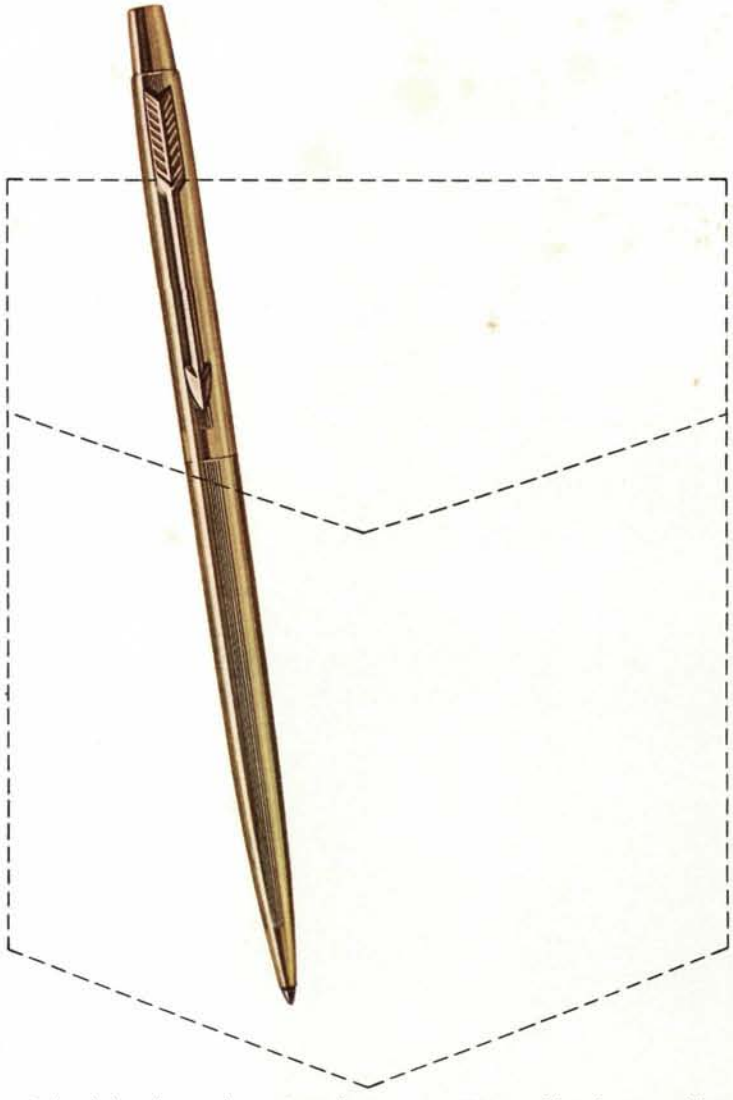
They said we'd lose our shirt.



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"$8.50," we said.

The designers walked away in a bit of a daze. "You're gonna lose your shirt," they mumbled. "You're gonna lose your shirt."

But they made it. The Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen. And we sell it for $8.50.

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PARKER

Maker of the world's most wanted pens

The gold-filled Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen is $8.50. With matching Cartridge Pencil, $17.00. A memorable gift for personal or business friends. Other fine Parker pens to own or give, from the $1.98 Jotter Ball Pen to the $150 Parker 75 Presidential Pen.

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And if you have anything else on your mind, like whether "no-fault" auto insurance can really save you money or how health care can affect you or even some purely personal insurance problem, we'll do our best to help you there, too.

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Saturday Review

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THE BIGGEST SELLING SMALL CAR IN EUROPE VS. THE BIGGEST SELLING SMALL CAR IN AMERICA.

This year, millions of Americans will go out to buy their very first small car.

Many will find themselves confused as to which small car is best.

Which is why we think it might be helpful for you to know that in Europe, where they've been comparing small cars for three generations, they buy more Fiats than anything else.

Volkswagens included.

One of the big reasons for this is the Fiat 128, which we're bringing to America for the first time this year.

OUR PERFORMANCE VERSUS THEIR PERFORMANCE.

The most obvious difference between the Fiat 128 and the Volkswagen Super Beetle is the engine.

Ours is in front—theirs is in back. We have front wheel drive—they have rear wheel drive.

Front wheel drive gives you better handling because the wheels that are moving the car are also the wheels that are turning the car.

Front wheel drive also gives you better traction on ice and snow. (As proof, last year, the Fiat 128 won the Canadian Winter Rally, which is run over ice and snow the likes of which we hardly ever see in the States.)

You'll also notice, if you glance at the chart on the right, that under passing conditions the Fiat accelerates faster than the Volkswagen. (If you've ever passed a giant truck on a highway, you know how important that is.)

The Fiat 128—which has self-adjusting front disc brakes—can bring you to a complete stop in a shorter distance than the Volkswagen, which does not have disc brakes.

The Fiat 128 has rack and pinion steering, which is a more positive kind of steering system generally found on such cars as Ferraris, Porsches, and Jaguars. The Volkswagen doesn't.

And lastly, the Fiat comes with radial tires; the Volkswagen doesn't.

OUR ROOM VERSUS THEIR ROOM.

The trouble with most of the small cars around is that while they help solve the serious problem of space on the road, they create a serious problem of space inside the car.

And while the Volkswagen is far from the worst offender in this area, it still doesn't give you anywhere near the amount of space you get in the Fiat 128.

As you can see on the measurement chart, the Fiat 128 is a full 10 inches shorter on the outside than the Volkswagen. Yet it has more room on the inside than an Oldsmobile Cutlass, let alone the Volkswagen.

Compared to the Super Beetle, it's wider in front, wider in back, and 5 inches wider between the front and back seat. Which should be good news for your knees.

And in the trunk of the Fiat 128, where lack of room is taken for granted in small cars, you'll find 13 cubic feet of room. In the Volkswagen you'll find 9.2.

OUR COST VERSUS THEIR COST.

Aside from the fact that the Fiat 128 costs $167 less than the Super Beetle, there's another cost advantage we're rather proud of.

According to tests run by the North American Testing Company, the Fiat 128 gets better gas mileage than the Super Beetle.

Now we don't for one minute expect that, even in the face of all the aforementioned evidence, you will rush out and buy a Fiat. All we suggest is that you take the time to look at a Fiat.

Recently, the president of Volkswagen of America was quoted as saying that 42% of all the people who buy Volkswagens have never even looked at another kind of car.

And we think that people who don't look before they buy never know what they've missed.

FIAT

Overseas delivery arranged through your dealer.

ACCELERATION		
FIAT	20-50 mph	9.405 secs.
VW	20-50 mph	11.635 secs.
FIAT	40-70 mph	17.86 secs.
VW	40-70 mph	20.09 secs.
BRAKING		
FIAT	20-0 mph	13.2 ft.
VW	20-0 mph	14.6 ft.
FIAT	60-0 mph	139.7 ft.
VW	60-0 mph	155.2 ft.
BUMPER TO BUMPER		
FIAT		151.81 in.
VW		160.24 in.
FRONT SEAT—SIDE TO SIDE		
FIAT		53.50 in.
VW		46.0 in.
REAR SEAT—SIDE TO SIDE		
FIAT		49.875 in.
VW		47.125 in.
BACK SEAT—KNEE ROOM		
FIAT		31.00 in.
VW		25.75 in.
COST		
FIAT		$1,992*
VW		$2,159*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, POE. Transportation, taxes, optional equipment, dealer preparation charges, if any, additional.

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The Decline of Humor

Humor first showed its silly head during the early Quaternary period, or about the same time man first showed his. Its subsequent decline and disappearance (sometime last year) have caused little concern among run-of-the-mill humans, but they are the subject of a vigorous debate in academic circles.

The fact that humor is no more is not a point open to argument. It was established beyond doubt in a poll taken by sociologist and humor expert Elkin Perndorf. Perndorf said that when he asked more than 500 Americans "Why did the chicken cross the road?" no more than 10 per cent could offer an even halfway plausible explanation.

"What's even more disturbing," said Perndorf, "is that fat people, who are supposedly our most jolly class, ventured such unfunny guesses as 'To get a sandwich' and 'My God, who can tell about those chickens!'"

Perndorf also designed and conducted the now famous "Barrel of Monkeys" study in which a group of monkeys carefully selected to represent every socioeconomic stratum, was subjected to a barrage of pictures, skits, jokes, and film clips of the type you would normally expect would make a monkey laugh.

Dr. Perndorf reported the monkeys' responses:

"Subject monkeys spent most of their time sitting on their haunches, their arms resting either on their knees or on the floor. Many paid close attention during the period of the experiment, but none displayed a statistically significant response to the material.

"There was one incident where a younger monkey was thought to have chuckled at a picture of Johnny Weissmuller standing under a road sign that read 'Hollywood and Vine,' but the monkey later denied it.

"Though all the results have not been tabulated, a preliminary evaluation of the data would indicate that those stupid monkeys don't know any more about humor than we do."

In a later experiment Perndorf attempted to establish whether humor is a type of defense mechanism man employs when under pressure.

To simulate conditions faced by the modern human executive, a rat was placed at a desk with an "in" box and an "out" box. He was then conditioned to take tiny papers from the "in" box, clip them together, sign them, and place them in the "out" box.

After the rat did this a number of times successfully, he was given four pellets. Later, this was raised to five pellets, and then six, and so on, until his salary placed him in a higher pellet bracket. At this point, 20 per cent of his pellets were deducted with the result that the more the rat worked, the fewer pellets he earned.

While he was still confused over that situation, the rat was told that a new company policy had been established and that henceforth he would be expected to take papers from the "out" box, erase his name, and put them back in the "in" box. This policy continued to be reversed repeatedly so that the rat always found the more he worked, the more work there was, and the less he worked, the more work there was, too.

Unfortunately, toward the end of the experiment period the rat began to think he was the President of Mexico and had to be turned over to the Jab's abnormal psychology department.

"Just my luck to get a flaky rat," said Perndorf.

Though disappointed by these results, Perndorf has not given up. He is now working on a new theory that humor is caused by unpasteurized milk and says he plans to test it as soon as he can catch another rat.

"Even though humor is a thing of the past, it's important we find out what it was," he says. "As it stands now, I don't think people have any idea of what they've lost."

William Stimson

The Shocking Things People Say

Hemingway has never written anything that would disturb an eight-year-old.

Norman Mailer

This guy who wrote *The Naked and the Dead*—what's his name?—Mailer—was in bad need of a manager. Can you imagine that a general wouldn't look up coordinates on his map? A made-up half-ass literary general. The whole book's just diarrhea of the typewriter.

Ernest Hemingway

With the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare, when I measure my mind against his.

George Bernard Shaw

Christopher Lovejoy

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Dedication of the Week—from *Limericks Unlimited* by William Alsop:

> In a roundabout sort of way
> this book is dedicated to me
> because it is dedicated to my
> wife, who is dedicated to me.

"Roundabout" is the word. In any case, our Column of the Week was located by Jerome Abernathy of Pulaski, Tennessee, who found it in "Waco News" in the *Giles Free Press*:

> There are so many sick with flu and the weather is so bad I do not have much news. Hope to have more next week. I believe that is the reason there is so much flu. I do not think there will be many who do not have it. Even some that took shots are having it. . . .
>
> Mrs. Ida Hobbs is in Gordon's Hospital after having pneumonia. Mrs. Goldie Wells is a patient there. We hope both will soon be better.
>
> The Gene Bell family visited Mr. and Mrs. Farris Bell. Mrs. Farris Bell had flu and still is not feeling well.
>
> This writer still does not feel too well, after having flu. It would be good to take two large tablespoons of castor oil as soon as they feel they are taking it. I did not know I was taking flu, but had taken the oil because of something else, I thought was wrong with me. Am sure it helped me improve of it soon as I did. That was what was taken in 1918 when there was so much flu. I take mine in hot sweetened coffee. It will not turn one against coffee. It is also good for upset stomachs.
>
> We surely hope everyone does not have the flu.

And, if they do, we surely, *surely* hope they won't write about it.

George Braziller, who is perhaps the most independent of all the independent publishers, is a gentle, slow-talking, low-keyed fellow. However, when we met him for a breakfast date, we found him extremely high-keyed about *The Donner Party* by George Keithley (*SR*, March 11), an epic-style poem of three-line stanzas that bids fair to become one of the biggest long-poem hits since *John Brown's Body*.

"We started a poetry program a year ago," Mr. Braziller told us, "and we began to get a lot of new poets who are either unpublished or published only in little quarterlies. Our idea was to keep our losses down, as they say in poker, but once we made up our minds we were determined to go into it in depth. We decided to publish two poets a year, and we were determined to discover new American poets. We retained Richard Howard, who won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry last year, to be poetry editor, and he started bringing them in. Curiously enough, he wasn't for the *Donner* book, but I took it home one night and that was it. But I must say Howard is not one of these absolutist editor-poets. And he's just as thrilled as the rest of us with the way the *Donner* book took off. There's been nothing like it in the poetry field that any of us can remember."

Mr. Braziller was born in Brooklyn, the son, as he puts it, of "no father." "Actually, he died when I was a boy. But I was the seventh in our family. It was so hard for my mother. After I was married, she came to look at my first house. It was a little house in Larchmont with a very small bit of grass. 'Why, George,' she said, 'it's an estate.'

"To the end of her life, my mother was illiterate. But she must have held the record for going to night school. Unfortunately, there wasn't much progress, but she wanted her citizenship so desperately. Ten years she tried. I helped her, but it seemed hopeless. Then came the final try. She was so nervous. 'Will I be able to pass this time?' she asked me. And you know what happened? The fellow looked at her, then at her record, and then back at her. Suddenly he took her arm. 'You don't have to take it,' he said. 'Go right through.' "

Mr. Braziller himself, who had gone to work at ten, was not a wide reader until the age of nineteen. The book that started him "really reading" was *Lust for Life*. "I think," he said quietly, "one of the biggest pluses I have is not having an academic background. I certainly ought to have an open attitude, and I think I do. At least, I don't have built-in prejudices.

"In a way," he went on, smiling, "I married into the business. My girl—she was a dental assistant—had asked me, 'Can't you get a *decent* job?' Her brother-in-law was the publisher of Citadel. 'Maybe if you got a job there,' she told me, 'we could get married.' "

Mr. Braziller got a job there, in 1940, as a shipping clerk—for $15 a week—and they were married. Just before he went into the Army, he started the Book Find Club. How much capital, we asked, did it take? "Twenty-five dollars," he said. "My wife's father lent it to me." He paused. "At five and ten cents apiece, you can buy a lot of remainders for twenty-five dollars. My office was in my pockets—my liabilities in my left pocket, my assets in my right."

His wife ran the club while he was in the Army. By 1950 the Book Find Club had 100,000 members. Then came another club, the Seven Arts Book Society, and finally, in 1956, he started his own publishing house.

With what, we asked, thirty-five dollars? "No," he said, "but with credit. I started with hard-book reprints. I sure was dumb, with the paperback revolution just around the corner."

His first book was *The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci*; his next Dostoevsky's *Diary of a Writer*. "We built up a nice list. We could pick up anything we wanted, because almost everything was out of print. Our first original was Jacob Bronowski's *The Face of Violence*. It did fairly well, but our first major break was getting Sartre."

Mr. Braziller has two sons—one, twenty-eight, an environmental lawyer in Mayor Lindsay's administration, and the other, twenty-four, getting a master's in English. "We were the successful generation," he says. "We discovered Freud and we moved to the suburbs. We discovered the stock market and we moved out of reality. We also did everything for our kids—we chauffeured them everywhere. When they made a wrong move, we packed them off to the psychiatrist. And now we wonder why we have troubles."

Mr. Braziller believes that the independent publisher also has troubles. To prove it, he cites the case of a novel that, three years ago—after the novelist's agent frankly admitted it had "made the rounds"—he took. The advance was $500. Braziller's firm did much work on the book, then published it. It sold 40,000 copies. Then, three years later, the author did another novel. This time the agent upped the ante and asked for a $10,000 advance. Mr. Braziller agreed.

The next day the agent upped the ante and called again. He told Mr. Braziller that another house was offering $50,000. Mr. Braziller could not believe it but angrily agreed to meet it. Then the next day the agent called a third time. "The price now," he said, "is sixty thousand dollars."

"You will hear," Mr. Braziller said, "from my lawyer."

Mr. Braziller won a settlement. As for the book, it was a failure. □

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1983)

(WALTER) KERR:
GOD ON THE GYMNASIUM FLOOR

The theater is its continuum, a living muddle of good and bad that takes its vitality from the equally muddled world about it. It's a hand held out to meandering man as he makes his way through swamps and over cloverleafs, now mired, now soaring, always in motion.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Gay Dog

Does your dog smile when you say something funny? That's a question asked by Dr. Michael Fox, a thirty-four-year-old, British-born veterinarian who holds a doctorate in psychology from London University and now practices his trade in St. Louis, Missouri. He made the newspapers in New York when he asked, "Is your dog happy? Does he smile? Is it a submissive smile or a happy he-man grin?"

As a dog lover and former dog owner, I could tell when my dog was happy by looking at the other end. He wagged his tail. There were days when he didn't, but I never thought of sending him to a dog psychologist. Besides, he was trained never to jump up on the living room couch.

Our dog was the smartest dog in the world—except for yours, of course. I'll prove it. We always lunched in a drugstore, because our dog wasn't allowed in restaurants. We dropped morsels of food as we ate, and he gobbled them up. "Drugstore" was the magic word. Whenever we asked, "Want to go to the drugstore?" he dashed to the door, tail wagging happily. One day there was a prescription to be filled. I said to my wife, "I'm going to the d-r-u-g-s-t-o-r-e." She said, "Would you spell that again, please?" But our dog was already at the door, tail going full tilt.

Our dog wasn't trained to do that or the countless other clever things he picked up and made part of his lifestyle—unlike a dog once owned by Hubbel Robinson, who was head of a network programing department. Mr. Robinson was hoping to make a deal with Dorothy Parker to read her splendid essays on radio and had invited her to his home to discuss it over dinner.

Mr. Robinson's dog was a large miniature black poodle named French. Mr. Robinson spent the afternoon training French to fetch him Miss Parker's book from a shelf. When Miss Parker arrived, he said to French, "Go to the book shelf and bring me Miss Parker's book, the one titled *Enough Rope.*" In a leap French brought the book. It is to Mr. Robinson's credit that he never told French that the radio deal fell through because Miss Parker couldn't devote the time to it. French knew only that he had done his bit to help bring Miss Parker's great works to radio listeners.

We told our dog everything. He would listen for hours to our fears, our fancies, our hopes. All we had to do was keep scratching his head and behind his ears. As he sat euphorically on my lap, I would read him some scripts we were to do on our radio program. But no matter how faithfully I scratched, I don't recall ever having seen him smile. His sense of humor was in his tail.

Wrong, says Dr. Fox, explaining a dog's grin or smile. "Striding along the street in search of a car on which he can curb, a dog has a servile grin, "lips straight back, the kind of smile an office boy gives his boss. In the human-type grin, a dog is open-mouthed, an intense greeting," Dr. Fox says. "Dogs don't do it to other dogs, only to humans." But not our dog.

Pick up a rubber ball to throw across the room, and his tail would wag furiously. Ask him if he wanted to go for a walk, and he had the happiest tail in town. Smile or grin? Never! But he brought us great happiness in the twelve years he was with us.

In all those years it never occurred to me to ask our vet, Dr. Franklin Bloom, why our dog never smiled or grinned. Dr. Bloom sent me into a steep decline one day when I came to pick up our dog, who licked my hands and face. "See how he loves me?" I said. "That's not love," the doctor replied. "He likes the taste of salt." If I had asked him why our dog never smiled or grinned, that vet would have recommended I go to a psychiatrist for my own treatment. But my wife also has me trained not to jump up on the couch.

Since reading about Dr. Fox, however, I've begun talking to many dogs in the hope of making them smile. The other day I tested the doctor's theory on a friend's dog, Laddie.

"Laddie," I said, "want to hear a funny story? It seems that one day nuclear bombs accidentally fell on the whole world. Everything and everybody was destroyed, except for one man in New York City. He wandered through the rubble that was once Fifth Avenue, until he came to the Empire State Building, a skeleton of which still remained. He began climbing the stairs, seeking desperately for some sign of life. At the fifty-fifth floor he saw an office, its lush décor untouched. He walked in. There was a terrace. He walked out and surveyed the massive desolation and realized he was the only living person. He couldn't bear it. He decided to jump and end it all. And just as he jumped, the telephone rang."

I looked for a smile on Laddie's lips or a he-man grin. Actually, he seemed to be crying. Oh well, what can you expect from a basset hound. ☐

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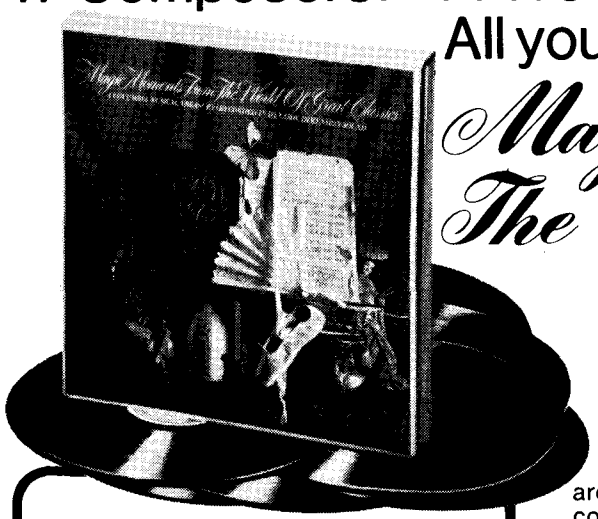

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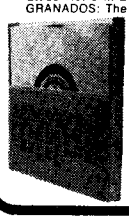

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Zeffirelli's Shakespearean "Otello"; "Les Troyens"

Franco Zeffirelli's treatment of Verdi's *Otello* now being given by the Metropolitan Opera is a rare example of an opera production that offers as much to think about as to enjoy. Pleasure abounds in the fine vocal efforts of Sherrill Milnes (Iago), James McCracken (Otello), and Teresa Zylis-Gara (Desdemona) despite the sometimes rough handling of the orchestral score by Karl Böhm. But the gifted Italian designer-director has built on the solid basics of his admired accomplishments with *Falstaff* (on the stage) and *Romeo and Juliet* (both for the stage and for the film) to evolve dramatic and scenic values not only spectacular and theatrical but truly Shakespearean. The gale-force winds and raging waves that Zeffirelli has set in motion as the curtain rises are much more related to the tempest in Verdi's music than they are to the stage directions for this scene. But as the ship bearing Otello makes port with cannon bristling, spume flying, and lighter craft tossing at anchor, we are immediately aware that commanding the man-of-war (galleon) is a man of war attuned, in the playwright's words, to "feats of broil and battle."

Similarly, Zeffirelli's battlements and ramparts for Act II omit the garden described in the libretto (and the play), but they very much become the citadel serving Otello's office as governor of Cyprus. The hall of armor for Scene 1 of Act III is pure Zeffirelli. It combines imagination with stagecraft by illuminating Iago's familiarity with arms and his contempt for the "bookish" Cassio's lack of such knowledge. It also provides unconventional hiding places from which the gullible Otello can overhear what he interprets as further proof of Desdemona's infidelity. The brilliantly illuminated ceremonial hall in which Otello rages against Desdemona to the dismay of the assembled guests and the gloomy chamber in which she is murdered are similarly contributory to mood and effect.

As in such prior productions for the Metropolitan as *Falstaff* and *Cavalleria rusticana* and *Pagliacci*, the fulfillment of Zeffirelli's scenic *Otello* turns on the kind of performing talent available to him as stage director. He has been particularly favored in the polar parts of Iago and Desdemona. Sherrill Milnes is a perfect physical counterpart of the man whose age Shakespeare describes as "four times seven" (the usual operatic embodiment is much older), with a voice to bear Verdi's burdens with not only credit but distinction. He, and we, will thank Zeffirelli in years to come for providing so malleable a man with so fine a conception to elaborate. Zylis-Gara's softness and good looks document the common concept of feminine innocence, which Zeffirelli has refined to the special needs of Desdemona. More to the musical point, she has the rich vibrant sound to color her "Willow Song" and "Ave Maria" in Act IV in a way to convey Desdemona's despair with beautifully poised phrases.

Zeffirelli encountered his most resistant dramatic problem—not unexpectedly—in the bulky frame of James McCracken, around whose Otello this revival revolves. McCracken has performed the role so often in so many places during the last decade that the heavy stomp, the popping eyes (denoting fury), the anguished gestures are nearly immutable. But McCracken's muscularity enabled him to carry forward Zeffirelli's emphasis on Otello as a man of brutish nature and uncontrollable rages.

There was evidence, especially in Act I, that McCracken has learned to modulate his massive full voice more artfully than in the past. But it is history that Verdi worried about the ability of Francesco Tamagno, the vocal powerhouse who created the role of Otello, to sing at half voice. Perhaps he should have worried about his own unreasonable expectation that a man who could produce the brazen blast of the "Ora e per sempre addio" and the vengeance duet with Iago should also be able to caress the ear with a dulcet tone here and there. If Tamagno couldn't, who could?

Among all the credit owing to Sir Rudolf Bing for arranging so splendid an *"addio"* to his own Metropolitan campaigns, one curious contradiction persists. That was his choice of a Germanic conductor (Böhm) to direct his last Verdi production as he had chosen another (Fritz Stiedry) to conduct his first *(Don Carlo)*. Böhm provided impetus and an authoritative sense of orchestral fullness where they were indispensable, as in the opening storm, the gigantic outbursts of Otello as his ire rose even to a full fit of epilepsy (sanctioned by Shakespeare) in Act III, the choral ensembles, etc. But there are many moments in which the orchestral emphases are much more subtle, in which the truly indoctrinated Verdi conductor can insinuate a voice or color a detail in a way Böhm did not. He did make his own kind of artistic contribution to an *Otello* that will be long remembered for visual imagination, dramatic vitality, and musical distinction.

Among others who made such contributions were Enrico Di Giuseppe as a good-looking Cassio (he extended himself to appear in the premiere, though circumstances required him to replace John Alexander as Tonio in the afternoon's broadcast of *La fille du régiment)*, Shirley Love as Emilia, and Andrea Velis as Roderigo. Peter Hall's costumes were picturesque and probably very expensive. This is a reminder that the means for making all this Cyprian splendor possible were provided by the late Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Another order of excellence, utilizing much more modest means, was achieved in Carnegie Hall earlier in March by John Nelson, a young conductor whose prior prominence was restricted to an orchestra that gives occasional concerts in suburban Greenwich, Connecticut. Calling upon the boldness of youth, Nelson addressed himself to the huge bulk of Berlioz's *Les Troyens*, not previously heard in one consecutive session in New York.

Before much of the five-hour performance period had passed, it was apparent that Nelson had more than youth and boldness to justify his undertaking. Out of his Juilliard background he has refined an exceptional flair for choral conducting, an indispensable attribute for the accomplishment of what Berlioz was about in this mammoth saga of defeat, resurrection, and regeneration. Nelson also has a splashy sense of orchestral color, valid temperament, and the enthusiasm for good works that enabled him to overcome more than a few deficiencies in the instrumental ensemble.

The best of his singers was unquestionably Evelyn Lear, whose sure-voiced, incisively dramatic way of dealing with the problems of Dido should give her priority consideration when the Metropolitan gets around to its promised staging of *Les Troyens* in an early year of Göran Gentele's direction. Others who stayed the long course from seven to midnight included Clarice Carson (Cassandra), Richard Cassilly (a vocally hard pressed Aeneas), and Shirley Love (Hecuba).

Admiration, wonder, even amazement at the riches of imagery and eloquence contained in the score are a little belated, in the aftermath of the superb recording directed by Colin Davis and reviewed in *SR* in July 1970. But the credit to Nelson is even greater, perhaps, for pushing on with his restricted means against so intimidating a standard and for adding the dimension of excitement that only a live experience can convey. □

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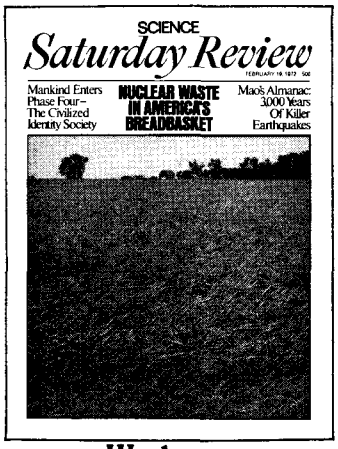
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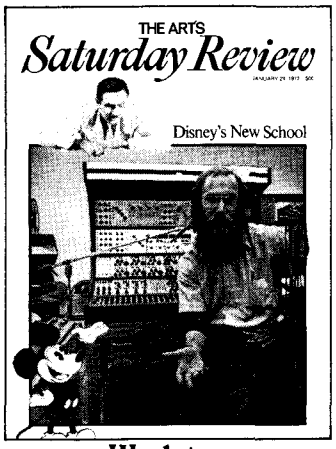

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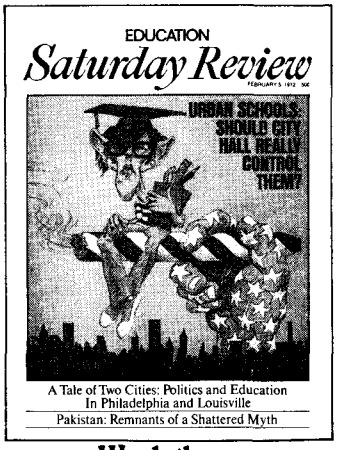
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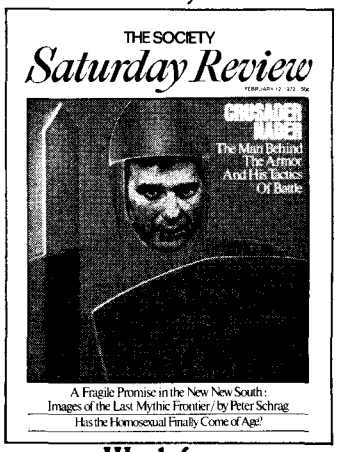
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SR Goes to the Movies

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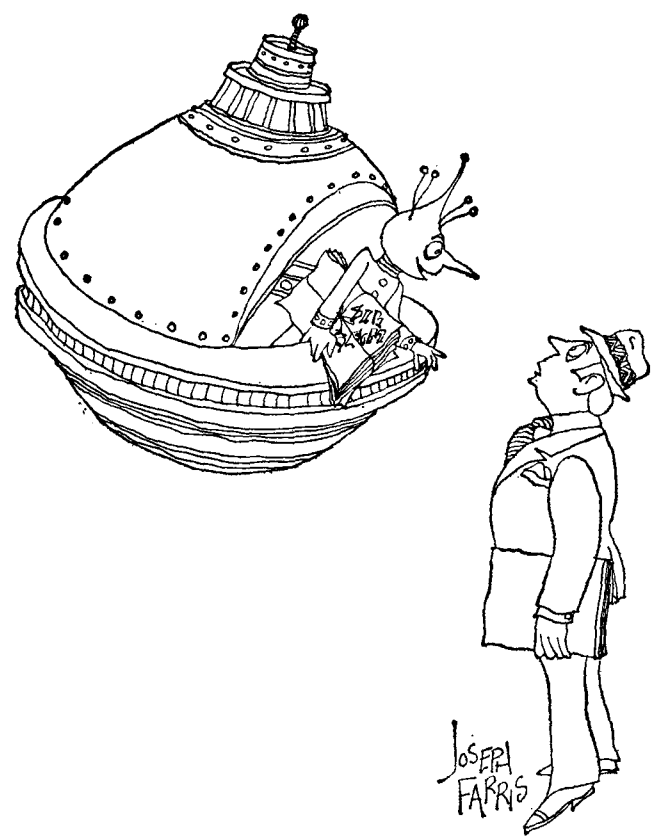
Space Craft

Although it is only within the last few years that author Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., has taken his rightful place beside such experienced time-travelers as Ray Bradbury and Arthur C. Clarke, a Vonnegut cult has been steadily on the rise for the past decade. Whether because of his spaced-out prose style or because his view of the human condition is neither unduly romantic nor overly pessimistic, Vonnegut's main source of support for his half-dozen or so novels and his numerous short stories seems to have come from the college crowd. *Slaughterhouse-Five*, the first movie to be derived from a Vonnegut novel, may well change that.

Not that the film is guaranteed to please everyone or even to be accessible to everyone. An inspired blend of fact and fantasy, it leaps backward and forward in time and space with utter abandon—from the grimness of a German POW camp in midwinter to the lushness of a geodesic dream house, complete with pneumatic dream girl, somewhere out among the stars on a planet called Tralfamadore. For this trip, one must fasten his seat belt and hold on tight. The abruptness of the transitions could easily unhinge those not accustomed to this kind of space travel.

Like any really good movie, *Slaughterhouse-Five* does not reduce readily to words. The title, for example, does not refer to a miniaturized *Dirty Dozen*, but to the Dresden abattoir in which the nonhero, Billy Pilgrim, found himself billeted just before the 1945 fire bombings turned the city to rubble. (Vonnegut, himself a prisoner in Dresden at that time, was one of the few to escape the holocaust—and apparently under circumstances very similar to those depicted in the film.) The war—and especially the fire bombings—became the central incident in Billy's life. No matter what part of his past he may be remembering, or what part of his future he may be imagining, some sound, some shape, some object will fling him immediately back into his wartime experiences.

It is, I think, part of Vonnegut's jest—and he is an enormously witty writer—that his Billy Pilgrim is no wartime hero but perhaps even something less than the ordinary GI. He is a bit dimwitted, a little lame-brained, and he lacks the basic soldierly instinct for survival. What he has is an infinite ca-



"Where can I find Jack Anderson?"

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pacity for passive endurance. And this also persists into his postwar existence in a suburban community in upper New York State, where he rises to the eminence of local optometrist and president of the Lions Club. Billy's life with a wealthy, overweight wife and dough-faced daughter is tranquil but repressed. When asked after his spouse's death what he loved best about her, he replies simply, "Her pancakes." When he gives her a great white Cadillac for her birthday, her immediate response is, as she squeezes behind the wheel, "It's too tight."

Even Billy's escapes into fantasy are terribly ordinary, strikingly sterile. He is no Walter Mitty with dreams of glory stifling in his breast. Billy's abode in Tralfamadore is suburbia revisited, with furnishings straight out of the home section of the Sunday supplements. And his dream girl is a twinkling starlet, Montana Wildhack, who once graced the centerfold of *Playboy* and whose charms entranced him even more when he saw them on display in a drive-in sexploitation movie.

But this is only part of the Vonnegut philosophy. Billy, apart from being unstuck in time, is a simple and unremarkable soul, essentially decent, essentially an innocent; but in his pilgrimage through life he has picked up and clings to certain values. And far from jeering at these values, far from making Billy a figure of fun, Vonnegut generates a sympathy mounting to admiration for his decency and innocence. When Billy, whose life seems to climax simultaneously in the Dresden fire bombings and a near-fatal plane crash, learns that his hippie son has become a Green Beret, mouthing all the slogans that have brought so much pain and suffering to the world, Billy is powerless to change him. But he turns his face away with a look of infinite wisdom and sorrow.

Obviously, *Slaughterhouse-Five* is no ordinary space trip, just as Vonnegut is no ordinary science fiction writer. But there are added elements that make the film gripping and effective. For one, there is the screenplay of Stephen Geller, a young novelist who displays not only a strong affinity for the original work but an understanding of how to make it play on the screen. There is the always appropriately moody photography of Miroslav Ondricek, the incredibly intricate editing of Dede Allen, the Bach score fashioned by Glenn Gould; and, since the entire cast—headed by Michael Sacks, Ron Leibman, and Valerie Perrine—consists of virtual unknowns, special credit must go to director George Roy Hill for keeping all the performances on the same high level. *Slaughterhouse-Five* is an intellectual feast, one I shall want to return to many times. □

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All this is possible for Liliana Cosi, the new Italian ballerina who recently made her American debut with the Boston Ballet at Boston's Aquarius Theater. Until Fracci joined the American Ballet Theatre, America had not boasted an Italian ballerina for almost half a century—not since the days of Rosina Galli at the Metropolitan Opera. Because the Italians began to develop ballet shortly before Columbus set sail for America (though it was left to the French to codify and academize it), the arrival of Liliana Cosi is important to our national ballet scene.

Miss Cosi is young. She doesn't yet have the theatrical wiles (and they are just that) of a Fracci. But she dances like a dream. Her musicality is impeccable, her feet are exquisite, her slender body responds to every choreographic phrase, and her head, with dark eyes and dark hair and a wistful semismile, sits on a long, lovely neck. Her *port-de-bras* (movements of the arms) seem to caress space.

For the Boston Ballet she danced in Fokine's *Les Sylphides* (Chopin) and in the Balcony Scene (although the balcony itself was dispensed with in

Liliana Cosi—"her slender body responds to every choreographic phrase."

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this staging) from John Cranko's *Romeo and Juliet* (Prokofiev). She was particularly appealing in the latter, for her ardor matched that of Romeo, and she appeared to be young, impetuous, and vulnerable.

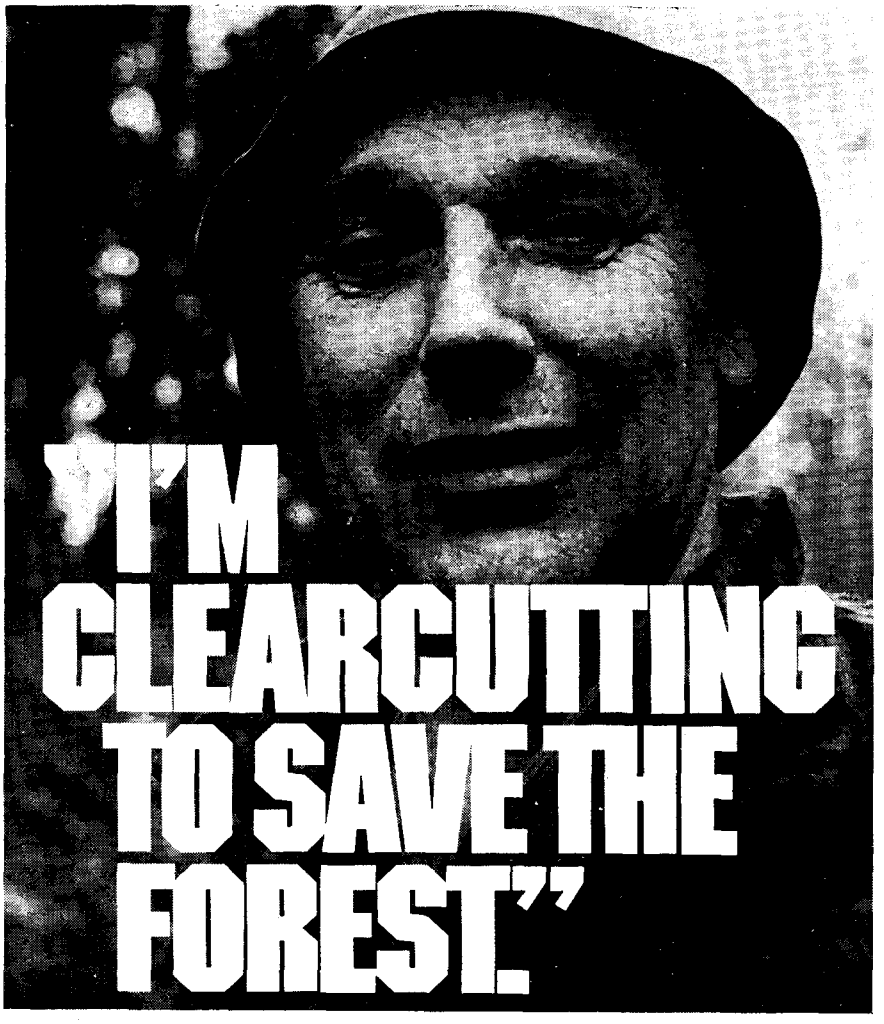
She has a highly rewarding present, but her future could well be spectacular. She told me that she had been a soloist at La Scala in Milan and was one of a group of dancers in a cultural exchange that brought opera singers from the Soviet Union to Italy while the dancers went to the U.S.S.R. In Russia she danced the full-length *Swan Lake* and *Giselle* with Vasiliev, one of the great male dancers of the day, and with such success that upon her return to La Scala, she was immediately promoted to the rank of *prima ballerina* (where Fracci is *prima ballerina assoluta*). Rudolf Nureyev has also chosen her as a partner, and that certainly will be no hindrance to her career.

In Boston her partner was Richard Cragun, an American and the dazzling *premier danseur* of the Stuttgart Ballet. Cragun may have over energized his movements in the lyrical *Sylphides*, but the dynamic thrust of his actions and his incredible speed were shining virtues in his Romeo.

The Boston Ballet itself, one of the nation's major dance companies, danced well enough but not good enough to justify the prominence it enjoys today. *Sylphides* was neat and tidy but lacking in lilt, and the closing *Scotch Symphony* (Balanchine-Mendelssohn) was merely tidy and neat. A new ballet, *Leopardi Fragments*, by the company's resident choreographer, Samuel Kurkjian, performed to music of Peter Maxwell Davies, can best be described as "murky." It is one of those soul-searching bits where everyone feels terribly sad, misunderstood, and dual-natured. Except for the aggressive dance drive of Warren Lynch as an alter ego, the whole thing was . . . well . . . murky.

The Netherlands Dance Theater, which has not visited us in four years, returned to the Brooklyn Academy of Music for a two-week season to be followed by a short six-city tour ending late this month. It is a company of handsome dancers that is adept at both classical ballet and modern dance. The Brooklyn opening, however, leaned toward modern dance and, indeed, nude dancing.

The initial offering was *Mutations*, with choreography by the American Glen Tetley, cinechoreography by the Dutch Hans van Manen, and music of Stockhausen. The dancers first appear in white costumes with curlings and convolutions that make one think of knaves and queens on a pack of cards. Later they wear tights. Then there are



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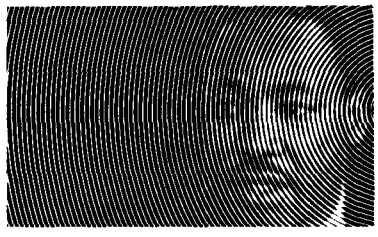

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scenes with males in the briefest of briefs, and finally a completely nude girl and a group of totally nude men dance on a white stage floor or move up and down a ramp that extends up the center aisle of the theater.

All of the participants are attractive —young, clean, muscular or svelte as the case may be—but Tetley's "penal" colony, if I may call it that, does not add up to much of a ballet. For me, at least, the movements were often perilously close to Martha Graham classroom exercises, or unmotivated John Butler patterns, or simply contrivances. Tetley is highly admired in Europe, and some critics point out that he is a prophet without honor in his own country while he is hailed abroad in lands that have, incidentally, a minimum of modern dance heritage.

Butler, unlike Tetley (who was once a Butler protégé and principal dancer in many Butler ballets), has long been admired in the Americas. He has choreographed for the New York City and Met operas, for all our major dance festivals, for Broadway shows, and, with historic distinction, for TV.

Tetley, in his dancing days, was a brilliant performer in both classical ballet and modern dance, but his choreography, or those examples I have seen, represents the differences between artificiality and what Miss Graham has described as divine "artifice." His second work on the initial Netherlands program, *Imaginary Film* (music of Schoenberg), was supposed to be a comedy. Among items at which he poked fun was classical ballet and, if I read it right, at the end the Swan Queen did not go off to a dreamworld with the Prince but, rather, the Prince was carted off by a furry, flap-footed monster who might have been the Magician. But who cares? It seems that what turns them on in Old Amsterdam just doesn't work very well in New Amsterdam. But the dancers are great.

The new Harkness Ballet has been stationed in Europe since the time Rebekah Harkness, its founder and director, disbanded her enormously admired original company and decided to build the Harkness Youth Dancers into a major company. In February it made its unofficial (a working rehearsal) American debut at New Paltz, New York, and went from there to a tour of the South. In May it will play the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., and in July will return to Europe. A New York City debut will probably take place in the fall, for Mrs. Harkness, who has long searched for a metropolitan theater for her dance enterprises, has bought the Colonial Theater on Broadway at Lincoln Center. The theater will be completely refurbished, and it is expected that Mrs. Harkness not only will present her

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own company on its stage but will make it available to other dance attractions.

The current Harkness Ballet, based on a view of it at a preview, is a handsome, beautifully trained group of personable and technically proficient young dancers that could easily take its place among the most significant of today's American ballet troupes.

The City Center Joffrey Ballet wrapped up its annual six-week season at the City Center Theater with their delayed *première* of John Butler's *After Eden* (to music by Lee Hoiby), first produced by the "old" Harkness Ballet. Of the Joffrey's four novelties, two were brand new works and two were stagings of ballets from other repertories.

Three I have already reviewed (*SR*, Apr. 1). The fourth, a duet, is a fine addition to the Joffrey repertory and a perfect vehicle for two of the troupe's most engaging junior principals, Starr Danias and Dennis Wayne. I've seen Wayne dance the role of Adam before —in a dance festival setting—and he was inclined to settle for steps and positions. With the Joffrey company, and aided by Butler's personal direction, he has gone deeper than muscle and has sought for pulse, for almost visceral tensions.

Now, Wayne has found a focus for a characterization. He and Miss Danias give us post-expulsion portraits of the world's first couple. Lostness and fear are there, anger and resentment, too. Guilt and accusation are etched. And then comes reappraisal, or if not that, rediscovery and, finally, renewal.

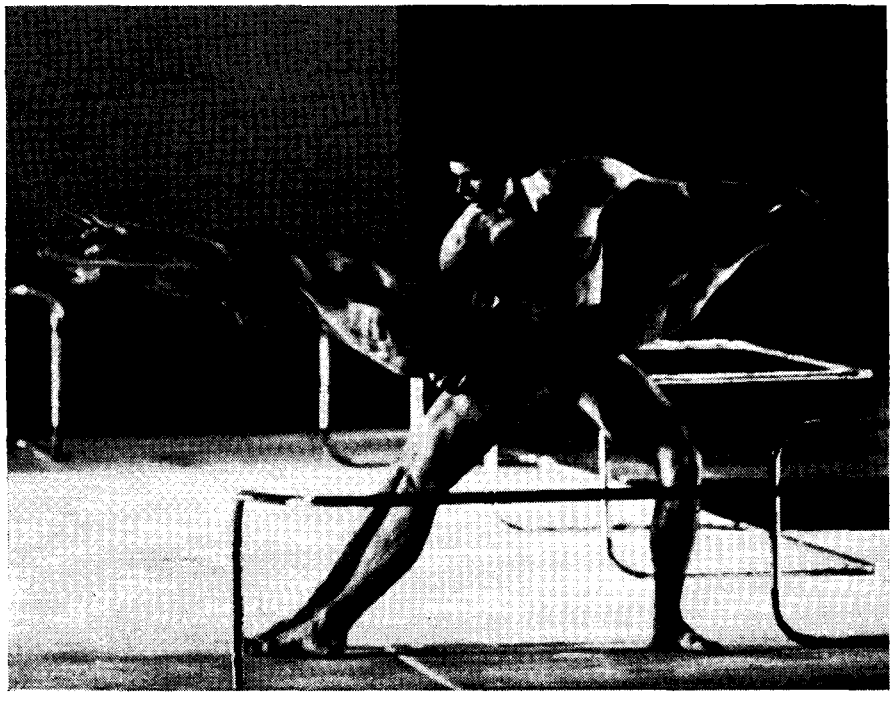
The gospel, the myth, the story—however you care to look at it—of Adam and Eve has long hypnotized choreographers. Butler himself used it before in a short-lived work for the Metropolitan Opera. José Limón has explored it brilliantly in *The Exiles*, and you will even come across it in stage shows, night club acts, and musicals. Butler's *After Eden* is one of the more pertinent versions because it relates to the ageless and recurrent restlessness and defiance of youth.

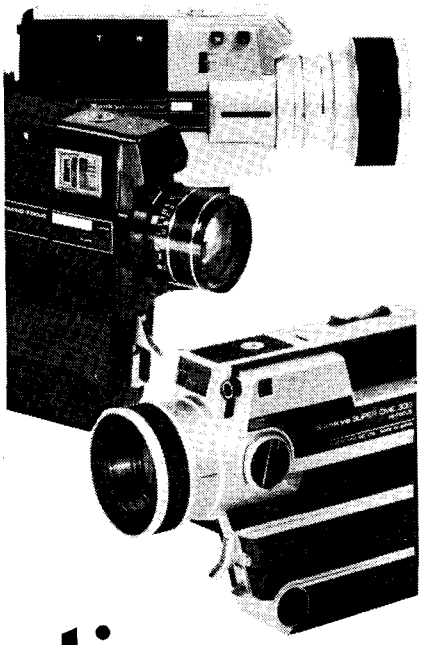
Indeed, John Butler himself has a recurrent choreographic theme in ballets that he has created, with enormous success, for dance companies around the world. "Where is man? What is man? How can he find his place in the world?" are questions he has pursued through such central figures as a modern youth, a creature caught in a web, and François Villon. But who better than Adam and Eve to symbolize man's lost estate and his desperate search for some sort of a tomorrow?

The City Center Joffrey Ballet, then, had provocative, disturbing creations as well as sunny or shocking or frothy pieces to add to its increasingly impressive repertory. The troupe, of course, will again be in residence at its home theater for a six-week fall season, starting in October, and, a year from now, another springtime run. In between, it will tour cities from Washington, D.C., to Chicago to Seattle.

Incidentally, there is also a Joffrey II, an apprentice group that is billed as "A New Youth Ensemble." I've seen it and it is good. In fact, five apprentices have graduated into the senior company just this year. It can be seen on tour also, often at high schools and colleges. □

A next-to-nude scene from the Netherlands Dance Theater's "Mutations."





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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Ego-Apes, Bananas, and Character Improvement

There was never such a subscription list as *SR*'s. Our readers are so busy writing letters that I wonder when they find time to read the magazine.

Yet I know that many subscribers do read carefully and critically, because they write in to tell me how masterfully I have perceived the universal random and how precisely I have pinned it in place with exact and telling phrases. These sentiments I immediately refer to the ape of ego, who chomps through them as if they were a bunch of bananas, scratching and grunting luxuriously as he lolls in his thicket. That ego-ape (like yours) is a fool, and yet a basically good animal attachment. From him I keep learning all sorts of things about your own particular animal attachments, for there is certainly some sort of jungle signal system that keeps everyone's ego-ape in touch with everyone else's. My ape, moreover, is a useful source of energy, and I have reached the age when I need every available source. My thanks, therefore, to all who feed it. May yours never hunger.

But, of course, not all our subscribers are ape-feeders. There is sterner stuff out there, and though my ape tends to sulk when those others send no bananas but only inedible directions for improving my character, I must not ignore those who mean to do me good, however impalatably.

I am grateful to those readers who show such zeal for my moral, intellectual, and social improvement. Most of them seem a good bit more interested in my character than I am. I can't help thinking that, if they had to live as close to it as I do, they would share my readiness to ignore it.

It isn't the character I would have chosen had I been offered a wider selection. In a way, all this reminds me of my problem in buying shoes. I see all sorts of desirable styles in the window, but I have a rather long and narrow foot, and none of the real goodies are ever available in my size. In the end I have to settle for plain clodhoppers just as I have had to settle for this particular character, not because it is what I would have chosen out of heaven's window, but because it is the only one that fits.

Like old shoes, my character is broken in now, and I'd just as soon not have people tampering with it, not even for my own good. I feel much as Emerson did. "If I knew positively that a man were coming Thursday," he wrote (and I admit I am paraphrasing just a bit), "I would take to the woods."

Yet I see a good omen in our readers' dedication to my betterment. When other writers sound off on the decadence of the national character, on public indifference to moral issues, and on the general fear of "getting involved," I suspect them of ignoring their own incoming mail. Or maybe they are writing for the wrong magazines. I urge them to try *SR*. Say anything in these pages on any subject and you are assured a stack of mail from readers who show a zealous interest in the character of the writer and who are prepared to make liberal guesses about his ancestry.

Theirs is the perdurable *ad hominem*. The answer to any idea disagreed with is a positive identification of the writer's miserable character along with firm instructions for its improvement, concluding with a warning that any refusal to follow the instructions will prove that the writer is a pseudo-intellectual Leftist deviationist *petit bourgeois* Fascist vacillator, a racist pig, and probably an arms manufacturer on the side.

These are lively categories, and I am grateful for the living good these readers mean to do me. If I chuck their letters into the wastebasket (and what else should I do with them?), I do not do so sullenly. I am, rather, admitting my inability to address such moral splendor fittingly. And I am simultaneously recognizing the fact that my wife has the exclusive franchise for my moral improvement.

She has been at it for twenty-five years now, and I would be a poor husband were I to permit the implication that she has failed in those services I am regularly required to be grateful for. Any man should consider himself blessed to be so tended, exhorted, advised, admonished, corrected, and generally overseen, and I am no ingrate. I am a lucky man, whether I know it or not, and she means to make sure I know it—which is how I know it.

If she insists on doing me good, she has a formally issued license on the back of which I seem to have entered into a legal agreement to rejoice in the good being done me. Hers, however, turns out to be all the improvement I am legally required to rejoice in.

I confess to some ambivalence at being so improved. I have often crawled into the thicket for long, though inconclusive, talks on this subject with my ape. We remember a time when she saw less need for improvement. We remember, for example, one bright day when she was sitting on the patio of our first house, tinkling gin with an old school chum. I was around the side of the house on my knees weeding my rose bed, my hands in mulch, my face full of full-blown red roses, when I heard her say—my ape and I heard her say—"Happy? Believe me, I have married the really! really! really! perfect man!"

That's what she said: "really! really! really!" I remember having to grab my ape to keep him from rolling around in the rose bed and crushing the bushes in his animal exuberance. And I remember thinking there could be no better stage on which to sound that "really! really! really!" Haven't I always known that the perfect man was some sort of gardener on his knees with dirty hands and a face full of full-blown red roses?

What I have never been able to explain to my ape—nor he to me—is why a man so triple-really perfect to begin with should require as much character improvement as has been made available to me these last twenty-five years. It is not that I mean to argue against it. I am not allowed to. I am a lucky man, and she knows it.

Believe me, dear readers out for my betterment, if I cannot explain this ambiguity to her, nor to my ape, nor he to me, I cannot explain it to you. I suspect my ape might explain it to your ape on that jungle signal system I mentioned. That communication system probably justifies ambiguity.

The trouble is that all your letters turn out to be a high-minded (and therefore lying) refusal to recognize the existence of your own ego-ape. No one with a recognized ego-ape could let himself write "indeed" at least once per sentence, and that is the way most of you write—at least those of you who are not specializing in character-firming adjectives as your way of letting yourself feel important.

Feeling important is work for the ego-ape. If I may return intended good for intended good, let me urge you to train your ape to be more genial about it. He knows he is a fool. His saving grace is his willingness to be playful about it. You mistrain him when you let him turn pompous or vehement. A properly playful ego-ape is a vital resource. The only thing worse than an ego-ape in a stuffed shirt is an unrecognized one left to snarl and starve in his thicket.

Please don't mistreat yours. Cruelty to ego-apes can have nasty consequences. Let yours out to play now and then and it will be a pleasure to send him bananas. But how can I do that if you refuse to admit that he lives in your thicket, or even that you have a thicket? □

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Editorial

Half a Loaf: A Reaction to the Marihuana Report

Last month the National Commission on Marihuana and Drug Abuse produced a long-awaited report. The commission recommended that all penalties be eliminated for the possession of marihuana for private use, but did not call for legalization of pot.

The following editorial analyzing the report was written by Dr. Lester Grinspoon, an associate clinical professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School. He is director of psychiatry (research) at the Massachusetts Mental Health Center and the author of Marihuana Reconsidered, *published by Harvard University Press in 1971.*

When I read the report that was issued last month by the National Commission, I was reminded of the study published in Simla, India, in 1894 by the Indian Hemp Commission. That commission examined 800 doctors, fakirs, yogis, coolies, superintendents of insane asylums, tax collectors, bhang peasants, clergymen, hemp dealers, ganja palace operators, and so forth. Their conclusions were: 1) There is no significant evidence that mental or moral injuries result from the use of hemp drugs; 2) Large numbers of experienced practitioners have seen no evidence of any connection between the moderate use of hemp drugs and disease; 3) Moderation does not lead to excessive use of hemp any more than it does of alcohol. Regular, moderate use of ganja or bhang produces the same effects as moderate and regular doses of whiskey. Excess is confined to the idle and the dissipated.

The National Commission on Marihuana and Drug Abuse interviewed a great number of people and surveyed even more. It reached similar conclusions with regard to the harmfulness of cannabis. Whereas the Indian Hemp Commission Report comprised more than 3,000 pages in seven volumes, the present commission's report is only 180 pages long. It is fortunate that it is not longer, because it makes rather tedious reading. For one thing, it is repetitious. For another, it is inconsistent.

Apparently out of concern for heavy users, the commission opposes legalization of pot. Yet it does not present compelling evidence that the pothead seriously jeopardizes his mental and physical well-being. In fact, it does little more than suggest that there are some uncertainties about the consequences of long-term heavy use. The commission's studies led it to the conclusion that the life-styles of heavy users "were dictated by socioeconomic factors and did not appear to deteriorate as a result of cannabis use." Yet, in its summary of this section, the commission states, "The risk of harm lies . . . in the heavy, long-term use of the drug." The commission does seem unanimous in its judgment that moderate use of marihuana is relatively innocuous. Thus, if it were not so concerned about "heavy users," it would probably have little reason to oppose legalizing marihuana for social use.

Another of the commission's rationalizations for its recommendations is that "marihuana use may be a fad, which, if not institutionalized, will recede substantially in time." Yet the commission's own national survey lends support to the view that marihuana use is growing extremely rapidly, not just among the young but across age, social, economic, and educational boundaries. The view that it is a fad strikes me as more an expression of wishful thinking than of empirical reality.

The commission recommends "a social control policy seeking to discourage marihuana use, while concentrating primarily on the prevention of heavy and very heavy use." Its members agree that the actual and potential harm in the use of marihuana is not great enough to warrant its being categorized as a criminal activity. Yet the commission is unwilling to make the use of marihuana legal with control, lest it risk making permanent what it considers to be a passing fad.

The commissioners are sensitive to the tremendous social cost of criminalizing large numbers of users, the pragmatic difficulties involved in actually prosecuting so many people, and the disrespect that the present laws and their enforcement create in the young members of our society. Accordingly, they opt for decriminalizing the private use and casual distribution of small amounts of marihuana for no, or for insignificant, remuneration. However, they also argue that to adopt a regulatory scheme at this time would signify approval of the use of marihuana and would institutionalize the drug's availability. This, in turn, would lead inevitably to an increase in the incidence of use. Their own survey indicates, however, a widespread skepticism among law enforcement people as to the deterrent effect of prohibition. The number of people using marihuana five years from now will undoubtedly depend on whether we continue to prohibit the drug or decide to regulate its legal use. The critical question is whether the difference in the number of users will be large enough to justify the tremendous social cost of continued prohibition.

To the extent that the commission has contributed to a more rational approach to this problem, it deserves credit. However, it has produced only, at most, half a loaf. The recommended removal of all penalties for the private possession of marihuana would do much to decriminalize a large number of those involved with this drug, but it would leave a considerable number of people still liable to criminal prosecution. The commission, in protecting the user and going after the seller, apparently assumes that these are two nonoverlapping groups of people. They are not: Almost all sellers use, and many users sell. After devoting so much of its report to demonstrating that cannabis has not been shown to be a terribly harmful drug, does it make sense that the commission should then favor continuing the prohibition of that drug? If marihuana is not sufficiently dangerous to justify prohibition of its private use, why should its public sale be illegal?

In failing to recommend making marihuana legally available with control of its quality and distribution, the commission has missed an opportunity to minimize the adverse reactions that do occasionally occur with marihuana. The commission recognizes that, when marihuana is not laced with other psychoactive substances, when its potency is known to the user, and when it is smoked in nonthreatening settings, the incidence of adverse reactions is low; these conditions would be ensured by control through licensing.

The commission asserts that it is particularly concerned with the heavy and very heavy users who constitute about 2 per cent of those who have used marihuana (by comparison, people with drinking problems constitute at least 10 per cent of those who use alcohol); the commission fears that if the number of marihuana users goes up with legalization, the number of heavy users will rise proportionately. Of those who use marihuana, only a small number use it excessively, and they are people who, because they are already emotionally disturbed or suffer from personality disorders, would compulsively use some other psychoactive agent, quite possibly a more dangerous and truly addicting one, such as alcohol. Furthermore, this type of abuser is not likely to be found very frequently among those who refrain from the use of this drug because it is prohibited.

In its zeal to discourage marihuana use, the commission recommends "increased border surveillance, a tighten-

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Remedios Guanzon.
Father dead.
Mother blind.

REMEDIOS GUANZON
AGE 5. Father dead. TB. Mother blind. Earns a few pennies begging. Brother is a scavenger. Remedios guides mother's hands to spots on clothes that require particular scrubbing. Family lives in one small room. Must crawl through small opening to enter. Walls from material found at city dump. No facilities. Help to Remedios means help to entire family.

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ing of border procedures, and a realistic eradication program to diminish the supply of drugs coming into the country, coupled with a more effective program for diminishing the domestic production and distribution of marihuana." It seems to be unaware of a very important consequence of Operation Intercept—namely, that as marihuana became scarcer, larger numbers of young people turned to harder and more dangerous drugs. Similarly, in 1968, when the Army in Vietnam was pressured into doing something about the prevalence of marihuana use, many young troops, deprived of their grass, turned to opiates for the first time.

If the popularity of marihuana and the demand for it continue to increase, and if the government pursues programs to limit supply, is it not probable that some who would otherwise not have done so will turn to other and more dangerous drugs? Is it not also likely that the price of marihuana will rise, as it did for a time in the wake of Operation Intercept? If this is so, will not the forces of organized crime become increasingly involved in its distribution? If this happens, a greater likelihood exists that payoffs to civilian authorities and police will increase and that the lacing of poor grades of marihuana with any number of other substances—a practice against which the consumer is helpless since he can complain to neither the seller nor the authorities—will become more frequent.

The fact that so much crime, especially against property, is associated with heroin use is attributable to four factors: Heroin is addicting; its use is illegal; it is expensive; and its distribution is controlled by organized crime. Addicts are compelled to obtain money to buy the addicting drug. Marihuana is not addicting and therefore could not, even under the worst of circumstances, generate the amount of crime that heroin does. Nonetheless, one can foresee that, if its distribution remains a criminal offense and more Operation Intercept programs are undertaken, its price will continue to climb, and organized crime will become more profoundly involved in its distribution.

One of the commissioners told me that if the report were to advocate stricter prohibition, it would displease many people, and the same would be so if it were to recommend some form of legalization. I got the impression that an important aspect of the commission's task was to find the policy that offended the fewest people. The only way that I can reconcile some of the inconsistencies in the report is by believing that its recommendations derive not solely from medical, psychological, and social considerations but from political realities as well.

Lester Grinspoon, M.D.

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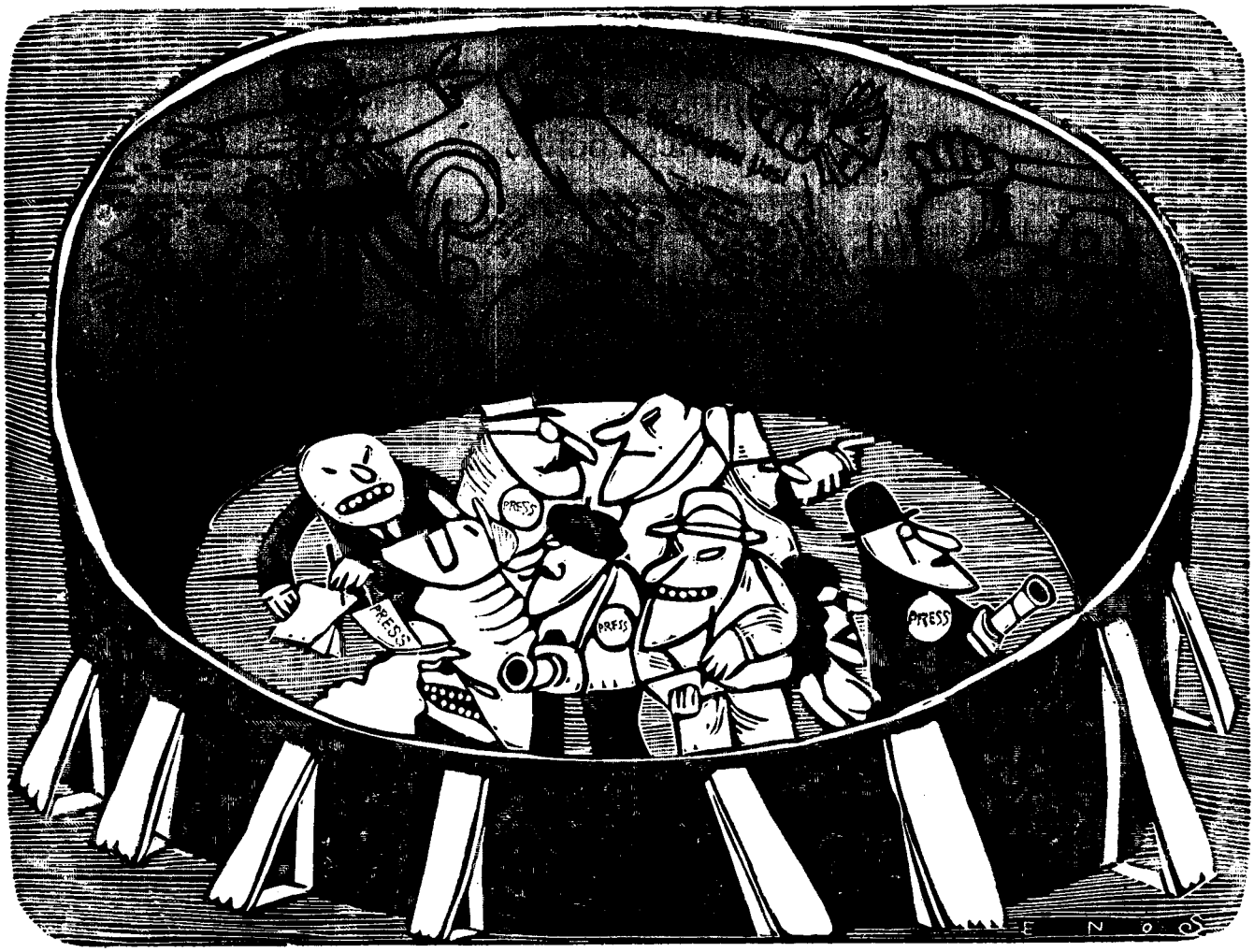
EXPLORING THE MYSTERIOUS WEST, OR, HOW THE FOREIGN PRESS CORPS SEES AMERICA

BY THOMAS B. LITTLEWOOD



Tokyo's leading newspaper, *Asahi Shimbun,* has four correspondents based in Washington, D.C. That's one more reporter than the number in the Washington bureau of the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* the leading newspaper in Kentucky and southern Indiana.

This instance of a foreign news bureau out-manning a domestic one is indicative of the fact that the news media in distant parts of the world are lavishing more attention than ever before on the United States and especially on the presidential primary battles now in progress here. According to the United States Information Agency, whose business it is to help foreign newsmen in this country, as many as thirty-eight "USIA-assisted" foreign journalists representing newspaper circulations totaling 200 million, as well as television crews from France, Spain, Austria, and West Germany, were wandering about in Florida on the weekend before last month's presidential primary election.

The making of the President 1972 is now being written in Norwegian, Japanese, French, and Hindustani. Most of this reportage and comment flows from the notebooks and typewriters of the 200 foreign correspondents presently based in Washington. The Japanese journalists, thirty-six strong, make up the largest national group. West Germans come next with a delegation of about twenty-five.

Interestingly, the foreign press corps in Washington includes no correspondents from black Africa, and the few representing Latin American publications pay little attention to U.S. internal politics—none, for example, were seen covering the Florida primary.

The Japanese are known to be the most voracious customers at the USIA foreign press information center in Washington. "They camp in our office

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Thomas Littlewood is a Washington correspondent for the *Chicago Sun-Times.*

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in great numbers," observes Robert Ellsworth Miller, director of the press center. "They are very demanding, anxious for any material, any information, anything they can use. It's almost like feeding birds."

The principal reason for their flocking to such press information centers (as opposed to what American reporters would regard as more direct news sources) is the fact that foreign newsmen in the United States are faced with two formidable obstacles. In the first place, it is enormously difficult for many of them, especially those from Asia, to comprehend the mysterious West and the folkways and political traditions of America. And in the second place, since American public officials cannot reap votes in Bucharest or Bandung, they are frequently loath to "waste" time talking to foreign newsmen.

Despite these obstacles, visiting reporters have one great advantage over the natives: They bring with them a fresh perspective. For this reason several foreign writers have made lasting contributions to the annals of American political science. An often-quoted classic in the field, *Democracy in America*, was written by the French author Alexis de Tocqueville, who spent only a year in the United States in 1831. And one of the most revealing analyses of the 1968 campaign and election, *An American Melodrama*, was written by three British reporters named Lewis Chester, Godfrey Hodgson, and Bruce Page. But these authors are exceptions. More typically, the foreign reporter in the United States is a somewhat bewildered stranger struggling to comprehend a forbiddingly complex society that affords him little help or access.

The struggle to understand is carried on relentlessly by the most conscientious of these correspondents. Toru Takeuchi, for example, likes to get his stories on the street and not merely from USIA releases or handouts from other official feeding stations. Takeuchi, forty-six, is bureau chief and White House correspondent for the five-man Washington office of Kyodo News, the wire service for eighty-six newspapers and approximately 100 radio and television stations in Japan. He learned English in high school and was a war correspondent with the American forces in Korea. A hard worker, like most of his countrymen, Takeuchi faithfully attends the twice-a-day news briefings at the White House and goes along on most of the President's trips. Kyodo has a cooperative agreement with the Associated Press, and Takeuchi often turns to AP men for explanation and background information. He and his staff plan to cover the presidential primaries, both party conventions, and the campaign in the fall. He says his bureau will be concentrating on "color stories"—for example, "the motorcade, how many people welcome the candidate, the dinner party or fund-raising event, and so and so." Takeuchi would like to delve into weightier matters, but his staff simply doesn't have the background for the task. None of his fellow correspondents was here during the last campaign; the customary stint for a foreign correspondent is two to three years, or just long enough to learn an assignment before he is transferred.

Even the most seasoned correspondent has trouble coping with the ambiguities of American politics.

The Japanese aren't the only ones to encounter difficulties. Even the most sophisticated European is not always able to master such intricacies as convention delegate selection and delegate control; party organization and patronage; ties between the parties and corporations; the rhetoric of the political arena; the staging of nonevents to simulate enthusiasm; and, finally, the inadequacy of our election campaigns as forums for the serious discussion of public policy.

In the spring of 1968, many European reporters covering the Democratic primaries could not believe that the Chicago convention would deny the nomination to Eugene McCarthy after they had witnessed his popularity among young people across the country. They could not comprehend the unshakability of the delegates already committed to Hubert Humphrey.

This year the questions asked by foreign reporters reflect a similar suspicion that the general run of voters want McGovern or McCarthy, but that an "establishment" is conspiring to frustrate the public will. Aren't the opinion polls manipulated by the government or by business interests? some correspondents ask. After going to all that trouble and expense to find out what the voters want, why bother with the election? With so many primaries, why hold conventions that can only allow the bosses to circumvent the will of the people?

Even the most seasoned correspondent has trouble coping with the seeming ambiguities of American politics. Three such veterans are Werner Imhoof of the highly respected Swiss newspaper *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Edmund Lachman of the Dutch *N.R.C. Handelsblad*, and Adalbert de Segonzac

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of *France Soir*. Nicknamed "Ziggy" by his colleagues, de Segonzac has represented *France Soir* in Washington since 1956. "When I first came in, the American political system semed fairly simple," he recalls. "But the longer I was here the more I realized how complex it really is. The principles outlined in the textbooks on American government are easy enough to grasp. But the reality of how a President and other political leaders obtain and exercise power is so complicated."

France Soir, edited for a mass audience, allows foreign correspondents like de Segonzac relatively little space for international news. Lachman has the same problem: "I do not have the space available to explain this kind of democracy and its fantastically complicated and unpredictable workings. For instance, I don't have room to explain adequately that this is not a popular election, that it depends on what state goes where, that Texas and New Hampshire have unequal weight in the electoral college, that some states therefore are much more important than others."

Imhoof, who arrived here on the day that Franklin Roosevelt died and will be concluding twenty-seven years of American reporting in May, feels that because so many popular foreign papers demand color and exclude explanation, American elections are still understood only vaguely by most European citizens.

If experienced foreign reporters have formidable problems, it goes without saying that those newly arrived have a much tougher time fathoming America. Shortly after the Florida primary, for instance, twenty-seven-year-old Peter Stahlberger of the *Saint Galler Tagblatt* in Saint Gallen, Switzerland, who had been in this country for all of one month, was asked by his home office to interpret how the busing issue had affected the voting. "People in Florida were very concerned and angry over busing," Stahlberger said later. "When you spoke to the people you could see, it was a very emotional issue. I went to the school board in Miami and asked them to give me some figures and explanations. They weren't very happy about doing it, but they told me that only two-and-one-half per cent of the students were involved. The whole noise, I could see, was for emotional reasons." Stahlberger had made a valiant and, indeed, fairly successful attempt to get to the bottom of this one particular issue, but he was still hard pressed to explain to his readers why these "emotions" had been aroused in the first place.

It is not surprising that much political analysis in the foreign press is foggy and unintentionally slanted. Because of a lack of perspective, crime news is particularly prone to exaggeration. Samuel Segev of the Israeli newspaper *Ma'ariv*, for instance, found a house for himself and his family in suburban Silver Spring, because he had been led by the Israeli press to believe that Washington was so infested with strong-armed bandits and crazed drug addicts as to be unsafe for civilized inhabitation. "Once we got here we were relieved not to find a man with a gun on every street corner waiting to kill us," he said.

Exaggeration ordinarily stems from cultural differences. In Europe, for example, a harsh allegation by a public official is serious business. In the United States, it may be only a political ploy. Also, the repetitious warnings of doom ("America is going to the dogs") bandied about in the United States are not easy for a foreign reporter to understand.

In some cases, however, the slanting is deliberate. The Stockholm newspaper *Expressen*, for example, has no Washington correspondent but does have a feature writer based in Hollywood. That newspaper obviously knows in advance what it wants to write about the United States, and its editors know where to find it. The Communist press, of course, is a past master at giving their own twist to the news.

A Communist Party newspaper, *The Berliner Zeitung* of East Berlin, reported from Miami that it was "a show of gigantic extent that would make all circus directors in the world turn pale with envy . . . a huge fair. He who stands all this must have stamina and, more importantly, money. The purposes of the complex election system are to make it difficult to penetrate and to guarantee that its monopolistic directors keep the reins in their hands. The rest is done by money."

Tass has been known to edit its own political bias into American wire-service copy. One such story was revised and distributed in the Soviet Union under the headline: "U.S. Political Parties Vie for Zionist Campaign Funds."

In addition to the problem of comprehending the American scene, foreign reporters are handicapped by the fact that few of them have regular and reliable access to primary news sources. Imhoof, de Segonzac, and a few other lucky foreigners are prominent members of the Washington press corps, and get invited to the background luncheons arranged by small groups of American journalists. They have been around long enough to have become acquainted with important political figures when they were still struggling up the ladder. Some Washington bureaucrats will even return their phone calls. Most foreign correspondents, however, have no such access to the men who make the news. During the Johnson years Lachman and some others were furious because the foreign press was not invited to Secretary of State Dean Rusk's informal Friday evening scotch-on-the-rocks get-togethers with reporters. Lachman got together with his colleagues and prepared a memo requesting that the State Department and other government agencies conduct semimonthly briefings for foreign correspondents stationed in Washington. His memo was ignored, resubmitted to the Nixon administration, and ignored again.

"They prefer to give away hundreds of millions of dollars through the USIA, which goes right into the wastebasket in our countries," complains Lachman. "Except for Imhoof and some of the socially elite British representatives, Washington is a disaster area for foreign correspondents. We are treated like total dirt at the State Department or Henry Kissinger's office. It took me months to make an appointment with one of Kissinger's assistants. During the interview he was quite bored and made it clear that he did not expect me to come back. Why? Because this is a government interested mainly in being re-elected, and *we* don't represent any votes."

Lachman, incidentally, was not among the twenty foreign newsmen flown to Florida at USIA expense. Because the capacity of government-financed tours is limited, the agency has to be selective about whom it invites. This illustrates how the USIA is, potentially at any rate, in a position to reward those who, unlike the agitated Lachman, are content to feed from officially provided sources. Lachman's traveling expenses in Florida came out of the $10,000 travel budget that has to last him through the November election. (How many American dailies with a circulation of 120,000 —that of Lachman's paper—would give a reporter a whopping $10,000 travel budget for the national campaign? Not many.)

Most foreign reporters are content

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to get their information from a select group of American publications, none of which, unfortunately, happens to be published west of the Potomac River. Whatever Eastern Seaboard tilt, liberal or otherwise, there might be in American political reporting, is magnified many times over by foreign correspondents who are almost totally unfamiliar with the nation's heartland. Few, if any, read the *Los Angeles Times*, even though the westward shift of influence is a significant national phenomenon, and even though the *Times*'s national reporting is consistently enterprising. Ziggy de Segonzac, it may be noted, is one of the few who reads the New York tabloid *Daily News*, which has the largest daily readership in the United States.

Another problem arising from dependence on the printed word is that much of the information thus received is secondhand and not tailored to fill in the gaps in a foreign reader's knowledge. Madhav Kamath, of the *Times of India*, reads columnists of varying political views, assuming, he says, "that they had spoken with someone at the White House or the State Department." He may be assuming too much. Actually, the Washington columnist often bases his analysis on the interpretive reports *he* reads in *The New York Times* and not on what some inside source at the White House has told him. When this happens, the interpretation that a reader in New Delhi is likely to receive of an event in the United States will be what Kamath learns of what a columnist has gathered from what an American reporter has been told by some frequently anonymous government source, spiced all along the way by everybody's biases.

The USIA is anxious to avoid many biases, especially eastern. The press tours for foreign reporters are in keeping with agency director Frank Shakespeare's conviction (a reflection of the old Spiro Agnew argument) that the "eastern liberal press" slants political news. "We want to get these people out of Washington and around the country," Miller explains. The agency regards capitalizing on interest in the election as an important means of ensuring balanced coverage overseas.

Getting foreign correspondents out of Washington, or anywhere outside their official preserves, often is a struggle in itself. Not many seek contact with midwestern America. Still fewer venture into the South. In the main, therefore, they don't see and talk to Americans who dine at McDonald's, bowl on Tuesday evenings, attend the stock-car races, guzzle beer at the Legion hall, or shoot baskets in a ghetto schoolyard.

Almost all of the foreign press corps lives either in Georgetown, like Werner Imhoof and Edmund Lachman, or in the adjacent neighborhood on the affluent side of Rock Creek Park, like Toru Takeuchi and Ziggy de Segonzac. Their children attend the best private schools. Their social life is keyed to the diplomatic dinner party circuit that is such an important part of official Washington. Few would venture to take their families camping in a state park or on a visit to Disney World; instead, they usually go abroad for their holidays.

Imhoof is an exception. His rapport with America may have improved because his son first went through what he describes as "a difficult hippie period" and then served in the U.S. Navy before returning to complete his degree in history at Georgetown University. Unlike many of his colleagues, Imhoof never stays in Washington very long. He has professional contempt for those who "don't use their legs." "This is a very incestuous city," he says. "You talk to the same people all the time and get stale." Over the years he has developed friendships in newspaper offices all over the country. He can drop in at the *Milwaukee Journal* or the *Toledo Blade* and chat with the editors and reporters about conditions in their area—what is known in the trade as picking the brains of the local wise men. "You could never do that in Europe," he said. "They'd throw you out."

The Japanese are inclined to be more clannish than the Europeans and to consult often with one another about their understanding and treatment of a news event. They are reluctant to ask questions at briefings or press conferences. Generally, their wives are active in the Japanese women's club of Washington. Takeuchi and his wife live in an apartment near the Shoreham Hotel. Included in their circle of friends are several Pentagon officers who were stationed in Japan at some time during their careers and who enjoy gathering for skillfully prepared Japanese dishes. Takeuchi also likes to play poker in the White House press room and to wager at nearby race tracks. For their vacation this spring the Takeuchis are looking forward to a Caribbean cruise.

Madhav Kamath, who has been in Washington since 1969, envies the Japanese their reportorial manpower and what he understands to be the generous size of their paychecks. "The Japanese don't ask any questions and never seem to understand," he says, "but they have so many people that they are everywhere on stories." Kamath soon discovered that Indian journalists are as well informed about the United States as the Europeans. "Unlike the Japanese, for instance, we have no difficulties with the language and culture," he points out."

Kamath is a cheerful, articulate fifty-year-old bachelor who lives and works in the company of stacks of books about America and a *New York*

The struggle to understand is carried out relentlessly by the most conscientious of these correspondents.

Times news-service ticker in his combination office and apartment near the National Cathedral. After working late, Kamath rises about 9:30 a.m. and thoroughly reads *The New York Times, Washington Post, Baltimore Sun,* and

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Wall Street Journal. After attending the noon briefing at the State Department, he settles down with his favorite reading matter, the daily edition of the *Congressional Record*, which he finds an informative source. Later in the day he makes phone calls, checks the *Washington Evening Star*, and tunes in the evening network news programs. Kamath says that Washington is the only capital in the world where a lowly reporter can pick up the telephone and ask questions of a government official. Not that he gets easy or frequent answers. State Department officials are seldom interested in talking to him, "unless they have some reason to plant a story on me."

During his three years in Washington, Kamath's visits to the American heartland have consisted mainly of occasional speaking engagements. His only trip to Chicago, for example, was to present a lecture about his work in Washington to Indian students from area universities. He is fully aware that he has not had much opportunity to see and talk with "real Americans." "Washington and New York are not America; I know that," he said. "Even when we are able to go somewhere on an assignment for a day or two, we become too professional. We seldom have a chance to go into American homes and visit with people at their leisure."

Early this year Kamath's vacation in India was interrupted by the India-Pakistan war, which prompted his return to Washington. He would like to use his remaining month of vacation for an automobile tour of the western United States—"places like Idaho and Nebraska.... I'd like to see college campuses and Elks clubs and Jaycee chapters." He went on the USIA Florida excursion and wants to cover the conventions and the candidates later in the year "to see how people respond to the candidates, to see the looks on their faces."

Perhaps Kamath's biggest disappointment has been the social rebuff he has received from black Americans whose friendship he has tried to cultivate in Washington. "They just don't seem to take me very seriously," he related. "I have not been able—and not for lack of trying—to meet any black intellectuals in Washington. I don't know where they are." Many of Kamath's colleagues also have had trouble getting close to the black leadership, although not all of them try as hard. The race problem in the United States is sensational news overseas, as evidenced by the extraordinary interest in the Angela Davis case. However, few foreign journalists have been able to do more than cover the case superficially, and some have been hasty and thoughtless.

For example, Robert Miller of USIA devoted a good deal of time to arranging appointments for televised interviews in Miss Davis's jail cell and ironing out such details as whether the warden would consent to interviews in French. The interviews then took place, but by the time prison officials had finished reviewing the translation to satisfy themselves that they would not prejudice Miss Davis's trial, the eager foreign television newsmen, concerned only with broadcasting the interview, had taken their tapes and, without waiting for a verdict, boarded a plane to Paris. Later, as it turned out, the translation was approved.

The race problem in the United States is sensational news overseas, as evidenced by the extraordinary interest in the Angela Davis trial.

Lachman and Peter Stahlberger both were directed by their editors to interrupt their coverage of the primaries and to cable home stories on Miss Davis. (Lachman's thickest clippings folder is labeled "Panthers.") "One of our problems," Lachman explains, "is that editors for Dutch newspapers are inclined to use American politics to support their own politics. They will work up the Angela Davis case to suit their own image of America. And they are always about a year behind the mood of America. The real mood of this country is very difficult to transmit. We have to fight the editors' conception of what is going on in this country. Often their picture of America is conveyed through *The New York Review of Books*. When I first came here, I had to correct their total reliance on *The New York Times* by saying, 'Here, here, what is in the *Times* is not always the total story of what this country is about.' And now they say *The New York Times* has gone Establishment, and they'd prefer to take the Liberation News Service. By continuing to run Vietnam and Ellsberg and Bobby Seale on page one and my stuff in the back of the paper, the message gets to me that they would like more on the war, even though I sense that here Vietnam is no longer that newsworthy."

"Europeans are more interested in the Angela Davis case than Americans are," Stahlberger says. There are two reasons: First, European Communists have taken up her cause; and, second, many sore spots in the U.S. can be dramatized by this single case—racial conflict, the prison and judicial systems, the common presence of guns in private homes. Beyond that, foreign editors react instantly to heroic symbols and charismatic personalities on the American scene—this is one reason why the Kennedy legend still flourishes all over the globe. Also, it has proven simpler, and some feel safer, to tell the race story in terms of a Martin Luther King or an Angela Davis than explore the black community in depth.

All of this does not give one much confidence that "democracy in America," to use de Tocqueville's famous phrase, is being very accurately represented to the readers of the foreign press. Nevertheless, we may take hope from the fact that at least a few members of the foreign press corps are truly outstanding—such men as Imhoof, Takeuchi, Henry Brandon of the *London Sunday Times*, Herbert von Borch of the Munich newspaper *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, and the talented young Jacques Amalric of *Le Monde*. Their work and their resourcefulness are exemplary, and—who knows—maybe one of them will be the de Tocqueville of tomorrow. □

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Letters to the Editor

On Vortex Smoke Rings

In "The Science of Smoke Rings and Doughnuts" [*SR*, March 18], Frank Kendig discussed George Mattingly, Jr.'s ideas of vortex rings in relation to air pollution. Readers may be interested in some simple do-it-yourself experiments that reveal the beauty and symmetry of these rings.

For example, one can take an empty plastic bottle of the kind used for household detergents. Fill it with smoke. Squeeze the sides gently but quickly. A smoke ring two or more inches in diameter will spin its way rapidly several feet across the room. Six or seven rings can be made before the supply of smoke is exhausted.

If a water vortex ring is desired, use an eye dropper to let a drop of ink or colored water fall a few inches into a glass of water. The drop will pass through the surface of the water with barely a ripple and move downward as a vortex ring. When the drop finally stops, some fascinating things happen.

For nonexperimental types, I suggest dropping a small chunk of dry ice into a glass of water. Carbon dioxide bubbles will follow one another to the surface of the water. There they will break and eject rings of fog into the air.

Sir Charles Boys, the eminent British experimental physicist of the nineteenth century, built a device with which he would shoot smoke rings from the window of his laboratory out across the sidewalk to encircle startled pedestrians.

Duncan C. Blanchard,
Senior Research Associate,
State University of New York,
Albany, N.Y.

Using vortex smoke rings to help pollutants permeate an inversion layer sounds a bit like dumping garbage at sea where it is out of sight and therefore not a problem. The plan may make air quality more pleasant for city dwellers, but where does pollution go once it breaks through the inversion layer?

I fear that such an approach, if successfully implemented, would delude all but the most avid conservationist into believing that the air pollution problem had been solved. All would seem well until a flying version of Thor Heyerdahl discovered that what appeared to be a dark cumulus cloud was really a mass of oil chunks clinging to a cirrus-cloud formation.

Steven Katzman,
Oakland, Calif.

Babies and Babbling

Re: Edmund Blair Bolles's article "The Innate Grammar of Baby Talk" [*SR*, March 18]. The innate drive to speak is synonymous with the innate drive to feed. Human beings are mammals that suckle their young. The nursing process is indigenous to the species, whether its members speak English, French, German, or Swahili. It is no accident that the labial sounds of "m," "p," and "b" and the tongue-tip sounds of "t," "n," and "d" are spoken first and repeated by babies regardless of their language background. The lips and tongue tip are in the same positions as they would be while nursing, and the sounds and rhythms of speech all begin here. The repetitions of "d" sounds in "*dadi*" or "daddy," whether in Africa or England, are voiced repetitions of the "t," "d," and "n" tongue movements.

Lois Wolsch,
Danbury, Conn.

Ireland's Troubles

I read with great interest Miriam Reik's article "Ireland: Religious War—or Class Struggle?" [*SR*, March 18]. She gives a very vivid picture of the situation as it is at present in Ulster, and your readers will find it helpful in understanding the problems that beset our country—particularly the northeast corner.

William Warnock,
Ambassador of Ireland,
Washington, D.C.

Businessmen's Choice

I am writing to protest your selection of H. I. Romnes, chairman of the board of AT&T, as Businessman of the Year [*SR*, Jan. 22]. The choice was simply unbelievable, since AT&T has been described by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission as "the most outrageous discriminator against women in the country."

Mary J. Stanley,
Cincinnati, O.

Editor's Note: *Mr. Romnes was selected by a panel of more than 250 business leaders, educators, editors, and other opinion molders.*

Ekkyklema

I looked in my unabridged dictionary, and I can't find a definition for "enkyklema" [Theater, March 25].

Jim Blauert,
Riverside, Calif.

Editor's Note: *Editorial gremlins changed the word "ekkyklema" (the wagon used to wheel out the gruesome remains in Greek tragedies) to "enkyklema." Unfortunately, neither word appears in the Unabridged Webster's dictionary.*

Mailbag Note

Please address comments about articles that have appeared in *Saturday Review* to "Letters to the Editor." Inquiries should be sent to "Reader Services." Articles or poems submitted for publication should be sent to our "Contributions Department." The address for all of the above is 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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Saturday Review of
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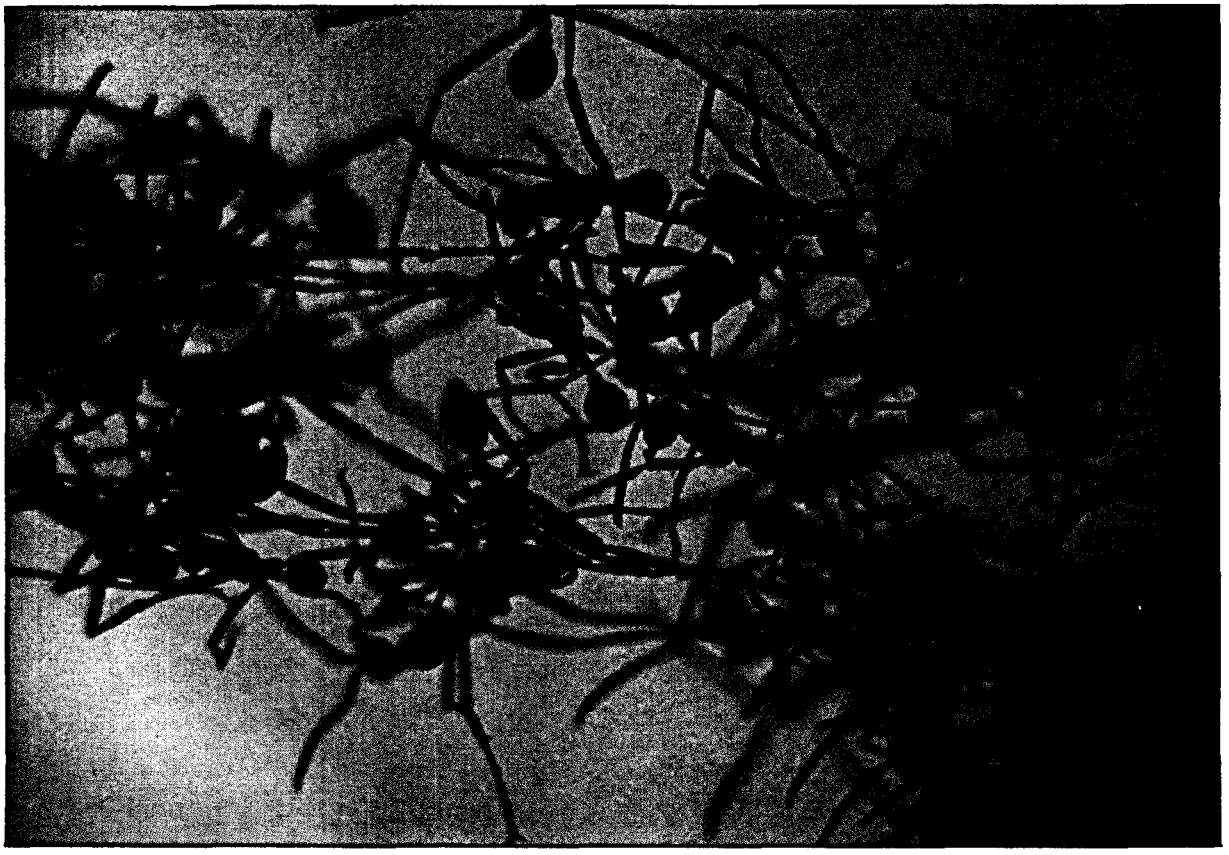

To many people the word "scientist" conjures up a picture of a distinguished-looking man or woman, dressed in a white, knee-length lab coat, huddled over an array of test tubes and dials, counseled and coddled by the ubiquitous computer. Yet many scientists, despite this public image, never face a computer or don a lab coat. In fact, as has been suggested, the lab coat may soon be thought of not as a utilitarian garment but as formal attire—the dress uniform of the scientist, kept safely under plastic wraps except for public occasions. All of which is to say that scientists come in all shapes and sizes, in wet suits and business suits, in blue jeans and Pucci dresses. In the following pages, a cross section of the widely diverse scientific community is glimpsed, including a young sociologist and psychotherapist who is working in the Boston ghettos, a noted entomologist who is busy repairing the damaged reputation of the army ant (see above), and a celebrated eye surgeon who prefers the saxophone to surgical gloves.

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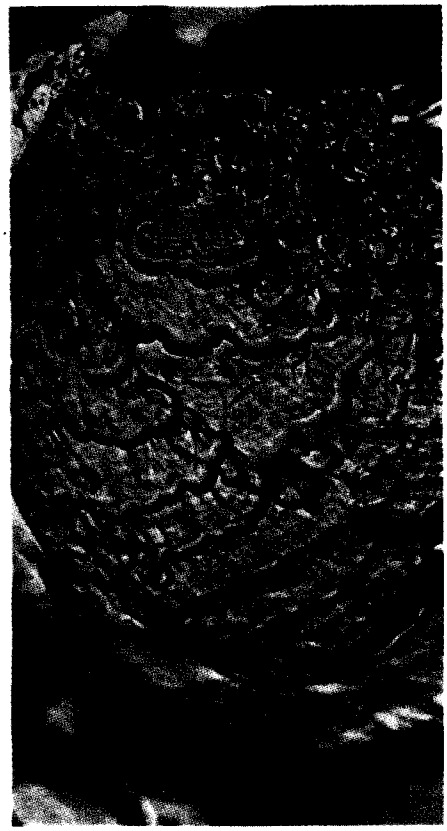
THE COMPLEX LIFE AT THE OCEAN'S EDGE

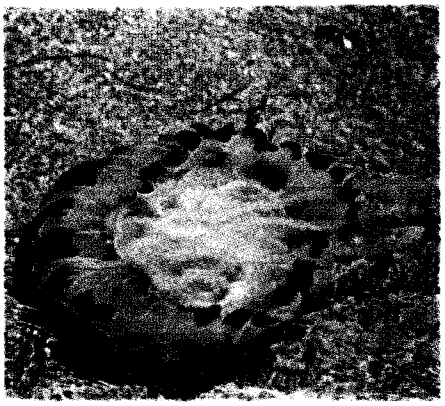
A celebration of the remarkable ecosystems of tidal zones.

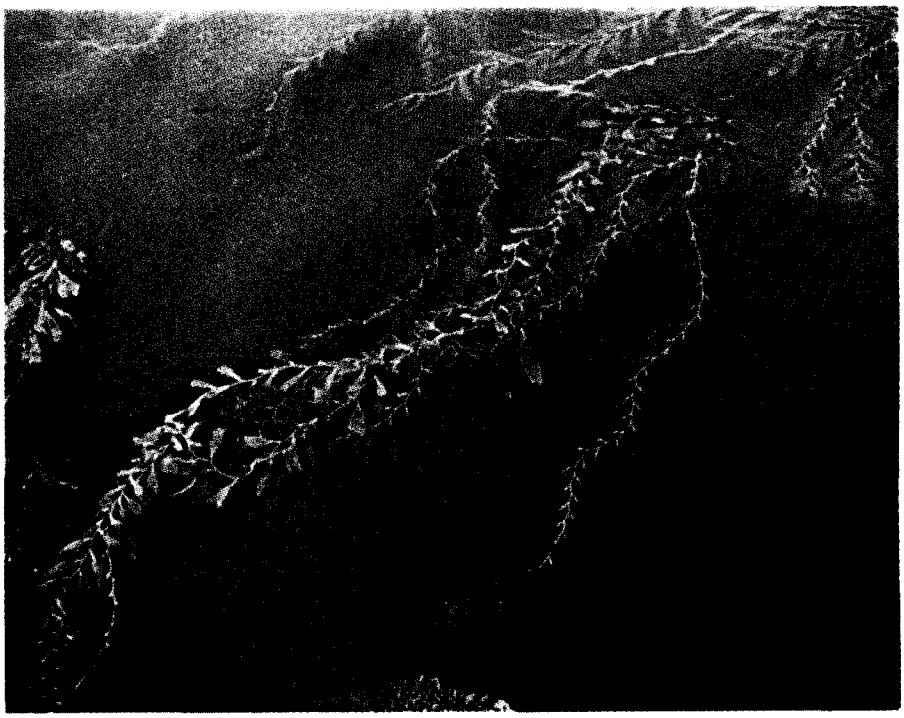
BY SALLY LINDSAY

The rocky shores and tide pools of the Pacific coast of North America provide a habitat for a huge population of marine plants and animals. But life along the seashore is stringently zoned. The mosses, surf grasses, kelp, and proliferating invertebrate sea creatures natural to all coasts are distributed locally according to three factors: the force of the waves; the type of sea bottom (rock, sand, or mud); and relative exposure time to air or water as the tide moves rhythmically in and out twice daily.

There are four major tide zones along the coast, each with its own complex community of life. The splash zone includes high rocks, made wet by the spray of ordinary waves, and the upper levels of beaches moistened by only the largest storm waves. Here, plants and animals are more suited to living on land than in the water; yet they require for survival the nutrients carried to them by surfborne drops of salt water. The high-tide zone is that band covered only by the highest tides. This is the home of barnacles and other animals adapted to tolerating more air than water. Next is the mid-tide zone, regu-







At Bird Rock, California (left), a low tide uncovers life usually submerged. The skeleton of a spiny sea urchin (above) lies on the ocean bottom. The iridescent abalone shell (top left) glistens in the sun while a sea whip (top right) and a Pelagia jellyfish (lower right) undulate in shallow water. At right, a giant kelp floats on the sea's surface.

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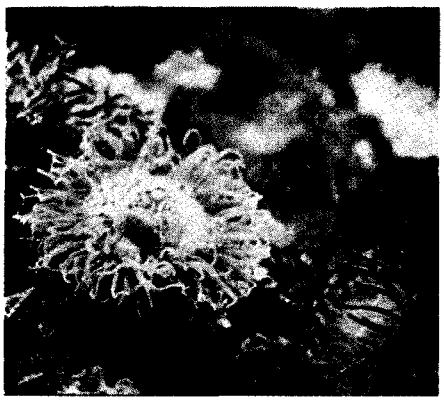
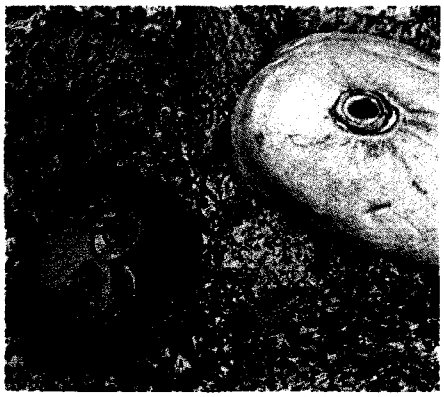
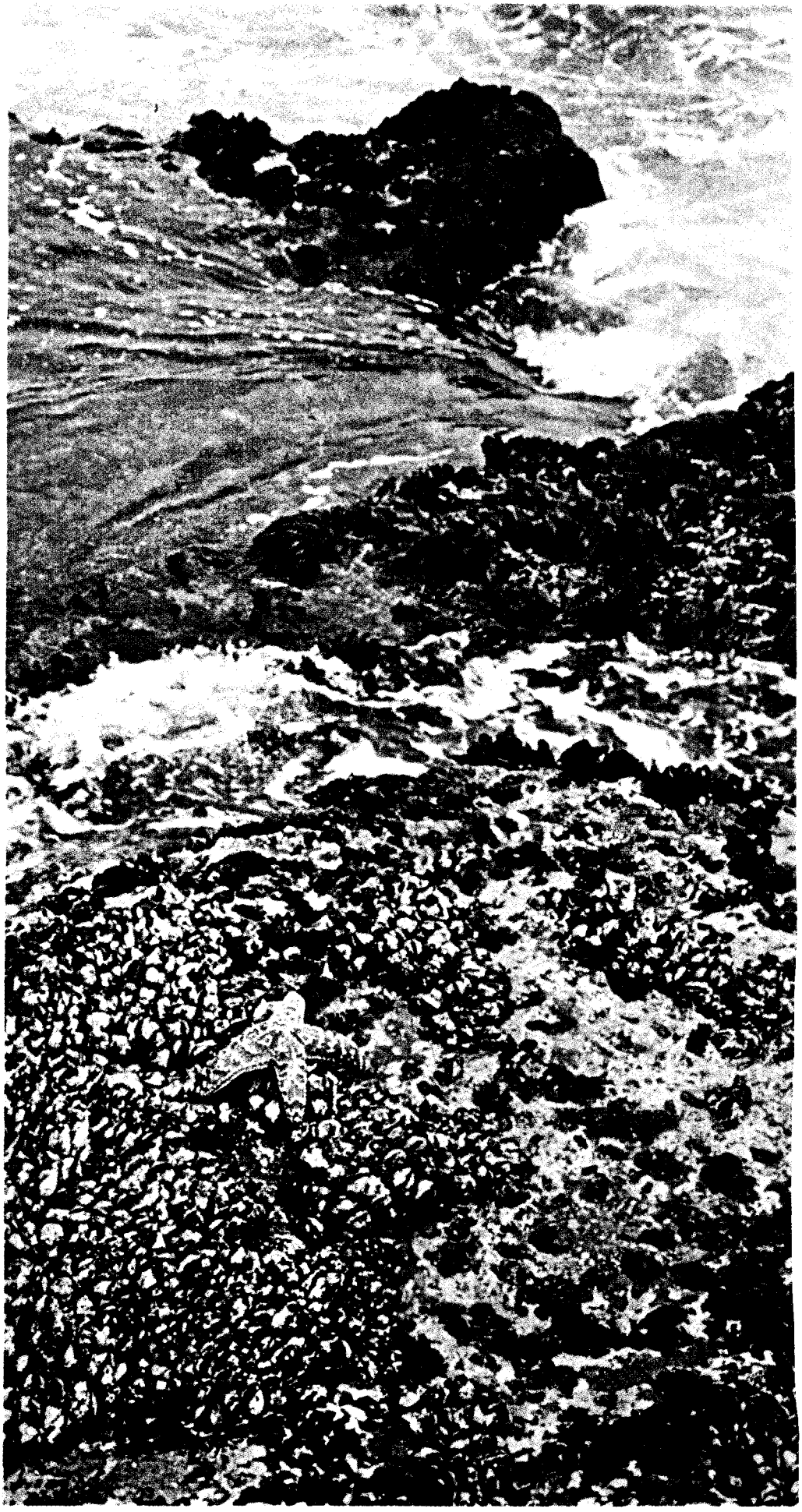




Sea anemones (top) display waving tentacles that resemble flower petals. Great keyhole limpets (middle) have shells that look like Chinese coolies' hats. The ice plant (above), which also grows in deserts, is shown at the edge of the spray, or splash, zone.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GORDON CHITTENDEN

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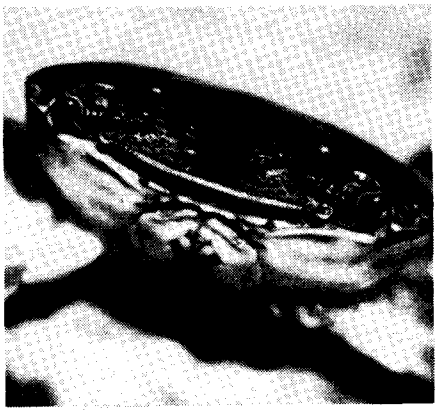
Tide pools are like miniature seas, affording a view of the zonal life of the seashore.



Beds of California blue mussels (directly above) extend along the rocky Pacific coast. Sea stars (left and middle) force the mussel shells open to feed on the tender bodies inside. In the photo at top, a green shore crab idles by.

larly covered and uncovered twice a day. Creatures found here, such as sea stars, small crabs, some limpets and other snails, are among the few living things on this earth that have adjusted to the conditions of both the land and the sea. Finally, there is the low-tide zone, uncovered during the lowest tides —called minus tides—that occur only a few times each month. This is the region inhabited by such exotic creatures as the sea urchin, the great green anemone, and the sea cucumber. Although these organisms are animals, they look like flowering plants.

What is most notable about life in each tide zone is the interrelation of the animals with each other and with the plants that share their space. Snails shelter in seaweed, tiny crabs camouflage themselves with bits of sponge, tube worms attach themselves to scallops. Each creature is equipped with feeding devices that enable it to prey on selected plant and animal neighbors.

When the tide recedes, pockets of sea water are left in the recesses of rocks and the depressions of mud flats. These tide pools are like miniature seas and afford a view of the zonal life of the seashore. The animals and plants shown on these pages inhabit the tidal pools exposed during a minus tide at Bird Rock, California, just south of La Jolla. When the tide is in, the rock is surrounded by water and can be reached only by swimming or by boat. At extreme low tide, however, it can be reached by foot and at this time attracts explorers who in the past were often bent on the heedless collection of specimens.

As a result, this tide-pool area and others up and down California's 1,264-mile long coastline were being picked clean of all marine life. To save the ecology of the tide pools, the California Department of Fish and Game put into effect a regulation protecting all invertebrate animals not normally taken by fishermen. According to Section 51, Title 14, of the 1972 California Administrative Code, such invertebrates "may not be taken in any tidal pool or other area between the high-tide mark and 1,000 feet beyond the low-tide mark without a written permit from the department." Permits are issued primarily for scientific collecting.

The 1972 California regulation, a more comprehensive version of an earlier rule, went into effect March 1 of this year, and about 275 fish and game wardens now patrol the coast to see that the regulation is obeyed. The maximum penalty for a violation is a $500 fine, or six months in jail, or both. The only other coastal state with a comparable regulation is Oregon.

Unfortunately, the edible abalone, peculiar to the California coast, is not fully protected by the law. This tasty mollusk, which attaches itself to rocks with such tenacity that it can withstand a pull of more than 400 pounds, is becoming increasingly rare. Once found in plentiful supply on rocky ledges at low tide, abalones of legal size are now seen only by divers going down forty to sixty feet.

It took millions of years for the life forms found at the rim of the oceans to evolve. However, it has taken but an instant, as geologic time is measured, for man to upset the balance of those coastal ecosystems. It is therefore fitting at this season of the year, when Earth Week—April 17 to 23—is being marked for the third time, that we take note of the new environmental concern over even so humble a creature as the sea anemone.

Earth Day 1970 is often thought of as the beginning of what is usually called the "environmental movement." But, in fact, public awareness of the potential harm man himself was wreaking in the world began a full decade ago with the publication in 1962 of *Silent Spring*, written by the late Rachel Carson. In that work, Miss Carson sounded an alarm over the indiscriminate use of chemical sprays and charted the damage they can cause. *Silent Spring* was about death. An earlier book, *The Edge of the Sea*, published by Houghton Mifflin in 1955, was about life. It celebrated the ecosystems of the tidal zones. No one has written more poetically about the sea, where all life is thought to have begun. It is therefore fitting to repeat Miss Carson's own words:

"The shore is an ancient world, for as long as there has been an earth and sea there has been this place of the meeting of land and water. Yet it is a world that keeps alive the sense of continuing creation and of the relentless drive of life. Each time that I enter it, I gain some new awareness of its beauty and its deeper meanings, sensing that intricate fabric of life by which one creature is linked with another, and each with its surroundings." □

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WHERE IS SOCIETY GOING? THE SEARCH FOR LANDMARKS

Measurement of social change must go beyond the description of physical events and consider people's perceptions and emotional reactions.

BY JOHN LEAR

At the stroke of any midnight in the year a far larger proportion of the population is awake in the United States than in any other place on earth.

What are they waiting up for?

Scholars who have studied this question have not yet learned enough to be sure of the answer. Perhaps the stay-ups are simply reacting to the speed at which electricity became a cheap source of light in this country and violently distorted the centuries-old synchrony between sunset and bedtime. It is generally assumed, however, that this owlish syndrome in American behavior arises from a desire to watch TV.

The only firmly established documentation for this supposed by-product of television is the experience of Japan, where the rapid increase in TV receiver purchases between 1960 and 1965 was accompanied by about a half hour's delay in the bedtime of the average Japanese. The tentative application of the assumption to American life, however, raises other and more significant issues. What is this prolonged attention to the TV screen doing to our perception of where society is heading, where it has been, or even where it is now? To what degree is TV-watching responsible for the prevailing dichotomies in our culture—for the outstripping by popular expectations of the immediate potentialities of modern technology and the affluence it has generated?

Reliable answers to these complex conundrums are now being pursued through the application of an experimental new method of accounting that goes beyond the recording of facts, figures, and physical events and undertakes measurement of the ways in which people perceive, interpret, and react. It is called "social accounting" and is based on the proposition that changes in perceptions, interpretations, and reactions, as well as changes in social situations themselves, can be identified by specific "social indicators" and that these indicators can be monitored over time.

One proven indicator is the way time itself is spent. Even rough time budgets show the movement of populations from farms to cities and the entry of growing numbers of women into the active working force.

When refined budgeting makes the after-midnight behavior of Americans clearly understood, many present-day dissatisfactions with American life may also be understood. In order to accommodate them, the elected guides of society may seek to shift the directions in which society is traveling.

The pertinence of time to social accounting is examined in one of the chapters of *The Human Meaning of Social Change*, a book published last month by the Russell Sage Foundation as a contribution to the study of effective ways and means to plan the course of democratic society.

Interestingly, the Republican Party under President Nixon has exhibited no strong, continuing commitment to planning. Nixon loyalists explain that planning runs directly counter to traditional Republican concepts of unrestrained individualism. Yet planning is the only available answer to such demanding national problems as land use, highway location, power-generator siting, and adequate transportation for our highly mobile population.

The historical truth is that the planning concepts implicit in the development of social indicators are more genuinely American than apple pie. They can be traced to the decennial census provision in Article I, Section 2 of the Constitution of the United States. This provision has been heralded as the first instance of a nation's establishing a guide for its destiny at the very moment of declaring the civil and political rights of its citizens.

Ironically, a notoriously staunch advocate of Republicanism—engineer Herbert Hoover—was the man who expanded this planning concept to include anticipation of the consequences of technological change. In September 1929, just a month before the great stock market crash, Hoover appointed a Research Committee on Social Trends "with a view to providing such a review as might supply a basis for formulation of large national policies looking to the next phase in the nation's development."

"The summons was unique in our history," the committee report said when it appeared four years later. By then, however, "the next phase of the nation's development" had been taken out of the hands of Hoover and the Republicans by the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1932. Roosevelt, in fact, entered the White House as a symbol of popular revolt against the situation described in one of the committee's major findings: "Powerful individuals and groups have gone their own way without realizing the meaning of the old phrase, 'no man liveth unto himself.'"

The Secretary of Agriculture in FDR's cabinet, Henry Wallace of Iowa, was faced with the fact that farm income was out of joint with factory prices fixed in the cities. Recognizing the accuracy of a particular observation of the Hoover committee—that man's cultural heritage mutates faster than his physical and biological heritage—Wallace set out to investigate an important aspect of cultural mutation. He ordered a psychologist, Rensis Likert, to poll the farmers directly and discover how much regulation their traditional independence would accept. Likert's work was so successfully applied to some of the most ticklish political problems of his day that he became the prototype for a new brand of semipublic servant: the public opinion poller. His innovation placed him in command of a new scientific venture at the University of Michigan: the Institute of Social Research.

While these events were happening, the director of the study group assembled by Hoover's Research Committee on Social Trends sat in his ivory tower at the University of Chicago and laid his own plans for shaping the future. This formidable intellectual was William F. Ogburn, and among his coterie of graduate students were three

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budding social scientists destined to make impressive marks on the future: Albert Biderman, Otis Dudley Duncan, and Eleanor Harriet Bernert, who would soon become Eleanor Bernert Sheldon.

Eleanor Sheldon, brainy, attractive, and gracious, had a remarkable gift for discerning the peaks of social science. After leaving Ogburn's tutelage, she worked at the Social Science Research Council, at the most prestigious level attainable within her profession, and then moved to the Russell Sage Foundation, the earliest philanthropic source of exclusive support for social science research in America.

At Russell Sage there was an opportunity to disburse research grants in pursuit of the principles Ogburn taught. "Even the best-informed guesses are not good enough," he had insisted. "We must measure, and measure precisely." Since leaving Chicago, Eleanor Sheldon had practiced precision measurement assiduously. But now that she was in a position to influence measurements made by others, she had to determine what were the most pertinent measurements to make. Research experience had earlier persuaded Wilbert Moore, a Russell Sage staff sociologist, that the more dynamic society became, the more it needed measurements of change. How fast was society moving? In what directions? Given those speeds and directions, where might it be expected to arrive at stated times in the future?

Reliable indicators of change would have to be determined, and Eleanor Sheldon and Wilbert Moore together decided to try to determine them. The first formal announcement of the project appeared in Russell Sage's annual report for 1964-65. The report stated that the two scientists were "exploring the possibilities of monitoring changes in American society by the periodic collection of statistical data on social trends." The report also noted that "the desirability and feasibility of a series of social indicators [had been discussed] with both governmental and university consultants."

The phrase "social indicators" was new to most scientists. It had been coined privately several years before by Professor Raymond A. Bauer of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. Through the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration had given Bauer a grant to study the social impact of extraterrestrial space explorations following the Soviet Union's launching of the *Sputnik*, the first man-made satellite, in 1957. The study subjected Bauer to the tedium of listening to the fuzzy imaginings of his fellow scholars about the global consequences of *Sputnik* over time. In mid-April of 1962, weary of their unsupported speculations, he pulled his colleagues back to earth. "If any of the things you have postulated should ever come to pass, you wouldn't know that the opposite didn't happen," he told them. "We have no true indicators of behavioral change as it occurs. We have only our perceptions and interpretations of the changes."

The following weekend the nation's newspapers announced the issuance of a public statement by a behavioral science panel of President Kennedy's Science Advisory Committee: "The application of scientific knowledge to human problems could be substantially assisted by making available better and more illuminating basic data about the structure and functioning of American society . . . [especially] information about noneconomic aspects of behavior. . . . [For example] we know something of how people spend their money, but almost nothing of how they spend their time." It was urged that "systematic collection of basic behavioral data for the United States" be undertaken—"data that are comparable, systematic, and periodically gathered."

Professor Bauer vowed to do something to speed this collection. Soon he was writing a book on the subject. He was in the midst of the writing when Sheldon and Moore pulled him into their social indicators monitoring project at Russell Sage.

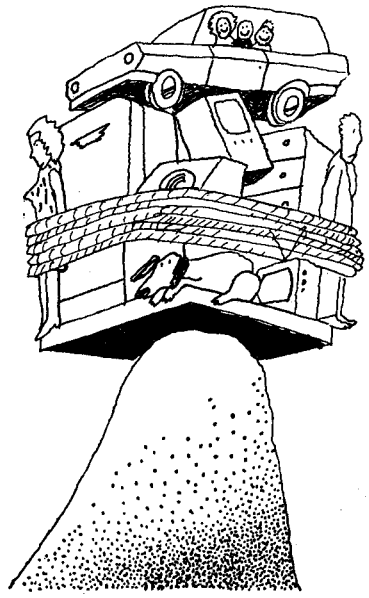
Bauer's book, *Social Indicators*, was published in 1966 by the MIT Press. The volume included two chapters by Albert Biderman, one of Sheldon's fellow students in Ogburn's social laboratory at the University of Chicago, and a chapter and preface by Bertram M. Gross, then professor of political science at Syracuse. Gross, who is now at Hunter College, quickly became the chief spokesman for a federal system of social accounting headed by a Board of Social Advisers with status equal to the long-established Board of Economic Advisers in the Office of the President. The system would deliver to America's citizens an annual social report from the White House.

At the beginning of their project, Sheldon and Moore shared the belief that social indicators could be used to evaluate government programs and even to set national goals. By the time they were ready to report their findings in *Indicators of Social Change* in 1968, however, this attitude gave way to the view that society must arrive at its goals by a different route. Furthermore, the book said, social scientists had too much to learn about human behavior to risk laying out specific plans yet. A whole network of behavioral landmarks would have to be identified first.

The advisory committee of social scientists that Sheldon and Moore had assembled to review the text of *Indicators of Social Change* prior to the book's publication included a representative of Rensis Likert's pioneering Institute for Social Research at the University of Michigan. He complained that the Sheldon-Moore study had not been sufficiently three-dimensional. Any true measure of social change, he argued, could not stop with the description of physical events but had to consider people's perceptions of and emotional reactions to those events. The validity of the criticism was recognized, and Russell Sage agreed to support a further study.

After five years of gestation, during which Moore departed from Russell Sage to teach an oncoming generation in Colorado, leaving Sheldon as the prime mover of the social indicators cause, a book containing the Michigan findings appeared last month with a title much more appropriate than those usually assigned to scientific studies. It is *The Human Meaning of Social Change*.

A few days after the book was published, I took a copy to Ann Arbor, Michigan, expecting to discuss it with Angus Campbell (who succeeded Likert as director of the Institute for Social Research in 1970) and his coeditor, Philip Converse. On my arrival, however, Campbell showed me a timelier set of documents—the rough notes gathered in the institute's 1971 Survey



In the "Quality of Life" poll, only 5.2 per cent felt that they were "tied down."

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of the Quality of American Life. Also financed by Russell Sage, this survey was national in scope, covering twelve metropolitan centers and a total of seventy population study units scattered through rural and suburban areas as well as in cities. Professionally trained interviewers had done the questioning last August and September under the direction of Willard Rodgers, a psychology Ph.D. who is a graduate student under Campbell. The pollers personally visited the homes of 2,164 individuals selected by methods of probability sampling to represent all persons eighteen years and older living in private households in the continental United States. The forty-seven page questionnaire was designed to be answered in about an hour's time. In practice, the average respondent's answers occupied an hour-and-a-quarter. To encourage frankness on racial issues, black pollers took the answers of blacks.

As we scanned the tabulated results of the survey together, Campbell and Rodgers discouraged my attempts to entice them into interpreting the figures. They preferred to let me draw my own conclusions. My first shock came with the apparent evidence that President Nixon is close to the truth when he says that his administration of the nation's affairs is accepted by a "silent majority" of the electorate. In responding to the question—"All things considered, do you think things are better or worse, or that they are staying about the same?"—about half the survey sample expressed the feeling that life in this country has not changed or that the good about equals the bad. Of the other half of the sample, two in every three felt that, "all things considered," matters are worse now than they ever were. In short, according to the sample, Mr. Nixon could reasonably claim the general acquiescence of two-thirds of the populace. The claim could be only a general one, however, for four out of every five of the people interviewed cited particular aspects of life that they felt are pernicious: inflation and taxation most frequently, but also rising rates of crime and drug use, declining morality, a breakdown of public order, and accelerating pollution of the environment.

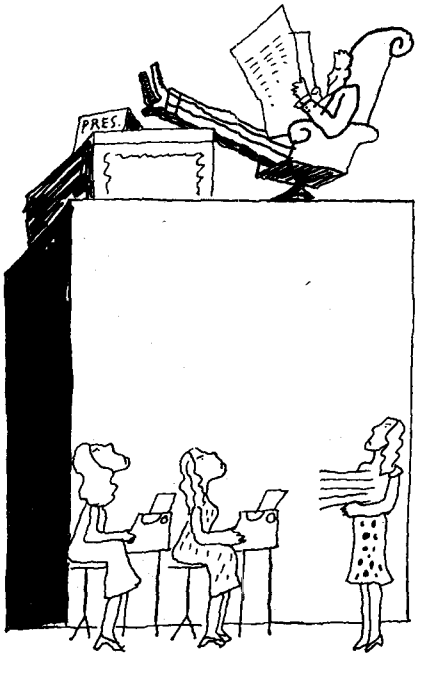
A relatively small proportion of the people questioned felt that society is treating them unfairly or placing them under unreasonable restraints. Only a fraction over one in five reported unfair treatment by public officials, and only one in twenty of those described himself as being treated "not fairly at all." Approximately one out of eight persons said he doesn't have as much freedom as he ought to; of those, only one in a hundred complained of not being "free at all" to live the kind of life he prefers. Nine out of every hundred of the population sample said categorically that they would like to "settle down for good in some other country," and six others felt they might do so under some circumstances.

Judging from this population sample, Mr. Nixon's "silent majority" draws its greatest strength from people with the lowest incomes and the least schooling. Young people in the sample were the least likely to describe themselves as greatly satisfied with life in the United States today. Expressions of satisfaction increased progressively with age into the retirement years. College-educated people and metropolitan residents had low satisfaction levels.

Answers to a group of three questions about fairness, freedom, and general satisfaction could logically be combined to identify the segment of the population that is most critical of our national life. As the table below shows, this disaffected 2 per cent of the total population is disproportionately young, well-educated, city-dwelling, black, and also disproportionately more likely to believe things are getting worse rather than better in this country and to say they would leave it if they had a chance.

Of those most disaffected with life in the United States		Of the total adult population
31%	are from 18 to 24 years old	16%
50%	attended college	27%
28%	live in metropolitan centers	11%
30%	are black	11%
81%	say life in the United States is getting worse	36%
39%	say they would move out of the United States if they had a chance	9%

More women than men felt that people were trying to take advantage of them.



The troubles that America's big cities labor under and the role of blacks in these difficulties are clearly reflected in the survey. Here is the profile that emerges from the answers to the questions:

Q.: How are streets and roads kept up around here?
A.: Very well—22%. Metropolitans 10%, suburbans 32%, rurals 21%. Whites 23%, blacks 11%.

Q.: What about the quality of the public schools?
A.: Very good—38%. Metropolitans 16%, suburbans 42%, rurals 36%. Whites 40%, blacks 24%.

Q.: How good is garbage collection in this neighborhood?
A.: Very good—56%. Metropolitans 38%, suburbans 60%. Whites 59%, blacks 39%.

Q.: What about parks and playgrounds for children in this neighborhood?
A.: Very good—30%. Metropolitans 21%, suburbans 38%, rurals 33%. Whites 32%, blacks 13%.

Q.: How about police protection around here?
A.: Very good—33%. Metropolitans 25%, suburbans 46%, rurals 25%. Whites 35%, blacks 19%.

Q.: Is it safe to go out walking around here at night?
A.: No. Metropolitans 56%, suburbans 20%, rurals 14%.

Q.: How important is it to lock your doors when you go out of the house for just an hour or two?
A.: Very important. Metropolitans 81%, suburbans 60%, rurals 37%.

The metropolitan residents in the sample were less happy in virtually all respects than were people in less urban places. As a central city dweller I was surprised by these data. Some of the answers I would not have expected were:

Forty-six per cent of the students questioned said they were "very satisfied" with the education they were getting.

Sixty-three per cent of the working people questioned said their work was interesting, and 47 per cent said their jobs gave them a chance to do the things they do best.

Sixty-nine per cent of the entire sample said they would continue to work if they were able to get enough money to live as comfortably as they would like for the rest of their lives, and 55 per cent of that fraction said they would continue to work at their present jobs.

An interesting set of questions on marriage was addressed to husbands and wives. "Have you ever wished you

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had married someone else?" the first one asked. The answers: yes, often—1 per cent; yes, sometimes—4 per cent; yes, once in a while—7 per cent; yes, hardly ever—17 per cent; no, never—71 per cent. Second question: "Has the thought of getting a divorce ever crossed your mind?" Answers: yes, often—1 per cent; yes, sometimes—4 per cent; yes, once in a while—6 per cent; yes, but hardly ever—21 per cent; no, never—68 per cent. Third question: "All things considered, how satisfied are you with your marriage? Which number comes closest to how satisfied or dissatisfied you feel?" There were seven numbers, the first indicating complete satisfaction and the seventh indicating complete dissatisfaction. Answers: (1) completely satisfied—58 per cent; (2) 24 per cent; (3) 7 per cent; (4) neutral—7 per cent; (5) 2 per cent; (6) 1 per cent; (7) completely dissatisfied—1 per cent.

Sixty per cent of the husbands were completely satisfied, but only 56 per cent of the wives. Complete satisfaction was expressed by less than half of the young marrieds—those between 25 and 34 years of age; the proportion rose to 80 per cent among couples over 65 years of age. Generally, the less education people had, the more satisfied they were with their marriages.

These indicators of national morale were registered in 1971. They give a reading of the condition of public satisfaction with life at that time. Whether or not the proportions were larger or smaller twenty or fifty years ago cannot be determined now because surveys of this kind are not available from those earlier times. A rough measurement of future trends will be possible, however, because the National Science Foundation's special program of Research Applied to National Needs (RANN) has set aside $1-million a year for replication of the Campbell survey during the next three years.

Despite the absence of comparative data on a national scale, some interesting measurements of change over time do exist in data gathered in the city of Detroit. Otis Dudley Duncan, another of Eleanor Sheldon's colleagues in William Ogburn's social laboratory at the University of Chicago years ago, now operates out of the University of Michigan independently of the Institute for Social Research. He directs periodic polls in a continuing experiment known as the Detroit Area Study. His students learn about social indicators by taking part in the study. Last year 1,881 Detroiters aged 21 years or older and living in the city or surrounding suburbs—about one in every forty residents—were questioned, and their answers were matched against answers to similar questions in earlier years. The technique is clear in the posing of one multiple query:

"Is a good job being done by– (a) Boy Scouts (b) scientists (c) TV, radio (d) high schools?" The answers:

	in 1959	in 1971
Boy Scouts	93% yes	87% yes
Scientists	82% yes	78% yes
TV, radio	54% yes	46% yes
High schools	45% yes	29% yes

Women's attitudes were explored in a set of three questions, which appear here with their answers:

"Who repairs things around the house?"

	in 1955	1971
Primarily husband	88%	79%
Husband and wife share equally	7%	9%
Primarily wife	5%	12%

"Who gets husband's breakfast on workdays?"

Primarily husband	21%	32%
Husband and wife share equally	4%	5%
Primarily wife	75%	63%

"Who decides whether wife will work?"

Primarily husband	32%	31%
Husband and wife share equally	19%	24%
Primarily wife	49%	45%

Racial attitudes were examined through a hypothetical question to the mother of a white schoolgirl. The girl asks permission to bring a black classmate home after school to play. The mother has three choices. Her daughter must never play with a black. The daughter may play with a black at school but not at home. The daughter may bring the black girl home. White Detroiters' answers in three different years:

	1956	1969	1971
Never play	13%	2%	3%
Play at school	46%	22%	18%
Bring playmate home	41%	76%	79%

Ambivalent black attitudes toward whites were revealed in responses to two statements: "Whites want blacks to have a better life," and "A lot of progress in civil rights has been made in the last 10 to 15 years." The responses:

	1968	1971
"A better life"	47%	37%
"Lot of progress"	70%	65%

Religious influence in modern life was measured by these questions:

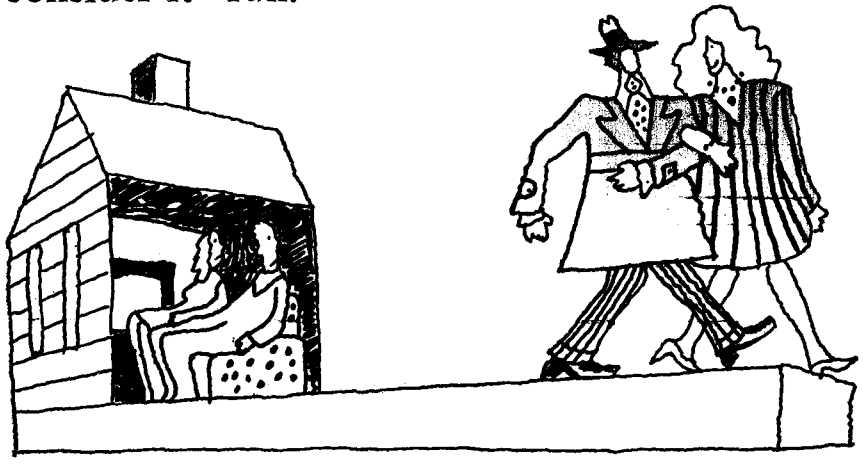
	1958	1971
"Believe in God?"	96% yes	98% yes
"If so, is it right for you to question church's teachings?"	68% yes	81% yes

The most telling reactions of all, in terms of American pursuit of happiness, were these:

	1956	1971
"Most people don't care about the next fellow."	33% agree	50% agree
"We must live for today and let tomorrow take care of itself."	26% agree	39% agree
"It's hardly fair to bring children into the world the way things look for the future."	13% agree	35% agree

So far as Detroit is concerned, then, Mr. Nixon's "silent majority" has shaky

Life in America is "empty" for 1.5 per cent of the sample, while 44.2 per cent consider it "full."



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underpinnings. If other local departures from national perceptions were known, they might have an obvious bearing, for example, on the strategies of candidates in state primary elections preceding the presidential vote in November.

Even more valuable, however, would be social indicators capable of guiding town, city, county, and state governing bodies in their everyday decisions. Are these in sight? Not yet. But the first step toward them has been taken in Dayton, Ohio, where Michael Lenrow is operating a Public Opinion Center financed by a grant from the Charles F. Kettering Foundation. Polls taken by the center cover Dayton and surrounding Montgomery County. Centerville, a town in this area, recently approved a school bond issue by a somewhat larger margin than the poll had indicated it would. But the center had worse luck with a Dayton city income tax proposal that looked safe but lost out at the last minute, because the state of Ohio adopted an income tax shortly after the poll was taken.

Word of the Dayton experiment has spread rapidly, and groups of social scientists from all parts of the country are besieging Russell Sage, other philanthropic foundations, and the National Science Foundation with schemes to replicate and improve upon the Dayton polling mechanism. Most of these proposals are too elaborate, too dependent on ultra-sophisticated computer techniques, and altogether too expensive to win approval. A notable exception is the University of California (Berkeley) Survey Research Center's regional approach to the whole San Francisco Bay area. Another is based at the University of Chicago: the National Opinion Research Center's projected series of quarterly surveys designed by James A. Davis.

At the White House level the Office of Budget Management has been working for two years on a new government publication. Tentatively titled *The Social Statistics Report*, it will bring together measurements of social change now being collected in fragments by a multitude of existing agencies. To avoid partisan political controversy, the designers of this document—a small group in OBM's Office of Statistical Policy—have decided simply to present the figures without interpreting them in any way or relating them to established or possible national goals.

Critics of President Nixon say he has subtly encouraged or at least allowed delay of the first social statistics report's publication until after the 1972 presidential election. Members of his campaign staff deny this. Nevertheless, persons well acquainted with statistics-gathering methods are puzzled by the ability of the Central Statistical Office of the British government to compile and publish two volumes of statistics on social trends—one in 1970 and the other in 1971—while the Washington bureaucracy has been struggling to release one document.

Once *The Social Statistics Report* emerges, demands for its interpretation and application to government policies will be inevitable. The Social Science Division of the National Science Foundation is preparing for that moment with a $650,000 two-year grant to the National Bureau of Economic Research. It was this bureau that laid the scientific groundwork for establishment of the economic indicators that have proved so valuable in preventing disastrous cycles of prosperity and depression since World War II. Is it possible to add to the accepted economic indicators a new dimension that will take social impacts into account? Can the indicators be reshaped to incorporate social costs in terms of dollars gained or lost? These are the questions the NSF grant is now encouraging the bureau to address.

Another two-year grant, funded at $250,000, has been given to the National Planning Association to support research into methods of setting social goals for policy purposes. These methods are known as "goals accounting." Theoretically, such a system can be built of new maths that supply equations representing the real cost, say, of adding one year to the average American life by the year 1980—or of achieving equal employment opportunities for everyone by the same year—or of reducing the number of occupied hospital beds next year by, say, 1,000. Given those mathematical tools, it should be no great task to scale priorities according to their relative costs.

A third NSF grant directed toward refinement of social indicators has gone to Albert Biderman at the Bureau of Social Science Research. Most Americans are accustomed to preparing themselves against bad weather with the help of weather forecasts. Something of this sort would be desirable to prepare the people for social effects expectable under certain conditions. If Biderman's assignment works out, we may someday watch on our TV screens the antics of kinetic graphs drawn by computers.

From a single grant (to the University of Pennsylvania) in 1962 and a brace of grants (one to the Institute for Social Research at the University of Michigan and the other to Johns Hopkins) in 1964, NSF Social Science Division support of the search for guiding landmarks on the social landscape has grown to an actual expenditure of $1,929,700 in fiscal year 1971 to an estimated expenditure of $2,250,000 in fiscal 1972 and a requested authorization to spend $2,400,000 in fiscal 1973. Still greater expenditures are expectable in the future as a result of a series of actions taken late last month by the board of directors of the Social Science Research Council.

The SSRC is the elite of all the elites of social science. It operates as an outpost of the future, well above the line of sight of the crowd. Its influence on everyday affairs becomes apparent only long after its exertion. Beyond the inner circle of national and international policy-makers, it is almost totally unappreciated. But some notion of its role in society's governance can be drawn from the history of Russian-American diplomatic and cultural relations since the end of World War II.

After the fighting ended and the Soviet Union was dimly recognized as an enemy that might become a friend when circumstances were propitious, it was the SSRC to which the Carnegie Corporation and the Rockefeller Foundation turned for the dispensing of grants to deepen American understanding of the Russian temperament. That was in 1948. By 1971 relations between Washington and Moscow had improved so noticeably that SSRC dropped out as a middleman.

In 1959 the Ford Foundation appealed to SSRC to spearhead a broad scholarly thrust into the enigma of Communist China. Other philanthropic agencies chipped in. The new knowledge that accumulated in ensuing years made possible President Nixon's recent visit to Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai in Peking.

The territory of social indicators is far more mysterious than the inner places of the Russian or the Chinese minds. To explore it properly will cost very large sums of money. Largely on that account, the SSRC has remained at a respectful distance. Last month, however, at the urging of its acting president—Ralph Tyler, retired founding director of the Center for Advanced Study of Behavioral Science on the campus of Stanford University—the SSRC board first elected Eleanor Sheldon as SSRC's permanent president and then authorized her to appoint two committees to determine how to define social indicators appropriate to today, while seeking to identify what will be the truest indicators of tomorrow. She reacted typically: "I view this appointment as a challenge both to me and to the social science community of which I am a part." She promised that even before her appointment takes effect on September 1 she will seek the help of NSF in establishing a new agency the SSRC board encouraged her to create—a national center in Washington, D.C., for integration of social indicators and their application to the needs of democratic society. □

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ONLY ONE EARTH

Worldwide cooperation is called for if the human environment is to be preserved and enhanced.

This June an international conference on the environment will be held in Stockholm under the auspices of the United Nations. Its official motto is "Only One Earth." Representatives of more than 100 of the 132 member-countries of the United Nations are expected to participate. A global Action Plan was drawn up under the guidance of Canada's Maurice Strong, an Undersecretary General of the U.N. The plan, containing recommendations for an international attack on specific environmental problems, was submitted last month to member-countries and will be formally considered at Stockholm. The following text is taken from the Action Plan.

There is growing in the world a new sense of awareness that man has viewed his activities and achievements without a proper assessment of the costs and losses to the environment. This anxiety underlies the environmental problem. But it is no easy task to bring these new issues into focus.

In the first place, for a third of humanity, in spite of some uncomfortable by-products of pollution and congestion, the gains made by the new technology are cherished and have nourished even greater expectations. And for the two-thirds who have not yet fully entered the technological order, it would be unthinkable to expect a renunciation of their aspirations for a better life.

A return to a real or imaginary past is quite out of the question. Also, the preservation of the *status quo* is a goal unworthy of human aspiration.

It is, of course, easy to argue that there are more immediate problems than those of protecting and enhancing the human environment. Life is short, and every man sees his own requirements as real and urgent. The risk of nuclear war, the poverty at the base of developing societies where population and the work force are constantly outpacing the possibilities of training and employment, the practices of discrimination and involuntary servitude so totally incompatible with the dignity of man, the urban crisis, the rural exodus, the problem of inflation combined with unemployment—all understandably weigh more heavily and urgently on most men than a vague threat of ecological disaster.

In addition, even if the risks are admitted, they vary so widely from region to region, from country to country, that priorities are perceived to be wholly different by different groups and interests. Thus, any global insistence on the environmental issue risks introducing unwanted complications into problems that are intractable enough as it is. For countries where thousands of migrants pour into the cities ahead of potential jobs, the first task is not to get industrial effluents out of air and water. For urban regions where millions live without even nineteenth-century standards of water protection, sophisticated garbage removal is not the main problem.

But these objections flow from a misunderstanding of the phrase "human environment" and from some past tendency to narrow its use to pollution and to difficulties in societies of high technology, or to the effects of human activities on areas of unspoiled nature. The concept of the environment upon which the approach of the United Nations Conference on the Human Environment is based is a much broader one. It includes the use man makes of his resources. It takes into account the concentrations of wealth that his past uses have created. It covers the needs of peoples in developing lands whose environment is among the worst ever experienced in organized societies. It accepts development as a primary need for all nations—in wealthier lands through forms of activity less demanding and less polluting in their impact, in poorer lands through kinds of industrialization that, with needed financial and technical assistance, draw on all the new nonpolluting technologies and all the new concepts of rural-urban balance that may permit growth in a less damaging fashion than too often has been accomplished in the past. Inherent here, too, is the inescapable fact that the developing countries face many of the environmental problems of the industrialized countries without having the resources for dealing with them and, in addition, their major environmental concerns reflect the poverty and very lack of development of their societies.

With all these concerns, dare we overlook the concept of a planet held in trust for future generations? Can we turn away from an affirmation of the inescapable physical unity and interdependence of the biosphere and the need for all the world's peoples to cooperate in preserving it, sharing it, enhancing and serving it as the heritage of the whole human family?

If "environment" is understood in this fashion, it can be seen that the United Nations must be involved, first because it alone has the worldwide system through which essentially cooperative and international responses to the global challenge can be launched. It is involved because it serves as the forum in which industrialized and developing countries can most easily meet to discuss and devise joint policies for development to enhance the common biosphere. It is involved because, as a continuing body, it can set in motion a whole range of actions without which fragmentation and disunity will continue to mark man's approach to his global environment.

In all this effort, the United Nations Conference on the Human Environment has a profound significance and serious responsibility in the search for man's new perspective on environment. The proposed Declaration on the Human Environment that it will draw up will represent the first attempt to give expression to an international consensus on an environmental ethic and on the basic principles that should guide the environmental relationships of the international community. The proposed Action Plan will point to the next steps of international environmental cooperation, identify areas of universal concern, and call for agreement on specific measures for future action. Together, the Declaration and Action Plan recognize the universality of the challenge and reach toward a new era of international responsibility in which nations will acknowledge—and act consistently with—their environmental interdependence.

There are, moreover, less tangible, but no less telling, results to be hoped for at Stockholm. If the problems of the human environment are to be resolved in all their many ramifications, it is necessary to add a new dimension to man's thinking and to the direction of his imaginative thrust. This is for man to see himself not as a separate, antagonistic, exclusive exploiter of the earth but as the steward and wise manager of earth's precious and limited resources. The conference can be a turning point. But no single act, no matter how far-reaching, will be sufficient. What is required is a major reorientation of man's values and a redeployment of his energies and resources. That is undoubtedly within the capacity of man's creative genius if he has the political will to do it. Without that resolve, the future of the human species on this unique and fragile planet may be at risk. That the risk can materialize is our challenge; that it need not is our hope. □

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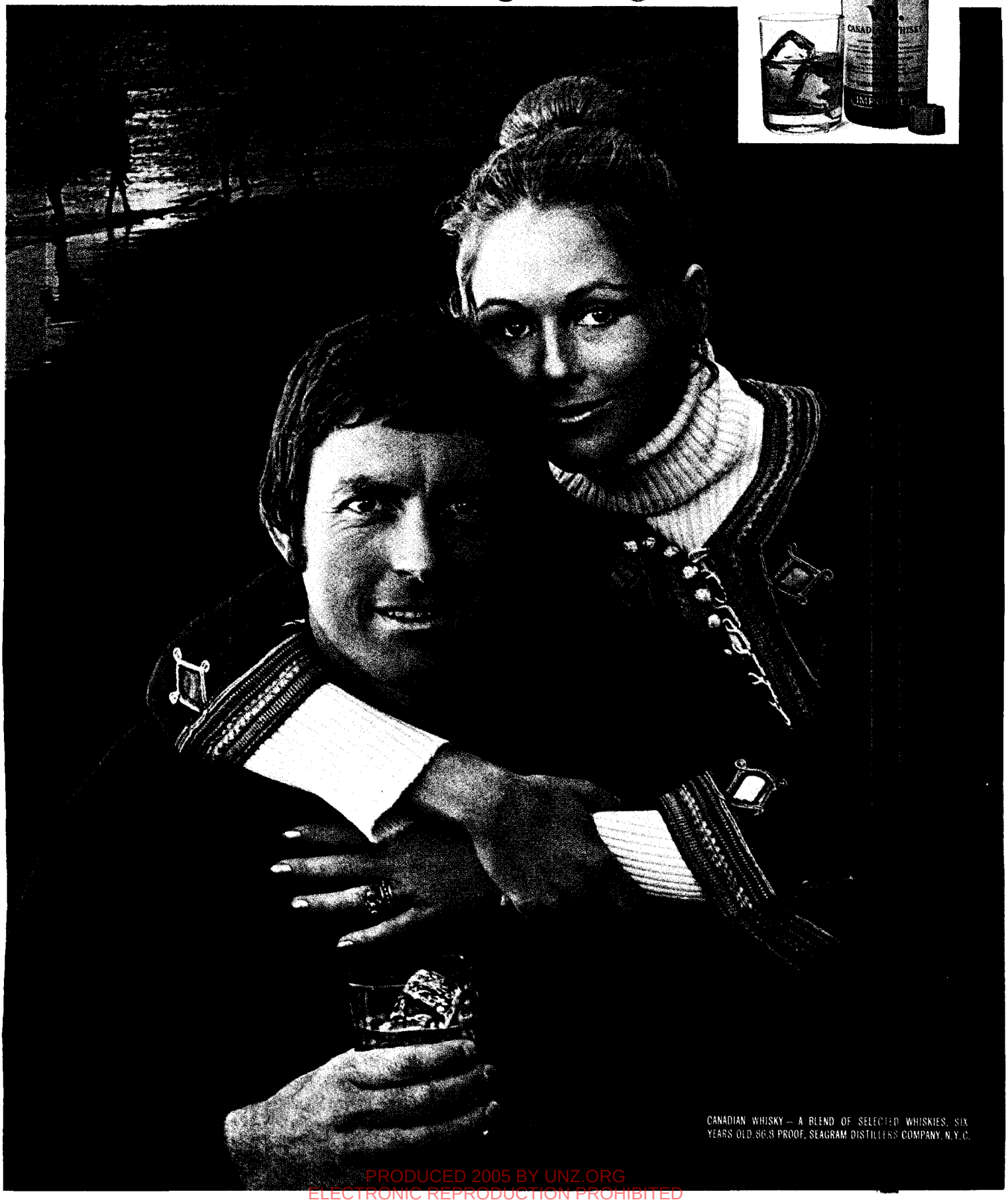

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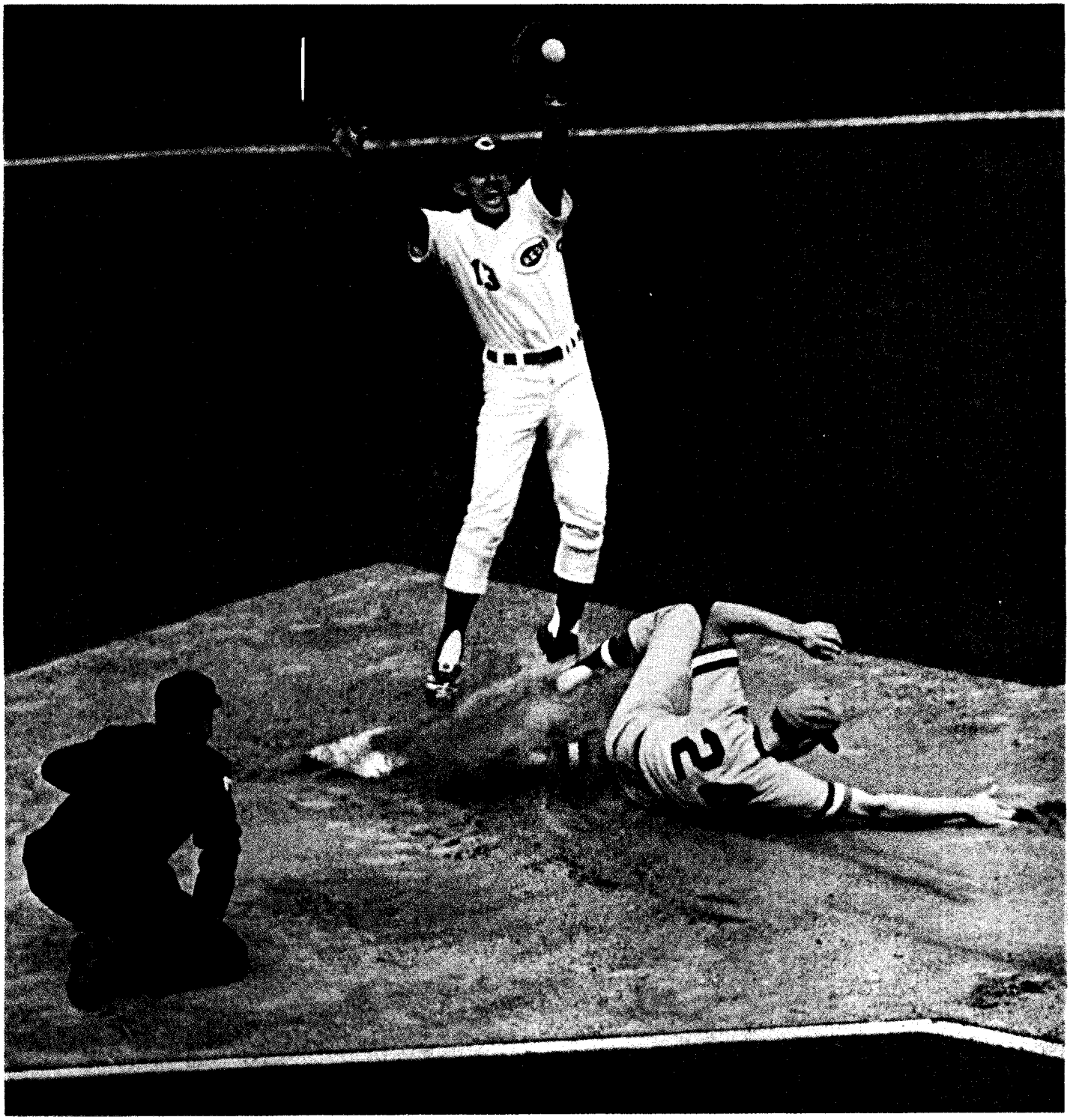

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When Metalarc lamps replaced the old lamps in dowr town Wichita, they not only lowered the accident rate, bu saved the local taxpayers some money.

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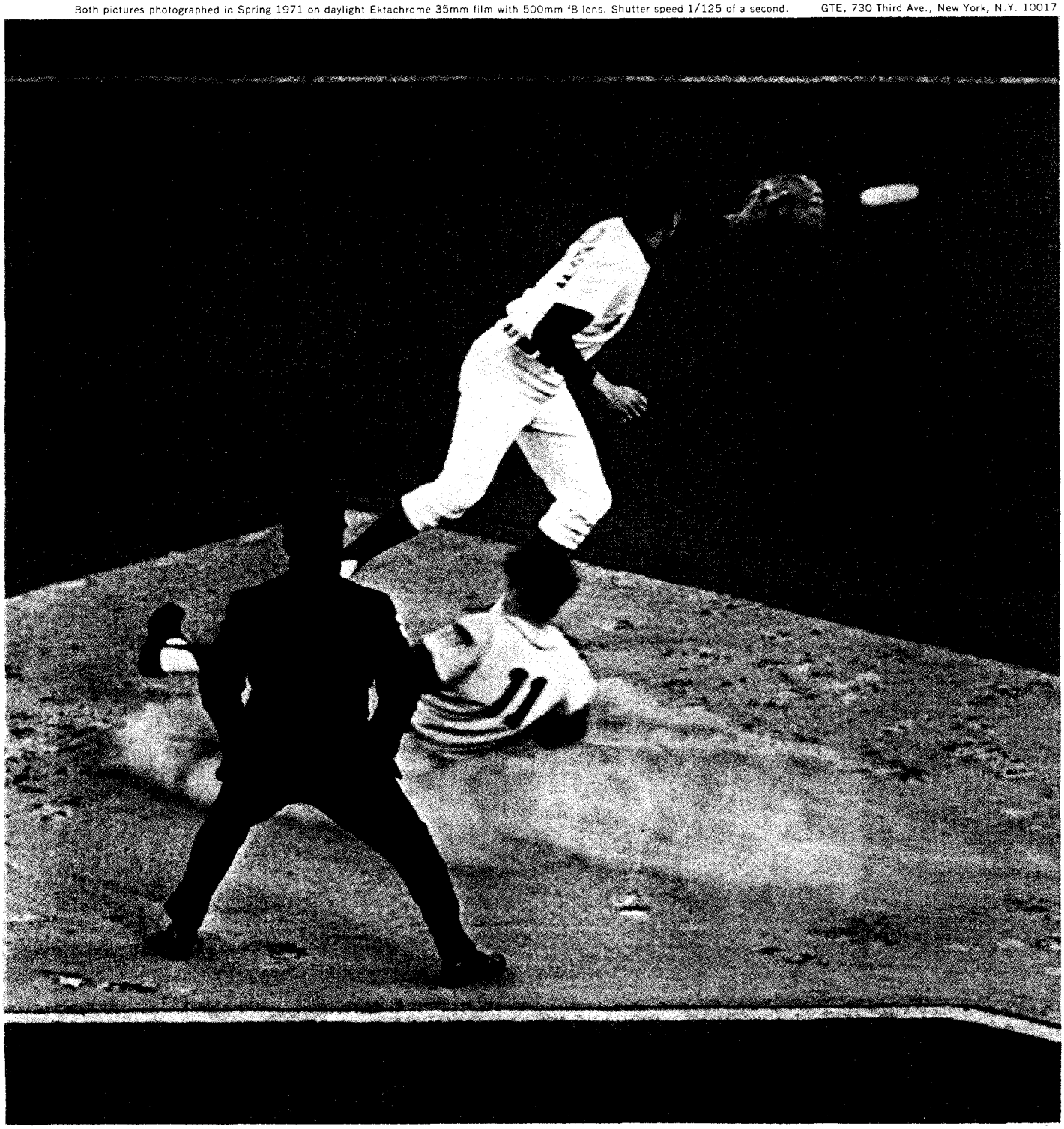
Both pictures photographed in Spring 1971 on daylight Ektachrome 35mm film with 500mm f8 lens. Shutter speed 1/125 of a second. GTE, 730 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017



the night game?

much to operate as equivalent incandescent illumination. And Metalarc lamps last about 7½ times as long.)

The people of Hammonton, New Jersey chose Metalarc lamps to replace the incandescents in their kids' Little League stadium. And they don't even televise. They just want everyone involved to have a better look at what's going on.

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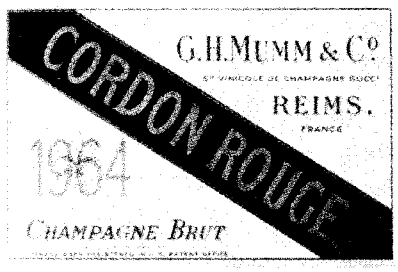

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CATARACT SURGERY: A DIFFERENT TUNE

Can a saxophone player find happiness as an eye surgeon?

BY BRIAN VACHON

The occasion is something called Jazz at Noon, and it happens every Friday in the appropriately named Rough Rider Room of New York's Roosevelt Hotel. The crowd is noisy and appreciative, lustily acknowledging any solo that lasts more than four bars—two, in the case of drums—while the musicians trundle on and off the bandstand, energetically trying to recapture something they may once have had. It's the city's most incongruous jazz band: twenty or so men, wielding assorted instruments and dressed for Wall Street or Madison Avenue; twenty or so ex-musicians who, every Friday at noon, give it another shot.

"Okay, now we got something special," announces Les Lieber, the public relations executive emcee, gilding the enthusiasm lily. "A real treat. Dr. Charles Kelman's here. Charley's an eminent eye surgeon and, as many of you know, a great baritone sax player. Come on up here, Charley."

Charley the eminent eye surgeon. Sure. Like Harry the eminent account executive on guitar and Frank the eminent broker on trumpet. If there is a typical eye surgeon, Charley is certainly not it. He's wearing an expensive suit that comes close to being mod, a shirt with a flowered pattern, and a wide tie with a different flowered pattern. He has Sammy Glick good looks, and he's the only one on the bandstand with a tan. When the rhythm section cranks out the opening chords of "Out of Nowhere," Charley closes his eyes, brings the mouthpiece of his huge saxophone to his lips, and looks very much as if he belongs on the bandstand. He also looks as though he knows what to do with the horn in his hands, and those Rough Rider Room patrons who know the difference between kind of good and awfully good start listening seriously. Charley is awfully good.

But at one table at the side of the room, eight men are staring up at Charley in amazement. They have just spent a week at Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital, taking an intensive course in Phaco-Emulsification and Aspiration—a relatively new and totally revolutionary technique of cataract removal. The men are eye surgeons themselves, and their teacher during the week has been Dr. Charles D. Kelman, who has been rapidly developing a reputation as one of the nation's leading eye surgeons and medical researchers. When he invited them to lunch to mark the unofficial conclusion of the one-week course in the technique he invented, they had no idea he was going to be part of the entertainment.

But that's Charley's style. He spent the first few months of his life in Brooklyn, and he never quite got over it. He spent the first few decades of his life thinking of himself primarily as a musician. It has been only in the last few years, and only with reluctance, that he has been accepting the fact that he is an ophthalmologist. He became one almost by default.

"My father, who I really loved, a fabulous guy, always wanted me to be a doctor. He saw something in me when I was pretty young; I don't know what. But he wanted me to be a doctor, and, more or less to please him, I went to medical school."

Charley smiles—something he does a lot. He obviously enjoys talking about the inadvertency of his medical

Dr. Charles Kelman (middle) skillfully applies his surgeon's touch to a baritone sax.

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ascendancy, and, back in his midtown office, Charley talks about how close he came to not making it.

"You know how I got through med school?" he asks. "I went along thinking, *Next week you're going to write a hit song.*

"That was my ambition. I wanted to write a hit. Even when I was in my internship, I'd walk around with my white uniform and black bag, but inside the bag would be a demo that I'd be playing for some producer as soon as I could get out of the hospital.

"You want to hear a funny story?" Charley asks, using seven words that introduce a lot of his anecdotes. "I came this close to making it." He holds up thumb and forefinger, and they almost touch. "I wrote a song called 'Telephone Numbers' for Frankie Avalon, but the recording company had me record it myself. And as soon as it came out, it was pick of the week in maybe sixty cities. It was beginning to make the charts. Then you know what happened? Chubby Checker came out with 'Twist.' Bam! Everything else dropped dead. Within a week there were dozens of twist records—'Twist All Night,' 'Peppermint Twist.' It was unbelievable. I wasn't into 'twist' things, so I opened a practice.

"I got an office that you could rent by the hour. A couple of hours a week, I'd go down and hang my shingle on the office door and see a few patients. I really hated it. It was uncreative—no excitement, no challenge. I wanted to get into surgery—where the action is—but I knew you had to spend years building up a practice."

The only other way a doctor can move into the kind of early prominence Dr. Kelman envisioned for himself is by inventing something, and in 1962 that's what he did. Working in the laboratories of Dr. Irving Cooper, the noted neurosurgeon who pioneered in cryogenic surgery, Kelman invented a cryogenic, or freezing, probe, an instrument that has replaced forceps as a means of removing the lens of an eye that has developed a cataract.

A cataract is an infliction of the lens that causes clouded vision and eventual blindness. It is generally caused by a nutrient deficiency and is closely linked to aging. In fact, it is thought that all persons would eventually develop cataracts if they lived long enough. Cataract surgery involves removing the clouded lens of the eye, and, since that lens functions similarly to the lens of a camera, its removal results in a loss of optical clarity. Contact lenses or glasses are necessary for the restoration of sharp vision.

Cataract surgery dates back to the beginnings of civilization. The ancient Egyptians, for example, removed cataracts by inserting a hollow reed into the eye and sucking out the lens. Remarkably, the operation—at least for young people with soft cataracts—has changed very little over the years.

> "In med school, I kept thinking I'd write a hit song next week. I wanted to be a musician, not a surgeon."

In the standard adult cataract operation prior to the advent of the cryogenic probe, the surgeon made a 180-degree incision in the cornea, grasped the lens with forceps, and pulled it out of the eye. The problem with forceps, however, was that they would sometimes rupture the lens and cause the operation to fail. The cryogenic probe solved this problem. When the tip of the probe touches the lens, a portion of the lens freezes, forming an ice ball. This ice ball then functions as part of the probe and, in effect, provides a handle for removal. With the probe, rupturing virtually never occurs.

"The first cryo-extraction I performed on a human subject was on a sixty-eight-year-old woman, and it was a complete success. I thought, *Wow! This is it. I'm going to be famous.* But later I discovered that a Polish eye surgeon had come up with the same technique two years earlier. I was crushed. I wanted to be *first*. So I went back to the laboratory."

Kelman's subsequent research led to the development of a portable, electrically powered cryogenic probe. He had been using Dr. Cooper's oversized probes in previous operations.

"The new technique raised the odds of the success of the operation, but it didn't change much for the patient," Kelman says. "It *was* helping the surgeons, however—making great ones out of mediocre ones. They only had to touch the cryogenic probe to the cataract and slip it out. Still, the operation required six to eight sutures, four to seven days in the hospital, and another four to six weeks of convalescence."

Charley was now homing in on his profession. He was becoming a dedicated ophthalmologist with research in cataract surgery as a specialty. He was becoming an ex-musician—Dr. Kelman the ex-musician. Recognizing the value of his work, the John A. Hartford Foundation, which funds medical research, gave him a $300,000 grant in 1963 to continue his cataract research.

"What I wanted to do was figure out some way that the cataract could be removed through a small hole in the cornea rather than through the one hundred and eighty-degree incision that was then necessary. This was something that would benefit the patient." The first $90,000 of the grant was sent to the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital, where Dr. Kelman set up his new laboratory.

"I blew it," Dr. Kelman says pleasantly. "I spent the whole first year of the grant trying to devise a technique by which a cataract could be enclosed in a rubber bag. The bag was attached to a collapsible instrument that could be inserted into a tiny incision in the cornea. It was a completely unworkable idea. At that time I was using rabbits and cats for my experiments, and that year I had a recurring nightmare. I dreamed I was trying to scale a rocky cliff and that thousands of screaming cats were chasing after me. That should have told me something."

If Dr. Kelman was becoming discouraged, the John A. Hartford Foundation was not. Two checks, each for $90,000, came in subsequent years. With the help of an elderly German research assistant, Otto Richter (who remains on Dr. Kelman's staff today as a "semi-retired fix-it man"), a number of new devices were put together in an attempt to discover some method of removing a cataract through a small incision requiring but one suture.

"This became more than just a research project for me," Kelman says. "It was an obsession. I was working nights and weekends, and every time I thought I was right on the edge of a successful technique, something would happen, and it would fall through. I experimented with variations on electric drills, electric toothbrushes, and miniature Waring-type blenders, but nothing worked."

Dr. Kelman was nearing the end of his $300,000 grant and was admitting daily to his wife, Joan, that he was feeling rotten about his progress when the breakthrough occurred. He was in the dentist's chair at the time.

"Larry Kuhn, my dentist, was cleaning my teeth with an ultrasonic drill, explaining how high-frequency sound dissolved tartar. It hit me like a shot. I ran out of the office, hurried across town to my laboratory, got a cataract that had been removed from a cat's eye, and ran back."

The dentist watched intently as Kelman took the ultrasonic drill and applied it to the cataract. Nothing happened. The lens was pushed around a bit, but that was all. Why would the drill break up tartar but not the jelly-like substance of a cataract?

"I went back to the laboratory discouraged but decided to give the reaction of cataracts to ultrasonic drills a closer look—under the microscope. What I saw convinced me. Larry Kuhn's drill did dissolve cataracts—

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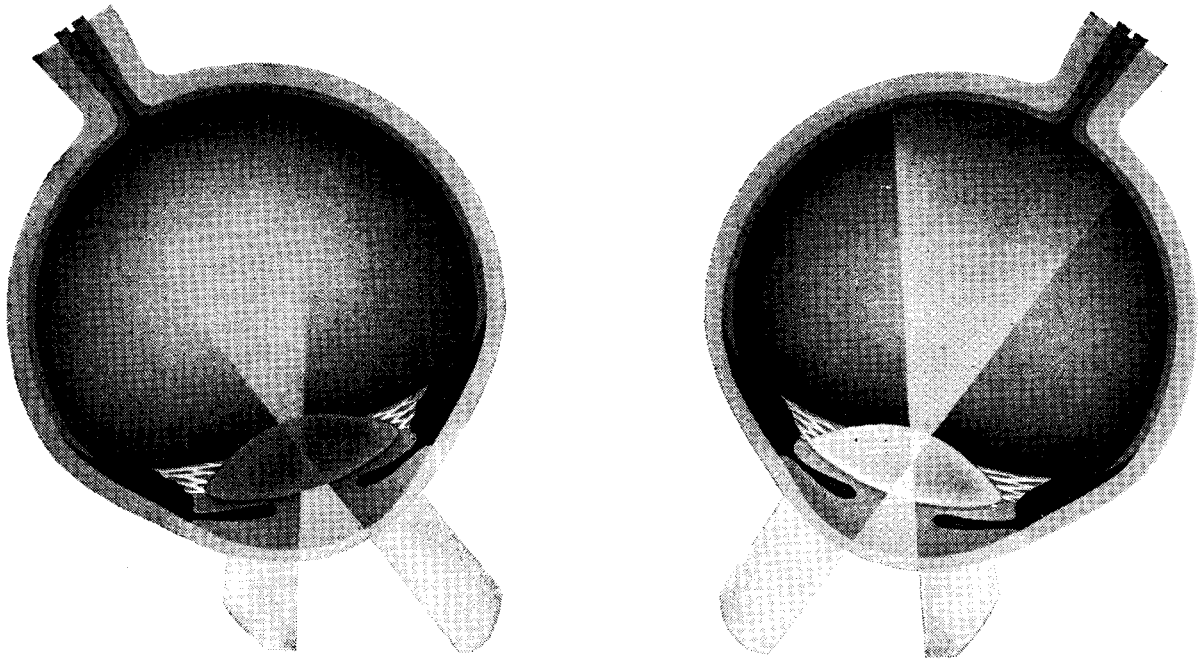
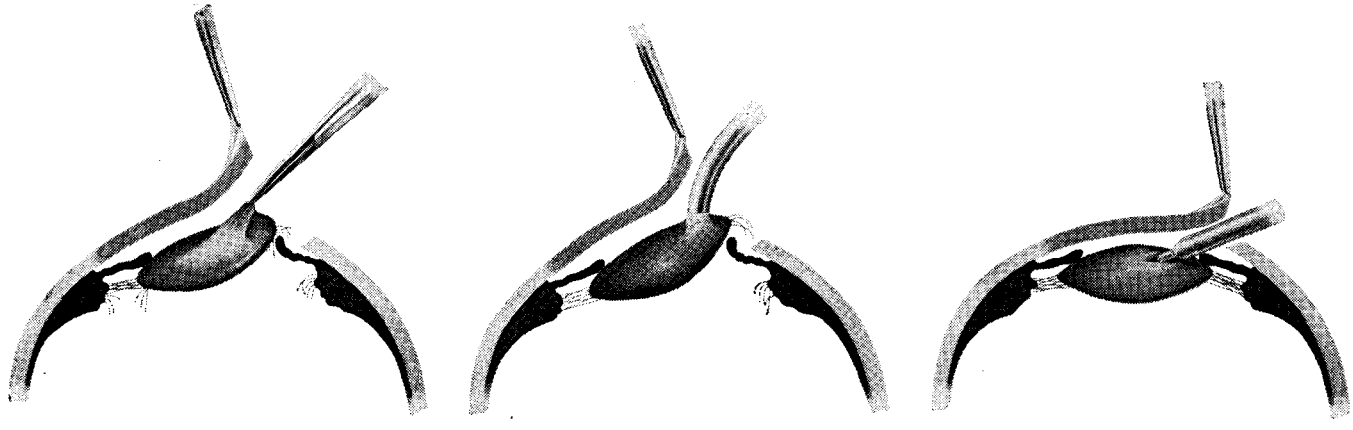
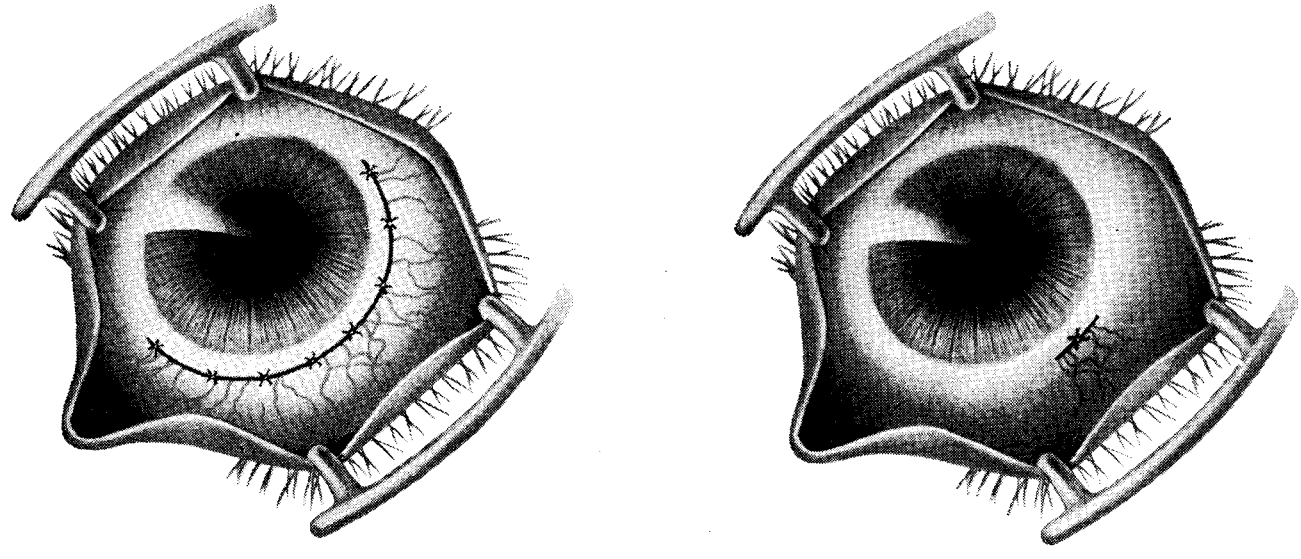


A cataract or clouded lens (above left) causes blurred vision and eventual blindness. In the normal eye (above right), the clear lens projects an image on the retina, much in the way a camera lens projects an image on film.



Cataracts were once removed with forceps (above left) through a 180-degree incision (below left). The cryogenic probe (above center) now used by most surgeons requires a large incision, but Kelman's technique (above right) leaves only a single suture (below right).



Drawings by Jack Taromina

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"Mine is clearly an operation for younger doctors. Some people aren't very happy about that discrimination, but it's a fact."

not enough to be visible to the naked eye, but enough to make me realize the technique would work."

Dr. Kelman then submitted another proposal to the Hartford Foundation and received another three-year grant to develop his technique. Over the next three years, working behind closed doors at Manhattan Eye and Ear with workers sworn to secrecy, he perfected a device for dissolving, emulsifying, and removing a cataract through a two- or three-millimeter incision. He had invented something that no one else had, and because of the elaborate precautions he took, no one else could possibly claim credit for the invention.

The instrument Dr. Kelman finally perfected utilizes a sharp-tipped drill, vibrating at 40,000 strokes per second. With each miniature tap, the drill's tip dissolves a minuscule fragment of the lens, which is subsequently sucked away by a pump.

Control of suction is automatic so that if the drill tip is obstructed by a hard piece of the lens for a few seconds, the suction increases to help withdraw it more easily. The moment the stubborn fragment is aspirated into the suction line, an automatic safety valve reinstitutes the normal suction within a few milliseconds.

Dr. Kelman makes no claim that his cataract-surgery method is any safer than the traditional technique of removing the lens through a 180-degree incision in the cornea. He does claim, however, that his method is faster, causes less patient discomfort, and permits the patient to return to ordinary activity much sooner. Kelman's patients resume their normal lives the day following the operation, whereas, after the traditional operation, the patient convalesces for up to six weeks.

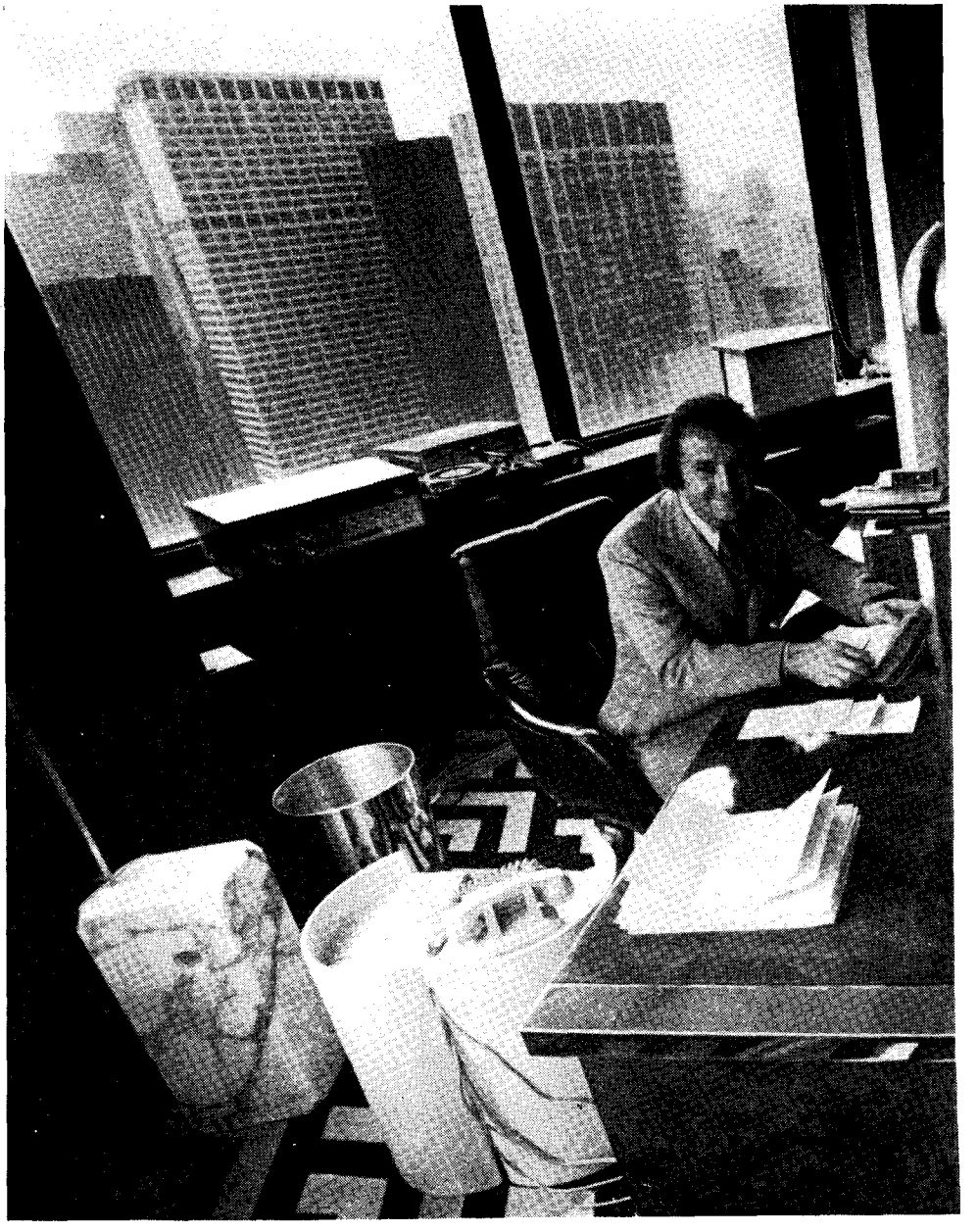
"It's simply a matter of logic," Dr. Kelman says. "My technique requires a single suture that remains permanently and harmlessly in the eye of the patient. The standard technique requires six to eight stitches."

The operation is performed under a microscope. After the incision is made, the tiny drill is inserted into the chamber that separates the cornea from the lens. When the drill makes contact with the lens, it is automatically activated and begins dissolving and sucking out the cataract.

With young patients, the drilling process ends in under a minute, and for older patients, whose cataracts have grown harder, it seldom lasts as long as five minutes. Dr. Kelman claims a 98 per cent success record in the nearly 500 operations he has performed in the last four years. Also, when presented to an AMA meeting in San Francisco in 1968, his technique was widely praised. In 1969 he won the American Academy of Achievement award in medicine.

The instrument used in Dr. Kelman's operation costs about $40,000. There are only ten currently in use, and only forty surgeons have been taught how to use them. Dr. Kelman has turned over the ownership rights to the instrument to the Cavitron Corporation, which manufactures it and which aided in its development, but he has insisted on screening and instructing every surgeon permitted to use it. Part of the screening process involves a test for steadiness of hand. The surgeon must show an ability to pass a one-millimeter probe through two two-millimeter loops to prove depth perception and hand-to-eye coordination. So far, Dr. Kelman has not flunked anyone in his course because of test results; or, perhaps more accurately, no one who stood a good chance of failing the test has applied.

"This is clearly an operation for younger doctors," Kelman says. "Some people aren't very happy about that discrimination, but there are a lot of other areas of medicine that don't re-



The custom-made desk is of burl wood, the rug is custom-designed shag, and the view includes most of Manhattan. Charley Kelman's office is loud but not brassy, and very definitely his.

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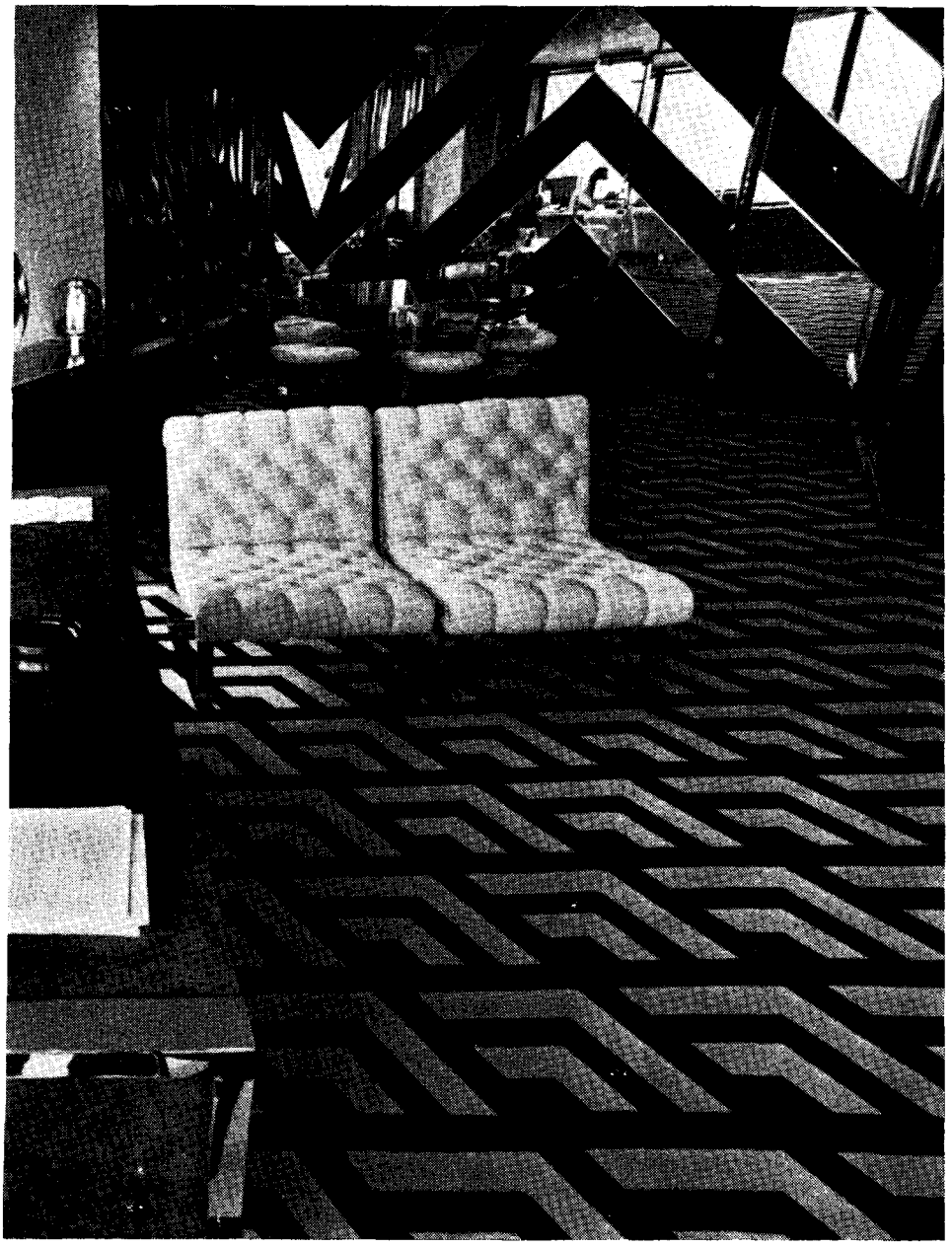

quire extreme exactness. This one does. If the instrument got into the hands of a poor surgeon, it could give the entire procedure a bad name."

To preserve the good name of the Phaco-Emulsification and Aspiration cataract-removal technique, Dr. Kelman has several hundred satisfied patients and a sharp, innate sense of good public relations. He never charges the surgeons whom he teaches, but he strongly urges them to make a generous donation to the David J. Kelman Eye Research Foundation, which he named after his father and to which he would eventually like to devote his energies. He is now performing five operations a day, two days a week. He has been known to operate free or for token payment on patients who can't afford the fee.

Dr. Kelman also maintains a suite of offices meant to inspire confidence. His complex, on the thirty-fourth floor of a new Manhattan skyscraper, is decorated in bright splashes of fabric, aluminum, and steel. "I love mirrors," he says. "Anything that reflects vision." Upon entering the lavish suite, a prospective patient is greeted by a brace of secretary-receptionists and is given an appointment date. That appointment is with Dr. Kelman's associate and two medical assistants who record the patient's medical history and make examinations to determine whether the operation is necessary. If they believe it is, Dr. Kelman sees the patient.

The patient is brought into a small, bright-white waiting room and told to take a seat—the doctor will be present shortly. Meanwhile, Dr. Kelman is sitting at his custom-designed burl-wood desk, observing the work going on in his office and, perhaps, the patient over closed-circuit television. But he has the machinery for a much more direct confrontation with his patient.

Whenever Dr. Kelman activates a switch, the wall directly facing his desk begins to slide away, revealing the tiny waiting room, and generally revealing an astonished patient as well.

"Oh, they love it," Dr. Kelman says. "They are told they are going to see me, and then zap! There I am." That short meeting is the only time the patient will see Dr. Kelman until he or she is wheeled into the operating room.

Patients are admitted into the hospital the day before their operation is scheduled and are given a standard preoperative physical examination. On the following day they spend no more than forty minutes in the operating room itself and are generally out of bed within a few hours. They are usually sent home the following morning, after Dr. Kelman examines the results of his work, usually with a string of visiting professors looking over his shoulder.

"The operation is most useful for people who place a great deal of importance on time. I've done some Hollywood personalities [he declines to name them] and some sports and entertainment people," Dr. Kelman says. "But when people whose own doctors have recommended standard cataract treatment come to me, I tell them they will be best served by their own physician. I'm not trying to take away business from anyone."

At the same time, Dr. Kelman would like to see his method in wider use, and that is the primary reason he devotes his time to teaching the one-week course in his technique. It is also the reason he wrote, scored, produced, and directed a twenty-minute film that describes his cataract operation. (The film took a first prize at the Barcelona Medical Film Competition in 1969.) Backing the film, which sharply contrasts children playing in a grassy field and the eyes of cataract patients under the microscope, is a lilting lyric sung by a young girl.

How I'd love to see a butterfly,
A butterfly fly away.
And I'd love to see the flowers
blooming
And to watch the sun turn red each day.

How I'd love to see my Daddy's smile
When I sit on his knee.
And someday when I have my own
children,
Maybe they will look like me.

Open up your eyes and you'll see me.
That's all you have to do.
And someday if I am very lucky,
Maybe I'll be seeing you.

The lyric has Charley written all over it. Charley Kelman the eminent eye surgeon and, for those who care about such things, one hell of a sax player. □

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THE EDGE OF THE I.Q. STORM

"We're hillbillies! Born dumb hillbillies, and we're the next to be tested."

BY THOMAS J. COTTLE

A long-distance telephone call alerted me to the publication of Harvard Professor Richard Herrnstein's article "I.Q." in the September 1971 issue of *The Atlantic*. "You see it yet?" my friend inquired. "Here we go again," I replied.

The article, long and cogently written, turned out to be an eloquent restatement of a position Professor Arthur Jensen had taken months before in the *Harvard Educational Review*. Both men had drawn together an impressive collection of studies in which intelligence tests were administered to black and white school children and had come to the conclusion that a certain significant degree of intelligence, as measured by existing tests, could indeed be attributed to a heritability factor. More precisely, the distribution of intelligence scores that showed black children to have lower I.Q.s than white children seemed to indicate for Professors Jensen and Herrnstein that certain human differences are due not to environment but to native ability—native ability that contributes to a stratification of human groups that is predicated on intelligence.

To some people, the Jensen-Herrnstein argument, now legitimized in a new way by its publication in a popular rather than an academic journal, meant that blacks simply were born less intelligent than whites and would therefore have to acknowledge this newly discovered genetic basis for their inferior social standing. To others, Herrnstein was a despicable racist. Some people objected to the many critics of the article, claiming that Herrnstein's data and reasoning were sound, thoughtful, scholarly, and open to mature debate. Others, who had brought forth data and had written eloquent arguments against the genetic and statistical inadequacies in Jensen's notion of heritability, began to crank up for still another attack on an issue they hoped had been settled. Once again, the old war horse of nature versus nurture, biological versus sociological determinism, had come back to tantalize psychologists, and, as always, the political implications of the debate seemed unavoidable.

Cambridge dinner-party discussions inevitably turned to the Herrnstein article, its politics, its courage, its cruelty, its psychology. Some of the students attending Professor Herrnstein's lectures, claiming that he was openly teaching racist materials, protested to such an extent that a universitywide petition deploring the lack of academic freedom accorded him was passed around. Professors demanded that the students cease their harassment of Herrnstein. Signing the petition were many professors who, while they opposed the article and were in the process of writing rejoinders, felt, nonetheless, that academic freedom had to be preserved. Not signing the petition was a man who argued, interestingly, that controversial presentations in the popular press do not give a professor the right to claim academic freedom in his classroom. And, finally, there were the letters, the inevitable confetti that swirl about the parade of debate. One black approved of the Herrnstein article, and another mentioned Hitler and the gas chambers. Many whites were horrified. Some people offered qualifications; some produced substantiating evidence. Arthur Jensen himself, in a letter to *The Atlantic*, wrote: "The Herrnstein article is the most accurately informative psychological article I have ever read in the popular press."

Around Boston anyway, the academic community, which had for so long devised and sanctioned intelligence testing, was caught in the heat of debate about intelligence quotients and their implications. Herrnstein stood in the center of one camp; in the other were such men as Harvard psychologist Jerome Kagan. Writing in *Saturday Review*, Kagan stated, "The I.Q. test is a seriously biased instrument that almost guarantees middle-class white children higher I.Q. scores than any other group of children."

In the areas of poverty in and around Boston where I do my own research, however, I heard no debates. From black mothers and fathers I continued to hear requests to prepare their children for taking I.Q. tests. In these areas I.Q. scores are not the subject of scholarly argument; they are a currency—an element in the blood that a child better have a lot of if he or she is to survive beyond grade school and high school.

During this time I became acutely aware of the force of science. I could see, for example, how the periodic waves that emanate from the scientific community touch people in urban ghettos, sometimes threatening their sense of identity and possibility. I was somewhat surprised, however, that these waves had already reached the hollows of West Virginia. But a young woman whom I met quite accidentally, someone whose world and sense of history are very different from my own, reminded me of the enormous power of science and the universities and of how quickly the ideas and theories of one person can touch the soul of another, even though the two may never meet.

Hindi Buchanan was one of a small group of students from a college in eastern Kentucky who were traveling in New England at the time when the leaves begin to change. I never learned the exact details of their trip, but they visited several universities and, I must say, looked rather wide-eyed at the proportions of our city and our educational plants.

Hindi is tall, with smooth blue-black hair that falls freely about her face. Her skin is impure, and she uses her hair to hide her cheeks and forehead.

Thomas J. Cottle, a research sociologist and psychotherapist, is a member of the Educational Research Center and Medical Department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is the author of *Time's Children: Impressions of Youth*, published by Little, Brown and Company. His new book *The Abandoner* will be published this fall, also by Little, Brown.

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Her eyes are a deep brown, her nose straight, her lips thin. She is embarrassed, it would seem, by her height, and so she slumps in a way that lifts her abdomen and brings her shoulders down and closer together. When she first visited my office, we talked about some of the small towns I knew around Morgantown and Wheeling, where she and the clusters of her family were born and still live.

At one point, after staring intently at me, Hindi said, "You think a lot, don't you?"

"Yes. So do you, I imagine."

"Not that much really. Visiting up here I seem to do a lot more. I think that it's a protection for me. It's like I'm standing guard when I'm thinking. No, maybe it's that when I'm aware I'm thinking I know that everybody around me isn't totally friendly."

Later, after talking about her schooling in West Virginia, I asked her, "Did some of the kids there make a distinction between, you know, city kids and rural kids?"

"You don't have to be so careful, Dr. Cottle," she said.

"Tom."

"Tom. Of course, they did. They still do distinguish between city people and the families from the creeks, hollows, mountains, and mining regions. You better believe they distinguish plenty. I learned the distinctions when I was a little girl. My pa told me never to mind them, just to live with dignity and believe in the Lord and all that stuff. But you don't forget what you learn from your peers."

"Like what?"

"Like the fact that Eastern or Northern or city people are smart, and that folks like us are, well, sorta dumb. From the Stone Age, museum examples —you know what I mean.

"But don't look so sad about it," she went on. "We're making it. Some of us, anyway. I'm in college along with a slew of other young people. It's not MIT, of course, but we're making it. People can think what they like. Strange, though, that I say that."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Oh, I guess I'm sounding a lot like my mother. I always remember her saying things like, 'Let people think what they like. You can't ever change people's minds. You can only improve yourself.' Stuff like that. I never thought I'd be quoting her."

"Is your mother alive?" I believed, for some reason, that she was not.

"No. My mother died when I was ten. She'd had tuberculosis for a long time. Her mother had it, too. Neither of them lived beyond thirty-five. I guess that's maybe another one of those distinctions, you know. We die sooner in the mountains than people in the city."

Hindi looked at her watch.

"Do you have to go?" I asked.

"You busy?"

"Nope."

"You're lying."

"No, I'm not. You late for your next appointment?"

"No. I was just thinking that I've known you less than ten minutes and already I've told you that my mother died. That's some kind of record for me, I think."

"Good. Or, well, I'm honored."

Hindi then turned away from me and began to investigate my bookshelf and small collection of magazines and journals. "What have you got that I should read?" she asked.

"Anything you like. Take your pick."

"What's this like?" The word "Politics" was printed in blue letters on a paperback. "Oh, Israel," she said, yanking the rest of the book from under a pile of papers. "I'm not ready for Israel yet."

She picked up another magazine and said, "*Journal of Experimental Social Psychology*? You actually read this?"

"Once upon a time," I said sheepishly.

"But no more?"

"Not too much."

"Good. That settles that. You don't mind me checking you out through your books, do you?" She didn't bother to look back at me.

"Nope. Check away."

"Now then, *The Foundation Directory*. Edition Three. Marianna O. Lewis, Editor. Analytical Introduction by F. Emerson Andrews. This must be exciting!"

"Eastern or Northern or city people are smart, and folks like us are, well, sorta dumb. From the Stone Age, museum examples— you know what I mean."

"Don't laugh," I said. "That may be my most valuable book. In fact, now that you reminded me, I'm going to take that home with me tonight."

"Are you afraid someone might steal it?" she asked. She picked up another magazine and said, "Hey, look at this. I've heard about this. Let me . . . can I borrow this? I'll bring it back."

"What have you got?"

"This, here. *The Atlantic* with that I.Q. business article. Is it yours? Can I take it? I'll bring it back. Today, ah, day after tomorrow? Okay? We'll be here for a week or more."

"Of course. Take it. Keep it if you want, I said.

"No, I don't want to keep it. I just want to borrow it. Is it long?" She fingered through the pages of the issue until she reached the table of contents. Then she scanned page after page of Professor Richard Herrnstein's lengthy article.

"Take it, Hindi. Please."

"No." She was earnest about not taking the copy of the magazine. Disgust and pain showed on her face when she realized the article's length. "Ugh. Such small print, too." She shook her head from side to side. "I'm gonna do it. Everybody here's been talking about this. I guess I have to read it. Day after tomorrow, right?"

"Day after tomorrow. Hey, Hindi, let's make a date when you bring it back. Maybe we could talk about it then."

"Oh, that's cool. You read it?"

"Parts of it. But I'll prepare for you."

"But you won't have a copy if I take yours. Here, you keep this one. I'll get another." I threw her a don't-be-silly look.

"I've got another copy at home."

"You sure? Really?"

"Don't you trust me, West Virginia?" I grinned at her.

"You born in a city of over five hundred people?"

"Yeah. Chicago."

"Then I don't trust you, but I'll keep your crummy magazine." Like a schoolgirl, she held the copy of *The Atlantic* against her breasts with both hands. She looked down at the magazine. "I'll take good care of it," she promised.

"Wednesday," she said as she turned to leave. "Find me some other books, too. Okay? Or magazines. But not *The Foundation*. . . ." We said "directory" in unison. In the outer office she stopped and called back to me, "What time on Wednesday?"

"Afternoon? Threeish? Okay?"

"Threeish? Boy, you *are* big-city."

"Three o'clock sharp, Miss Buchanan," I corrected myself. I heard her laugh and I smiled. As she went through the outer door to the main corridor, I heard her counting: "Threeish, fourish, fivish. . . ."

Hindi returned two days later, wearing the same clothes and looking a bit more tired. She walked directly to the stool on which she had sat before and rolled it closer to the desk. The copy of *The Atlantic* lay in her lap, her hands, palms down, on top of it. "Well, what do you want to talk about?" she asked.

"What do *I* . . .? Well, I thought we'd talk about the article, but we don't have to. I'd just as soon talk about you."

"Or *you*."

"Or me, though I think you're more. . . ."

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"Oh, God," she blurted out. "I didn't want to cry. Damn. Damn me. I'm a child."

"What's wrong, Hindi? Hey, you can cry in here." I rose to shut the door and cursed the thin walls that would not protect our voices.

"It's this." Moving her body forward, she bumped the magazine in her lap with her elbows. "This Mr.—Professor Herrnstein."

"What did he say?"

"Didn't you read it?" She was sniffling. "You said you'd read it, too."

"But it's true. He wouldn't lie. He's a Harvard professor. He wouldn't lie. He's studied this and he knows. You must know that."

"I did. I did. What is it?" My inquiry only made her weep more. I waited for her. When she spoke, her words were interrupted by her crying.

"He says so much. I know. I mean, he knows about black people and their intelligence, and it's horrible that they, that they are so, so . . . oh, help me."

"That blacks are supposedly born different?"

"Different? He says they're not intelligent or that they are inheriting, you know, different from the whites."

"I don't believe it for a minute."

"But it's true. He wouldn't lie. He's a Harvard professor. He wouldn't lie. He can't lie. He's studied this, and he knows. He knows. *You* must know that. He's at Harvard. That means everything, and he knows."

"But the data can be argued, and the notion of heritability is misinterpreted all over the place. What's more, it's not scientific."

"No! I don't believe it," she insisted.

"Hindi. You cannot read that article as being absolute truth. We went through this with another guy once, and hundreds of people wrote papers opposing his position and questioning the validity of intelligence tests in general. Good people. Just as good and informed. They fought it."

"*No!*" She screamed the word at me "It's true! It's all true! I *know* it! I know it just from talking with you. *You're* smarter. You *all* are smarter. I hear you. I see you. I've heard all these people since we've been here, and they're smarter. You know that! Professor Herrnstein is just not afraid to say it right out so that people will know. So that they'll have to face it. Once and for all."

"That's a lot of crap!"

"It's not!" She yelled back at me, at last looking up. "It's not crap. You don't have anything like this to face. You couldn't possibly know. He's a Harvard professor and an expert, so it's the truth. It's all the truth. You're denying it to make me feel good."

"Hindi. That's absurd. What do you want from me? I oppose that article with all my strength."

"I don't want anything from you but to admit that it's true. Pretty soon when everyone in this country can begin to admit just who's intelligent and just who isn't, some other Harvard professor, or MIT professor, like you, will come to West Virginia or Kentucky and Virginia and Pennsylvania and all over and start to give those tests to the school children back there. Then you'll see what they'll find."

"What? What will I see? What are they going to find that you're so sure about with tests that rich whites design and still don't understand." I tried to control my anger. "Really. I'm serious." She barely heard me. Momentarily, her voice had quieted.

"They'll find we're dumb, too. Dumber even than the black children in the schools."

"Hindi, c'mon." I reached for her hand, but she pulled away. The stool squeaked. Again her voice was loud and authoritative.

"No. They will! I went to school with black children, and we're dumber than they are. Much dumber. You don't know the children I do from the hills. They're part of my family. I grew up there with them. Not Chicago. They're my children. My children. I was once a child there. Don't you see that? Why do you keep forgetting that? I know exactly how smart they are. And when they have to take those tests, they'll find they can't even read the instructions. They can't read. They can't read. They're born dumb. They're born stupid and ugly and dumb, and they'll test them, and everyone will know it Don't you see that?"

"No, I don't. That's preposterous. Literacy has nothing to do—"

"Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. It does. It does."

"Hindi, please don't cry." My words sounded so pathetic. I looked at the walls, wondering whether anyone was listening to us.

"I can't help it. It's just that it's all so painful. They'll test us next. You read all that stuff." She motioned backward with her shoulder in the direction of the bookcase. "*The Journal of* . . . whatever that was, *Psychology. Social Psychology*. You read that stuff. Maybe it will be *you* they pick to come to Morgantown to go to the public schools and test the children. Us. Test us, I mean."

"Never! You're wrong."

"Maybe, though. Maybe. Maybe you will write in this magazine someday and tell everyone. Somebody has to. You can't keep hiding everything forever, you know. Somebody has to tell."

"They don't, Hindi. C'mon. Please."

"No. They do. Somebody has to tell. They'll test those dumb, dirty children from the hills, all the hillbillies, and they'll all score two and four and ten, and they'll never let us come out. They'll lock us in the hills, or in those rotten neighborhoods, just like they lock black people in the ghettos of every city. And they'll tell us we can't come out until we can read and do arithmetic and be intelligent like you. Just like you!"

"That's a ghastly thought."

"It's a ghastly truth, you mean. That's what you really mean. We're dumb. We're all dumb. I hear, I see, I talk with them. My father is so dumb you wouldn't believe it. He couldn't get past the first page of that intelligence test. My mother either. We're hillbillies! Born dumb hillbillies, and we're the next to be tested." She slammed her hands down on the magazine. "We're next! We're next. Maybe they'll get the Indians first, but you can be plain sure that we'll be next. He wouldn't lie. So don't you lie, either."

"Hindi, please, we've got so much to talk about." I held my hands out to her.

"I'll talk," she began softly, "but you have to promise me you won't lie."

"I promise," I said as quickly as I could.

"And you must admit it's true."

"Never. Never ever," I responded quietly.

"Then I can never trust you. You patronize me. You do. I should kill myself for telling you about my mother. You didn't deserve it. You tricked me. Here. Take your damned magazine back. Maybe you better read it again, and maybe you better come to Appalachia and meet my folks and talk to those children, too. It might open your eyes and put an end to all your dreams and all your fuzzy, wishing ways of thinking about us. You may be a social scientist and all that, but in the end you'll see that I'm right. Like Professor Herrnstein is right, too. When they finish with all their testing, you will see how I was right and how we'll have to stay where we are, up in the hills and all, as bad as it is or as good as it is. It doesn't even matter at all anymore. Then you will feel shame. You'll see. Then you'll feel shame, too."

Suddenly, she sat up tall in the awkward chair, her posture showing pride and assuredness. "You may even cry then, Doctor." □

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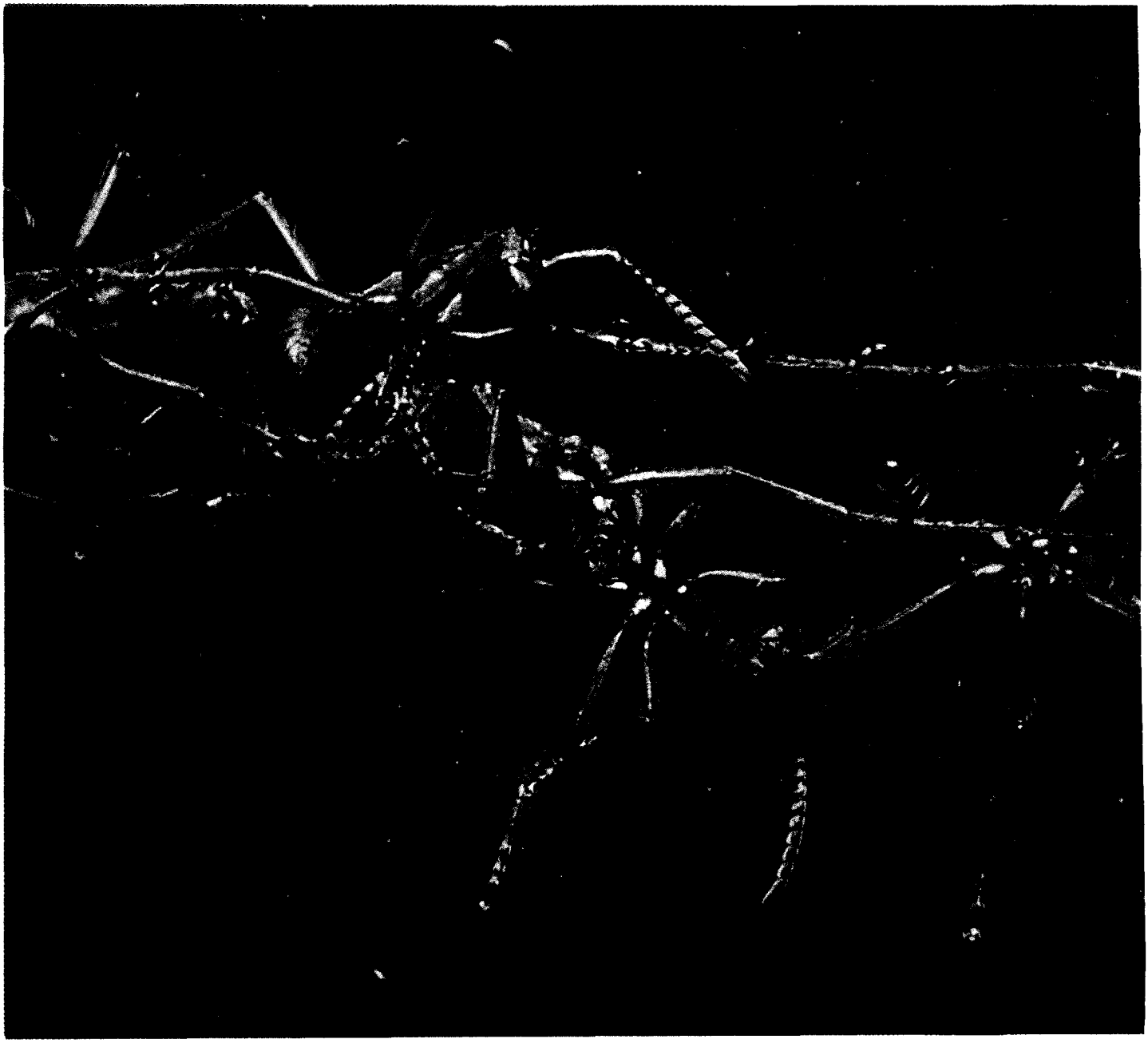
ARMY ANTS

Fiends from Hell or Man's Best Friends?



"Leiningen!" he shouted. "You're insane! They're not creatures you can fight—they're an elemental—an 'act of God.' Ten miles long, two miles wide—ants, nothing but ants! And every single one of them a fiend from hell; before you can spit three times they'll eat a full-grown buffalo to the bones. I tell you if you don't clear out at once there'll be nothing left of you but a skeleton picked as clean as your own plantation."

—"Leiningen Versus the Ants"
by Carl Stephenson

Army ants have had a bad press. They have been portrayed as voracious jungle marauders that advance in long, wide columns, killing every plant and animal in their path, devouring even the largest of mammals. According to entomologist and ecologist Carl W. Rettenmeyer, however, this picture of the army ant is almost completely erroneous. "Army ants aren't dangerous," he recently insisted in his office on the Storrs campus of the University of Connecticut. "The worst thing that could happen to you while studying them would be to sprain your ankle in the field."

Army ant columns in this hemisphere move at a speed of about twenty yards an hour, are never more than a few hundred feet long and fifty feet wide, and confine their diet almost exclusively to other arthropods—insects, spiders, and scorpions. The ants' celebrated "raids" take them only a few hundred yards from their nest. As Rettenmeyer pointed out, "You can walk away from an army ant raid."

Not only are army ants far less

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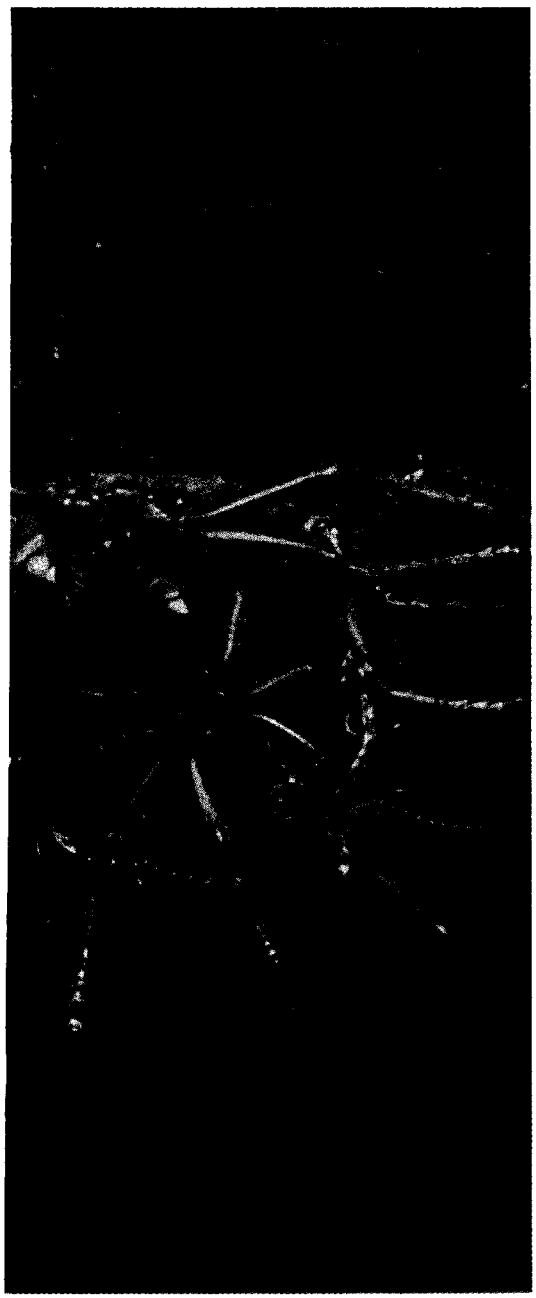
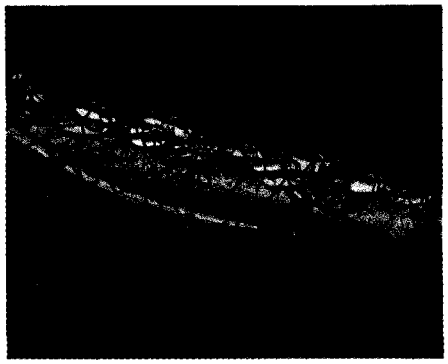
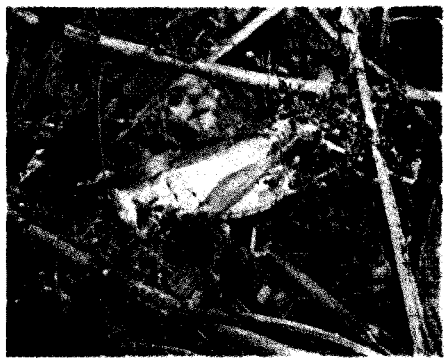
BY BARBARA FORD







The long legs of army ants of the species Eciton hamatum (left) interlock to form a nest. A major worker (Eciton burchelli, top left), its jaws like ice tongs, can deliver a painful bite. Carrying their young, members of the species Eciton hamatum (top right) emigrate to a new nest site. Many army ant nests (middle) consist of dense tangles of ants, linked together by their legs. This type of nest is unique among ants. At right, a swarm of army ants attacks a katydid. The swarm raids of this species (Eciton burchelli) are often as much as fifty feet wide.

vicious than they are usually portrayed, they are actually beneficial to man, the University of Connecticut entomologist asserted. Among the arthropods that they devour are termites, stinging wasps, cockroaches, and other insects that damage crops and human dwellings. Army ants, in fact, are one of the most important predators in the animal kingdom, far surpassing birds and other vertebrates in their devastation of insects. "Army ants are really a form of biological pest control," said Rettenmeyer. "It's been suggested that we import them to the southern United States to control the fire ant, an insect pest."

The United States has about twenty native species of army ants. All are small and are found in the southern and mid-central parts of the country. Most army ants, however, live in the tropics. There are about 140 species in this hemisphere and perhaps 100 or so more in Africa and Asia. All belong to a single subfamily, the Dorylinae.

Rettenmeyer, who has investigated army ants in the United States, Central America, and South America since 1952, recently received a two-year grant from the National Science Foundation to pursue his studies. He will use part of the funds to conduct field research this summer in the Amazon basin, the site of a popular fictional account of army ants entitled "Leiningen Versus the Ants," which I read breathlessly back in the 1940s. In this widely anthologized story, a Brazilian planter named Leiningen is menaced by an army of ants several miles long that devours both flora and fauna, including

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7cars for 7 brothers.

Wyatt paints Mother Nature. To carry his paints and canvases around with him, he needed a car with a large trunk. The Audi has the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV. This amazed Wyatt since the Audi is much shorter than the Lincoln.

Bernard has a problem. Not only doesn't he take care of himself (a button missing here, a cuff link lost there), he doesn't take care of his car either. No wonder he wanted a car that gets the expert service of a Volkswagen. The Audi does because it's part of the VW organization. (Now if we could only get Bernard to take care of himself.)

Since Edgar has a big family (a boy, a girl, a wife, and a mother-in-law who likes to go for rides), he needed a car with lots of room. The Audi has just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow. (Edgar sees a lot more of his mother-in-law now.)

Rolf is a first-class skier. He gets to where he's going because the Audi, like the Cadillac Eldorado, has front-wheel drive to give him the traction he needs to get through the snow to the snow.

Fishing, camping and taming the rapids are Duke's way of life. He wanted a car that could handle mountain roads and get him up to his cabin comfortably. Because the Audi has independent front suspension like the Aston Martin, Duke gets peace of mind as well as peace of body.

Meet Geoffrey the banker. To impress his associates, he wanted a car with a plush interior. Since the Audi's interior bears such an uncanny resemblance to that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE, Geoffrey is now a Senior Vice-President.

Nothing pleases Lance more than pleasing women. He knows the fuss they make over racing car drivers. He also knows the Audi has the same type of steering system as the racing Ferrari. (Ursula is now in seventh heaven.)

The $3,900 Audi®
It's a lot of cars for the money.

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Army ants kill and eat a small snake, bird, or lizard on occasion.

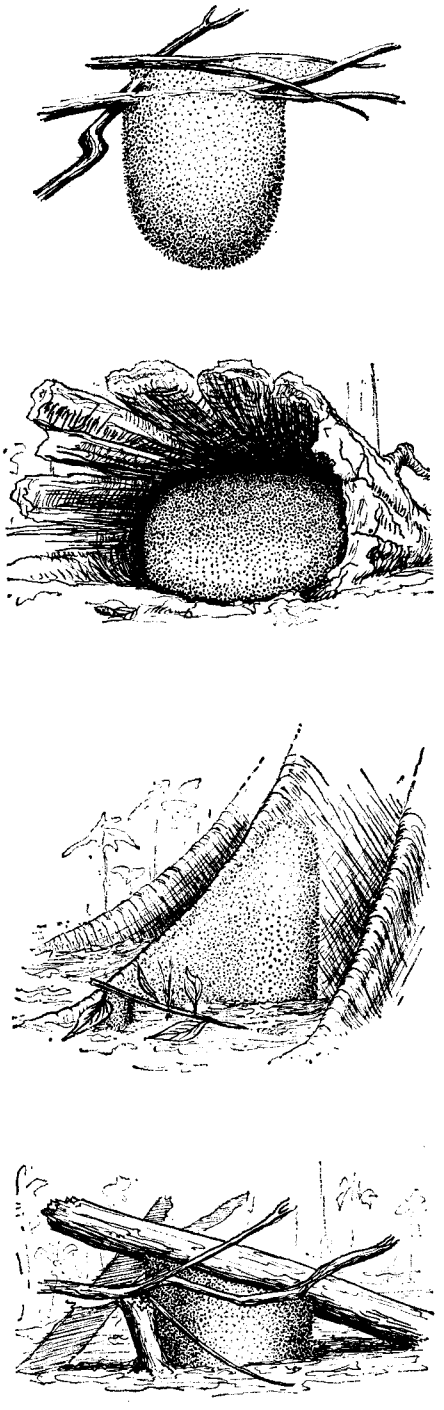
several large mammals. They almost eat Leiningen.

"Yes, I've read the story," said Rettenmeyer. "Have you seen the movie they made from it—*Naked Jungle*? In one scene, as the ants pass through a section of jungle, all the vegetation turns brown. What the author has done is magnify the worst traits of the leaf-cutting ants, which cut vegetation, and those of the army ants, which don't cut or eat vegetation but do eat other arthropods, to come up with a super ant bigger than any real army ant."

There are three castes of army ants —queens, males, and workers (sterile females). The queens and workers are wingless. The workers range in size from a pinhead to about three-fifths of an inch long. The queens and males are about twice as large as the workers. Workers are the army ants that the observer is most likely to see, since they conduct the food raids. If the size of an individual army ant is unimpressive, the number of individuals in a single colony is staggering, ranging from 30,000 to more than a million. Just how big the largest army ant colonies are no one knows. "We just haven't been able to count them," said Rettenmeyer. He remembers, however, that he once spent all day watching an emigrating ant column stream across a road in Central America. By 11:30 p.m., when he gave up, an estimated 970,000 ants had trooped by—and ants had been crossing the road for hours before he had arrived.

Rettenmeyer usually counts ants by placing a stopwatch beside an army ant column and filming the ants as they march by. When the film is projected in slow motion, he is able to count the individual insects. "The only problem is that the ants tend to attack the stopwatch because it ticks," he said.

Although the usual diet of army ants in this hemisphere is arthropods, they do, on rare occasions, kill and eat a small vertebrate that happens to run into a raiding column. In more than two years of field research, however, Rettenmeyer has seen only a few vertebrates, a small snake and lizards, actually attacked and eaten by army ants. Other researchers report an occasional killing of nestlings or chickens by army ants. Occasionally, a dead vertebrate is eaten by the ants. It is difficult for the species of army ants found in this hemisphere to tear down a vertebrate, however, for they lack a sharp cutting edge on their mandibles. The driver ants of Africa, another species of army ant, have a sharp cutting edge on their mandibles and sometimes devour small vertebrates that are tied or caged so they cannot escape. But the normal diet of driver ants, too, consists of arthropods.



The basic forms of temporary nests constructed by army ants of the species Eciton hamatum include (top to bottom) the hanging "pouch," the "plug" in a hollow log, the "curtain" against the roots of a tree, and the "cylinder" between dead branches and the ground. All the nests are formed by the linked bodies of the ants themselves.

An army ant food raid usually begins at dawn. The workers swarm out of the nest in all directions, but then quickly form into one or more columns that dash forward to flush out prey. Since the workers are blind, to keep together they depend on chemical trails laid by their fellow ants. Victims overtaken by the columns are first stung, then quickly pulled apart for easy transport back to the nest or a nearby cache. The killing operation takes just a few seconds usually, but dissecting a large arthropod may take several hours. The raids continue through the morning, slack off around 1 p.m., and then begin again in the afternoon. They end before dusk. In a single day these tactics result in a "booty" of between 25,000 and 100,000 arthropods.

Not all the arthropods in the path of a column succumb. Rettenmeyer estimates that up to 50 per cent escape by playing dead, fleeing on the ground, climbing vegetation, or flying away. Army ants often pursue their prey up trees, but the wingless workers cannot fly after escapees. Certain arthropods seem to be protected by body secretions the ants find offensive, others by their body configurations. The ants' strategy in attacking a victim is to spread-eagle it and chew through the leg segments so that the prey quickly becomes a pile of dismembered parts. Arthropods structured so that they can pull their legs underneath a hard shell, however, frustrate the ants' tactics. Some beetles with a body plan like this, in fact, cohabit peaceably with army ants in their nests.

Each species of army ants conducts its own distinctive raid, but the forays all fall into two general classes, the "swarm raid" and the "column raid." A particular species always uses one or the other. In the swarm raid, the ants present a long, continuous, fan-shaped front—the swarm. From the swarm, a number of small, narrow columns extend back to one main column that leads to the nest. In the column raid, on the other hand, the ants set out in one to three columns instead of

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Some army ants have jaws like ice tongs, all but impossible to pry open.

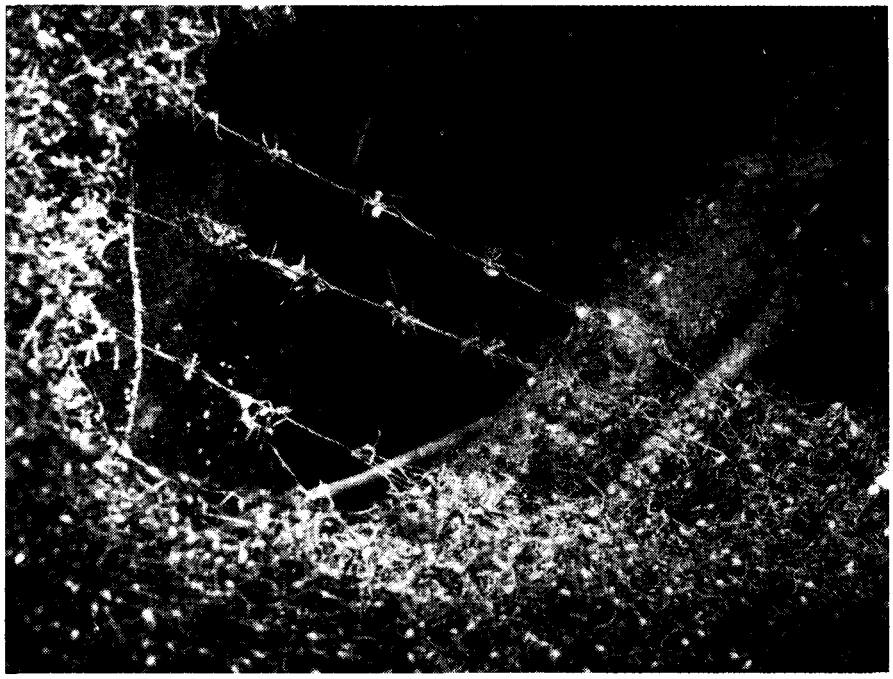
maintaining a united swarm front. Each column forks, then forks again as the raid continues. A swarm raid is much more effective than a column raid in flushing out varied kinds of prey in large numbers, but only two species in this hemisphere use the swarm attack.

When they do, it is a dramatic event, even if not quite the stuff of fiction. On Barro Colorado, an island in the Canal Zone, Rettenmeyer has watched army ants of the species *Eciton burchelli* advance through the vegetation accompanied by large numbers of buzzing flies and small birds that make a "cherr" cry. The flies are parasitic on the insects flushed out by the ants, while the "ant birds," as these ant-following species are called, gobble up the escaping arthropods. During the dry season the humming of the flies and the cries of the ant birds mingle with the rustling of thousands of ants and their prey running over the leaves. These noises are so distinctive that some researchers locate raids solely by tracing the source of the sounds.

Although a reasonably nimble vertebrate has nothing to fear from either a swarm raid or a column raid, an army ant bite or sting, which researchers learn to accept as part of the job, is not pleasant. "The bites are the worst," said Rettenmeyer. "The big workers of *Eciton burchelli* or *Eciton hamatum*, two species I've studied in the field, have mandibles like ice tongs. When they close together on you, you can't pull them apart. If you try, you either pull off the ant's body while the head goes on biting or you pull out a piece of yourself. What we do is ram a forceps between the mandibles."

There is a story, he added, that some of the Indians in the jungles of South and Central America use the ice-tong-like mandibles as sutures for bad cuts. "What you have," said Rettenmeyer, obviously relishing the picture, "is a whole row of ants holding your cut together."

Rettenmeyer has occasionally tried to keep an army ant colony in his laboratory, but the attempts have failed. "We just can't give them the amount and variety of food they require." He does, however, have thousands of preserved specimens. "Would you like to guess how many larvae are in here?" he asked, holding up a large mason jar full of small brown worms. "Sixty-five thousand nine hundred ninety-five."



Army ants of the species Eciton burchelli (above) form living bridges from nest to emigrating column. The nest is moved every few weeks. Marching in an endless circle in the laboratory until they die, army ants (below) follow chemical trails laid by other ants. This pattern does not occur in the wild.

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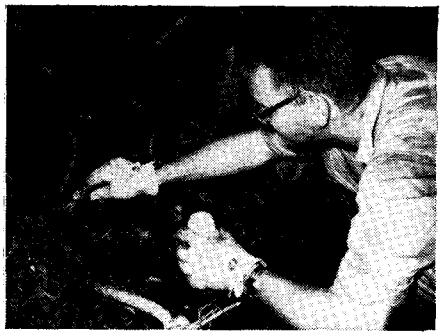

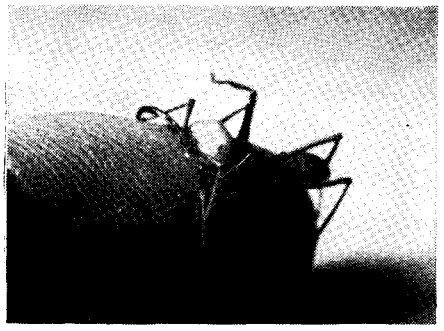

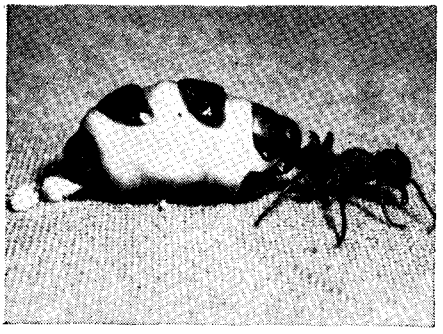

Carl Rettenmeyer (top) collects Eciton burchelli army ants in Costa Rica. Like most army ants, Eciton burchelli is found in the tropics. Demonstrating its painful bite, a major worker (middle) sinks its strong mandibles into Rettenmeyer's finger. The queen pictured below is swollen with eggs.

He opened a drawer and removed a tray of specimens. The big winged specimens in the tray, he said, were males. After the mating, these males soon perish, but the queen may live four or five years, bearing all the eggs for a colony. The workers care for the young. This division of labor is typical among ants.

But while army ants follow the ant life-style in some ways, they deviate from it in others. Unlike most ants, army ants are migratory, moving their nest every night for a few weeks, then remaining in a temporary "bivouac," as entomologists call it, for another few weeks. On their restless trek from nest to nest, the workers carry with them the larvae, cocoons, and food of the colony, holding these objects beneath their bodies with their strong mandibles. Creatures that live with the army ants in their nests scurry along with the columns, as do the queen and any males that happen to be present. Each emigration takes the colony only some seventy-five to 100 yards away from the old nest site. Over a year, a colony will travel about nine miles.

A number of years ago, the late Dr. T. C. Schneirla of the American Museum of Natural History discovered that the army ant's reproductive cycle is correlated with these moves. After the queen lays her eggs—up to 300,000 in ten days, an amazing reproductive feat even for an insect—the colony stays in one place until the larvae hatch. Then it is on the move again until the larvae complete their growth and spin cocoons.

The bivouac in which the army ant colony spends part of its nomadic cycle is distinctly unimpressive compared to the elaborate permanent structures erected by some other ants. Some army ants exert little effort to build a nest, throwing up no walls or mounds and digging no tunnels. The most they do to make their temporary quarters habitable is a little minor excavating. With some species, the nest, located in a hollow log or tree, consists simply of the ants themselves clinging together with linked legs in a hanging cluster, in the middle of which are the queen and the young. This type of nest is unique among ants.

Most of what we know about army ants is based on species that live, raid, and migrate above ground. The majority of the species in Central and South America and in the United States, however, are subterranean, moving underground at least part of the time. The difficulties of observing them make many aspects of their behavior a mystery.

Rettenmeyer began his investigations of army ants under the auspices of Schneirla, whose text *Army Ants—A Study in Social Organization* was edited after his death by his last student, psychologist Howard R. Topoff. Topoff is still studying army ants. In fact, he recently worked with artist Alan Sonfist on an exhibit titled Army Ants: Patterns and Structures, which was displayed in Automation House in New York City. The exhibit consisted of a huge colony of army ants from Panama, and its purpose was a blending of science and art. To that end, the configuration of the ants' food supply was changed frequently during the display. One day the food was placed at the four corners of a square around the nest; another day the configuration was a triangle. The different patterns the ants formed in locating the food were then captured on videotape. Unfortunately, the heating system of Automation House failed after the second week of the exhibit, and the entire colony perished.

"Schneirla introduced me to army ants in 1952 when I was a student at Swarthmore College," said Rettenmeyer. "He was looking for an assistant to accompany him to Panama to study army ants, and I went with him." Later, encouraged by several National Science Foundation grants, Rettenmeyer took up the subject on his own at the University of Kansas and Kansas State University, at both of which schools he was a faculty member before joining the University of Connecticut.

"Kansas has army ants, you know," he said. "Connecticut doesn't, but Kansas does. In fact, one of my students at Kansas State had an army ant migration in his apartment house. His neighbor wanted to spray, but my student wouldn't let him. He just watched the ants until they walked out. They didn't eat anything and they left no trace.

"The best thing you can do if you see an army ant migration is let it alone. It will go away by itself. How do you know if you have an army ant migration? Well, there will be an awful lot of ants—thousands of them, in columns. Other ants do form columns, but they look as if they don't know where they're going. Army ants definitely look as if they know where they're going. And they have longer legs than most other ants."

In the unlikely event that a U.S. traveler in some tropical jungle is faced with an army ant raid by, let's say, *Eciton burchelli*, which puts on the fifty-foot-wide swarm raids, Rettenmeyer has a final word of advice: "Don't stamp your feet. Army ants are blind, but they're sensitive to vibrations. They don't like them, and they'll be all over you, biting and stinging. But even that," he repeats, "isn't dangerous. Unpleasant, perhaps, but not really dangerous." □

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Carolina Swoon

A note in the newspaper told of the bells ringing out in Capistrano to welcome back the swallows. No doubt the cherry blossoms of Tokyo were about to sprout. Could the horse chestnuts of Paris be far behind? No matter, for I was in Charleston, South Carolina, and every shade of azalea from deep red to snow white painted that historical port city—the same city where "the Pinckneys speak only to the Rhetts, and the Rhetts not even to God."

Spring arrives early in the Carolina Low Country and then advances in several stages to the full-blown heat of summer. Azaleas and dogwood burst forth in March, bringing splashes of color but little scent. Around the equinox, Charleston throws open many of its gardens (there is no such thing as a "yard" in this English-oriented society) and dozens of its showpiece houses, and for that brief period of about a month outsiders get a little closer to the well-guarded inner world of Charleston life. Certain houses, historical buildings, and gardens can be viewed year round, though, and even if you must content yourself with long glances through wrought-iron filigree and over brick walls, there is always much to behold in this magical city.

When the azalea and dogwood blossoms begin to fade in April, the sweet smell of jasmine, magnolia, and honeysuckle descends with cloying thickness. "This time of year is almost too much to take," said a Charleston woman whose local ancestry goes back to the city's colonial beginnings nearly three centuries ago. "It becomes a fairy land. I like spring before it really comes—like today." We were gliding in a small boat through the black swamps of Cypress Gardens, a 250-acre tract north of Charleston near the Cooper River. Towering cypress and pine trees rose from the still water, their tops bending in a high breeze; clumps of gray-green Spanish moss hung down like ghostly veils. Clusters of red and pink blossoms covered the shore. It was no more than seventy degrees, and the crisp air carried hardly a hint of the heavy heat soon to come.

Our little wood gondola was propelled by a sixteen-year-old black boy who sat in the stern with a single paddle and steered a careful course through the trees. He disclosed that a fellow boatman had spotted a coiled water moccasin as he passed under one of the tiny bridges earlier in the day. I pulled in my leg, dangling over the side. And with each approaching bridge we slunk down and watched keenly for untoward slitherings.

Cypress, Magnolia, and Middleton Place Gardens, each a short drive from Charleston, draw flower freaks from near and far at blossoming time. According to one study, all three are among the thirty-eight "great gardens of the Western world." Only four others are found in the United States. Cypress stays open from February 15 to May 1, and with the arrival of heat and mosquitoes its two-and-a-half-foot-deep black lake is drained for the rest of the year. Magnolia Garden, a splendid maze of camellias and azaleas, keeps the same dates as Cypress. Three miles beyond Magnolia on the Ashley River you come to Middleton Place, America's oldest landscaped gardens, which were laid out in 1741 with the form and symmetry popular in eighteenth-century Europe. Succeeding generations of planters have permitted the gardens to ramble a bit over the sixty-five acres, but the long intersecting tunnels of camellias, the butterfly lakes, and the azalea paths are still intact.

Twice on my rounds of Middleton a blue heron took wing and swooped down to the banks of the Ashley. Black and white swans—separate but equal—floated on the quiet waters. Charles Duell, a thirty-three-year-old descendant of the founding Middleton, who was president of the First Continental Congress, said otters, alligators, and a number of bird species also tenant the gardens. To those charter inhabitants, Duell has introduced—with a fence between them—a flock of sheep and a variety of barnyard animals to give a broader view of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century plantation life and, of course, to draw tourists the year round.

Flowers and springtime are found not only in the outlying gardens; they flood every corner of old Charleston, from the stately precincts near the Battery to the ramshackle black districts north of Calhoun Street. You hardly need a car to get around the narrow peninsular city, which is flanked by the Ashley and Cooper rivers; indeed, a car is a handicap on the lanes and alleys between Broad Street and the Battery, which define the oldest, best-preserved, and most exclusive part of Charleston. Here live descendants of the settling English, the fleeing Huguenots and Sephardim, and the rare newcomers who were able to crack the city's inner circles. Nowhere in America do traditions die harder. Old-line Charlestonians prefer not to identify with the rest of the South.

"We speak something closer to Boston English, not the common Southern drawl, because of the long ties with New England commerce," a proud young native told me in tones that sounded suspiciously Dixie. Nor was there anything Bostonian in the accent of a charming Charleston woman who spoke of beer as bay-uh and year as yay-uh.

On foot in old Charleston, you walk into a bygone era. People claim that good servants are hard to find these days, and indeed the men you see sweeping walks or catching some air—in crisp black and white uniform—look old and long-serving. The maids and nurses, in pastels and white, are younger. They pause to chat across narrow streets before turning back to burnish brass knockers or shepherd little blond children down to the Battery to play among the ancient cannons and balls. In the oldest households a nurse is still called "Dah," from the Gullah dialect, a blend of English, African, and West Indian that Low Country blacks speak in triphammer fashion.

Charleston is a model of historic preservation in America. Whereas Williamsburg was built from scratch according to the original plan, Charleston crumbled but never quite collapsed, and today parts of it are in better condition than at any time since antebellum days. The city enjoyed a golden age from about 1730 to 1820 when rice, indigo, and then cotton crops brought prosperity to Low Country planters. Six fires, the worst of which occurred in 1838, wiped out many of the city's stately wood houses, bringing on a red-brick white-columned Greek Revival style. Depression, the Civil War, and the ensuing decline turned Charleston down the path to ruin until, in 1931, the city adopted the nation's first planning and zoning ordinance to set up controls for a historic district. After World War II, blocks of handsome restored single houses still stood beside crumbling tenements. Further improvements were championed by the Historic Charleston Foundation and its tireless leader, Mrs. S. Henry Edmunds.

Prodding, pushing, and cajoling in her charming Charleston way, Mrs. Edmunds went about buying dilapidated period houses, selling them to preservation-minded customers, advising new owners how to restore the buildings, and generally spreading the gospel of preservation north of Broad Street. Ansonborough, a slum only a decade ago, has been returned house by house, brick by brick, to its 1830s character. On Anson Street, plaques and shingles tell the tales of the recent turnabout. A house restored by a Charleston newspaperman is labeled "Mrs. Robinson's outbuilding." No out-

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door privy, this now-noble brick structure once stood beside a main house as a "kitchen building," "outbuilding," or "dependency"—interchangeable terms still used in Charleston.

At best, though, the preservation effort is piecemeal. Mrs. Edmunds casts covetous eyes on slum buildings, recognizing their historical potential but knowing the transactions will be difficult to make. "What do blacks care about restoring historical Charleston," said a young social worker. "They don't have the money or the interest. How can they feel the history is theirs? Savannah started restoration much later and doesn't have nearly as much accomplished as Charleston, but it's got a much broader civic involvement and social commitment."

There are harbor cruises, and three times a day a boat putters out to Fort Sumter where the shot that started the Civil War was fired. The National Park Service tends the fort and its adjoining museum, and an operative in green pants, gray shirt, and Smoky-the-Bear stetson tells of the colorful past, walking the tightrope between northern and southern sentiment. Built on a shoal in the harbor, the brick fort was started in 1829 but not completed until 1860. "Now, paralleling this period the country was divided by great sectional differences—both social and economic—and these differences," the park guide conceded, quoting Bruce Catton as his source, "were complicated by slavery." On December 20, 1860, South Carolina became the first state to secede from the Union. Major Robert Anderson then moved his garrison from nearby Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island to the five-sided Fort Sumter.

Among Anderson's eighty-five men was Captain Abner Doubleday, who had invented the game of baseball at Cooperstown, New York, in 1839. Charleston's Confederate forces, under the flamboyant General P. G. T. Beauregard, demanded a surrender, and finally at dawn on April 12, 1861, a single shot was fired from Fort Johnson, exploding directly over Sumter. Anderson's men held out for thirty-three hours. Before evacuating and sailing north to a hero's welcome in New York City, the commander ordered a 100-round salute to the Union flag flying above the fort. On the fiftieth round there was an ammunition explosion and two men died—the first fatalities of the war.

History and southern lore are heavy on Sullivan's Island, which is just across a long bridge from Charleston, and a breezy, sandy refuge from Low Country summers. Fort Moultrie, yours to climb about and explore, was just being finished in 1776 when Colonel William Moultrie defeated a British fleet trying to capture Charles Towne. The result was the first major American victory of the Revolution. For two years in the late 1820s Edgar Allen Poe served first as a private and then as an artificer at Fort Moultrie. His short story, "The Gold Bug," was set on Sullivan's Island, and the mysterious tree at the center of the tale—a gnarled, heavy-limbed live oak—still stands. Another famous Moultrie tenant, for a brief time, was the Seminole leader Osceola, who died of malaria after being imprisoned in 1838. According to the National Park Service, which administers the fort, one of Osceola's medical attendants took away the dead leader's head for study. His bones were buried beside the fort, and although a land developer claims to have the grave in Florida, the Park Service insists that Osceola's remains are at Moultrie.

One of Charleston's distinct shortcomings has been lessened with the complete rebuilding of the ancient St. John Hotel, now the Mills Hyatt House—large, comfortable, brimming with antiques, and only a half-block north of Broad Street. What the city still lacks is good restaurants. Coffee and tea houses serve okra, shrimp creole, and other of the Low Country specialties, but Charlestonians will tell you they much prefer to eat at home. Adventurous diners usually leave town and head for places like the Philippine Hut (yes, it serves Filipino food) at Moncks Corner or one of the roasted-oyster shacks out in the country. At a Bowen's Island café a soot-covered man in high black boots fetches mounds of oysters from practically outside the front door, roasts them over an open fire in the corner, then heaps the smoking batch on a newspaper-covered table. All you can eat for $3. Piles of dusty, cast-off furniture, including several beauty parlor chairs with dryers intact, clog one end of the smoke-filled room. I wonder what the Pinckneys would tell the Rhetts about that. □

Charleston's Sword Gate House looks as imposing as it did two centuries ago.

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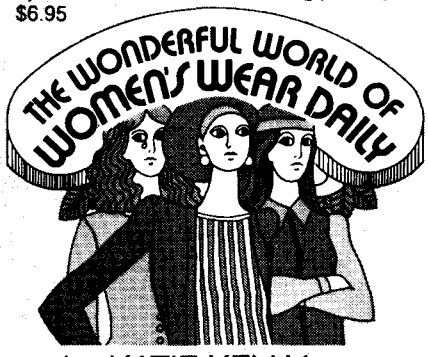

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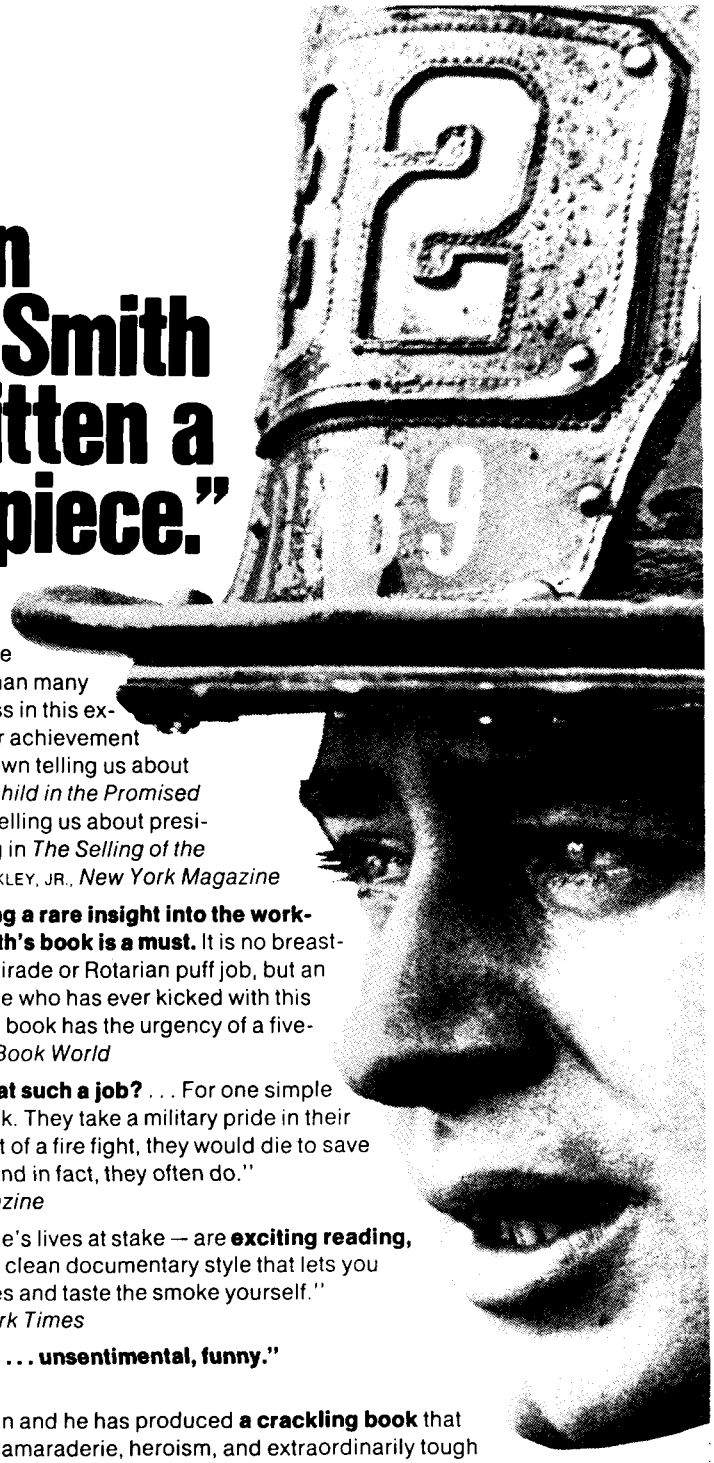

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The "Death" That Preceded Camus's Birth as a Novelist

BY EMILE CAPOUYA

A HAPPY DEATH

by Albert Camus
translated from the French
by Richard Howard

Knopf, 192 pp., $5.95

Literary scholars have a lively interest in the least jottings of distinguished authors, including such writings as the distinguished authors may have chosen to neglect or suppress while they were still alive. Everything considered, that interest is quite natural and legitimate, though it does put us in the awkward position of asserting that we know better than the mighty dead what is the proper use and value of their *disjecta membra.* But, properly speaking, the activity of hunting up and publishing such material is in the first instance literary archeology—a scanning of rent-rolls and buttery-books, a prayerful exhumation of potsherds—rather than literary history. And literary history itself, when we have attained to it after much scientific spadework and ingenious piecing together of fragments, is, for all its fascination, something distinct from literature. Literary history, moreover, is the concern of specialists, while literature addresses itself to "the common reader."

In any case, *A Happy Death* is not very good literature. Its author seems to have known that. While he lived, he preferred not to expose the book to the suffrage of the common reader, and we must assume that he did not much care for it himself. Within a year after he finished writing it, he completed another novel that he did publish and that has since come to be regarded as a modern classic. That book, *The Stranger,* is a unified, concentrated, finished work. In contrast, *A Happy Death* is an unlicked bear cub of a book. Some of its episodes are interesting, some of its ideas are promising. But the story does not have the energy that reveals itself to us as form and that marks a work of art as complete. For that reason, the novel's interesting episodes are mere wandering stars, and its promising ideas—never properly developed—are artistically and philosophically jejune. Of course the name of Albert Camus retorts a kind of glory on this sketchy novel—that is inevitable. But *A Happy Death* does not return the compliment. It is what it is, lumpish, ill-conceived, unfinished.

It is well to be clear about that at the start because the book, which will be published May 15, is certain to excite a good deal of commentary in the press, and in that forum the interests of the specialist are likely to prevail over those of the common reader that every good literary scholar carries within him. The reasons for that are near at hand: when the scholar, professional or amateur, has read attentively Camus's other novels, his plays, and his essays, he must inevitably develop concerns that are extra-literary in that they do not derive directly from the encounter of his educated sensibility with any single work. Such a reader is bound to develop an interest in Camus's life, a sense of the corpus of his works as composing a kind of literary monument in itself; a sense, too, of the relation between the life and the works, and of the works to one another. When he discovers—as he will at once—that *A Happy Death* is the vein from which *The Stranger* was mined, he must be a hard man indeed if he does not transfer a measure of affectionate piety from the author and all of his other writings to that early fictional by-blow of his talent. The critic's only defense

Emile Capouya, who is literary editor of *The Nation,* often contributes to *SR.*

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against this most natural bias is the habit of keeping his eye on the ball—the reflex of inquiring about any given book, not how it is related to the entire body of its author's work, but rather how it is related to the whole of his own experience of life. It would be idle to pretend that the defensive instinct in question is highly developed among professional commentators upon literature. Our age, which is so generally disposed to indirection, to interposing tortuous theoretical systems between ourselves and our experience, certainly has not spared literary scholarship. Critics, accordingly, are called upon to be ingenious rather than discerning and are trained to offer a sophisticated and sophistical interpretation rather than a candid appraisal of a work of literary art—which appraisal must always address itself to a single question: what does it have to do with our lives? And this bias of literary scholarship toward highly notional values is of course compounded by the influence of fashion, the stock-market quotations on literary reputations, which to a greater or less degree sway all judgments in these matters.

The cultural effect of this ingrained tendency can be gauged from the very fact that *A Happy Death* is now being published for a general audience, and will no doubt be vigorously promoted, and perhaps sold in large numbers. Yet this bad first novel of a famous author has nothing in it for the nourishment of the common reader. Its proper audience is the much more restricted one of professional specialists—just as much as if it appealed to model-railroad enthusiasts or to paleobotanists. In terms of ultimate social cost, the mode of publication adopted in this case is inordinately expensive, though I trust it will be profitable for the publisher. Clearly, this particular instance of social waste is scarcely the most heinous that our industrial and commercial system can offer; the example is significant, nevertheless, because the kind of discrimination that might have prevented it from happening is ruled out by the normal operations of our industrial and commercial system. In this single instance we can trace the direction of an entire culture, an entire civilization.

But since the book has now been offered to the public at large, what is it about? The story takes place in Algeria. In the first chapter, Mersault, the protagonist, calls on a friend named Zagreus—an invalid and a cripple. Without a word said on either side, Mersault shoots Zagreus with the latter's own pistol, arranges the corpse to make the death look like suicide, and carries off Zagreus's considerable fortune, which he was obliging enough to keep in the house in the form of banknotes. In a later chapter we learn that Zagreus had at one time written a suicide note, undated, and used occasionally to play at shooting himself—presumably, so that he might enjoy the one strong sensation still available to him—until such time as he might decide to pull the trigger in earnest. He had revealed all this to Mersault, together with the location of the pistol, the suicide note, and the hoard of banknotes. His motives for doing so are not given. Perhaps he had told all this to Mersault as one reveals oddities or discreditable things to one's friends; perhaps he had been curious to see whether Mersault would be inclined to put the information to some practical use. In any case, Mersault had already given Zagreus a sketch of his own philosophy: happiness is a state of conscious vegetative idleness, possible only to a person whose material needs are taken care of because he has plenty of money. Mersault's ideal is to be in harmony with cosmic tides, and he imagines that he can be if he is ever in a position to give himself over to a form of contemplation that he defines as inaction or gratuitous action.

The murder once accomplished, Mersault leaves Algeria, spends some weeks in feverish travel on the Continent, and returns to North Africa. For a short time he sojourns with three young women whom he has known for a long time and with whom he has ambiguous relations, as it were whimsical-sentimental. He concludes that his regimen of walking, sunbathing, and dining with the young women does not fulfill completely his ideal of happiness. He marries a fourth young woman, Lucienne, but he does not live with her; instead he decides to buy a house some distance up on the coast and to stay there alone. Lucienne visits him occasionally, and so do his three friends. He is quite happy, walking, swimming, or idling. Then he catches pleurisy, and a short time after, in Lucienne's presence, he dies. And so his happiness is consummated.

Albert Camus—after his first novel he "learned the manners of art. . . ."

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Some of this nonsense is momentarily persuasive. Most of it has the bad manners to bore us. An aggressive perfume of adolescent narcissism ascends from many of these pages; the light is thickened by self-conceit. The story itself is unbearably static because its narrative method reflects its chief preoccupation, which is self-absorption. Many passages have poetic accents, but since they are hymns in the void they cannot redeem the novel. The banality of the book's leading ideas comes of their having been borrowed from literary contexts invented by other writers to serve quite serious occasions, and having been adapted here to express the petulance and vainglory of a character yet unformed.

The startling first chapter, the episode of the murder, is lifted without apology from Malraux's *Man's Fate*—but stripped of its significance. In the first pages of Malraux's novel, a revolutionary zealot nerves himself to plunge a knife into a sleeping man for a cause that has no reference to the murderer's personal salvation. Mersault wears gloves when he calls on his victim, and feels emotion only afterwards, as he walks in the street again, carrying a suitcase full of banknotes. (M. Jean Sarocchi, who contributes a lucid "afterword" to this edition of *A Happy Death*, and a section of notes and textual variants that will be useful to specialists, makes reference to this act of literary hijacking; however he does not comment on the loss of point and energy that the tour de force suffers in Camus's hands. I could wish, too, that the very able translator, Mr. Richard Howard, had been asked to write an introduction to the novel; it would have been at once sympathetic and scrupulous, and we might have learned from a writer who has had to pay minute and sustained attention to this text just what there is in it to justify our reading it. As it is, he has accurately transmitted to us the character of Camus's style at this early period: Hemingwayesque in its purposeful reticences, but dry and almost pedantic in tone where Hemingway is incantatory—both styles being essentially sentimental, since each is framed for uttering a long threnody for the self, but Hemingway's more engaging and much more affecting.)

The general ideas of the novel—as distinct from a number of happy observations or paradoxes—are derived from André Gide. Sensuality as freedom. Freedom as the gratuitous act. These and further modulations of what is essentially a single theme are under high pressure in the original, in Gide. In the prose narratives that he refused to call novels, those ideas correspond to social and philosophical urgencies that mark the ebbing of the romantic movement, the reflux of a tide of faith that had hitherto sustained and justified industrial civilization. Writing some thirty years later, Camus adapts these themes to a cultural moment still further impoverished; moreover, the author, whose later career was that of a most considerable psychologist and moralist, was at that time not yet in possession of his powers.

How was that wonder accomplished, that within a year after the slack and self-indulgent novel we are discussing, so unanswerable a work as *The Stranger* was composed—out of the same spiritual energies and on the basis of the same materials with which Camus fashioned *A Happy Death*? Put most simply, in that time Camus had learned the manners of art, what in varying contexts we call distance, objectivity, or transcendence, the attitude of disinterestedness that bespeaks the craftsman's love of the work rather than his need for therapy, comfort, or glory. In those terms *The Stranger* is indeed unanswerable because it is self-sufficient. On the whole it makes no excuses; on the whole it has no author. It expresses the necessary transformation of its creator's petty or noble preoccupations, their sublimation in a structure of meanings that apply to us as persons in proportion as they are themselves impersonal. The art of the present time cries *me, me, me*. It is related to the ethos of *A Happy Death*, and represents the moment before we attain to art.

Once Camus has attained to art, to that courteous discourse that looks at what it claims to be looking at, the philosophic adequacy of his position comes into question for the first time. To be summary, it appears to me that the strength of his moral insight is apparent in the way he identifies questions rather than in the answers he offers. It is an oddity of his character that the questions posed on a philosophic level in *The Myth of Sisyphus* and in formulations like the famous "neither victims nor executioners," are answered on a level not so much human as simply prudential. That Camus was passionate and scrupulous I cannot doubt. Yet, though it sounds ungrateful even to me, I think he often shrank back from the very issues he was the first to identify. His last novel, *The Fall*, is an indictment and exculpation based alike on a version of original sin, a retreat to psychology disguised as theology, to *me, me, me* writ large as the nature of things. He was, of course, a young man when he died, and his exemplary life ended before he had worn himself out in our service. But the seriousness and usefulness of that career could not reasonably be inferred from the novel that he forbore to publish during his lifetime.

MY NAME IS ASHER LEV

by Chaim Potok

Knopf, 369 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Robert J. Milch

■ In the past couple of decades, according to a popular cultural cliché, the literary scene in the United States has been deluged with "Jewish" writings. The category is usually defined to include just about anything written by anyone with a Jewish surname and Jewish parents. As one might expect, scant regard is paid to the author's image of himself or to his personal and literary concerns.

Unlike many so-called American-Jewish writers, however, Chaim Potok is the real thing. That is to say, he has a genuine commitment to traditional Judaism as it exists today in this country (he is, for instance, a rabbi and the editor-in-chief of the Jewish Publication Society of America); Judaism and the Jewish way of life are at the center of all his works, molding and motivating his characters and providing the basis for their way of looking at themselves, each other, and the world. Put more simply, in Potok's writing Judaism is a living, complex force, not merely a subject of garbled nostalgic recall or an anachronistic source of exoticism and background color.

Potok's first two novels, *The Chosen* and *The Promise*, were well received by the reading public, not least because they described a place—Crown Heights in Brooklyn—and a life style—Orthodox Judaism—that are foreign to most Americans, Jew and Christian alike. On the other hand, both novels, and particularly the earlier one, were possessed of a kind of blatant didacticism that often interrupted the smooth flow of the narrative and weakened the credibility of some of the characters.

My Name Is Asher Lev, Potok's new novel, is far superior to his other books. And one of the main reasons for its being so is that its Jewish concerns, though just as pronounced as in the previous novels, are not defined by a superior auctorial voice but progressively define themselves in the course of the ongoing revelation provided by action and character.

Potok's physical setting in this work is again Crown Heights, and most of his characters are members of a Hasidic community, "Ladover," that is closely patterned on the well-known Lubavitcher movement, contemporary Hasidim's largest and most vigorous sect. Asher Lev, the protagonist, is the only son of one of the Ladover rebbe's most trusted associates and emissaries. The novel, which is concerned also with the rescue of Ladover brethren in Rus-

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sia in the years since World War II, traces Asher Lev's agonized development from childhood to manhood and recognition as one of the foremost artists of his generation, "the notorious and legendary Lev [who painted] the *Brooklyn Crucifixion.*"

As a vision of the maturation of a painter, *My Name Is Asher Lev* warrants comparison with *The Moon and Sixpence.* Somerset Maugham knew more about painters and painting than does Potok, but Potok's portrait of the young artist's inner turmoil and the pain he experiences in consequence of his gift is intensified by a unique ingredient, for Lev is an observant Jew who is driven to express himself in painting—a mode and tradition opposed to the most fundamental values of his religion. In the novel's most powerful passage, Lev turns away from one of his paintings in terror and prays to God to forgive him for "such an act of creation." Elsewhere it is made clear that he is fated never to escape the pain his vocation causes him and those whom he holds most dear: a voice from heaven, or so it seems, calls on Lev to go on with his work, painting "the anguish of all the world" and giving "a balance to the universe."

Heartfelt and straightforward in style, *My Name Is Asher Lev* is narrated with a fluent simplicity that belies its intellectual depth and the technical skill of its construction. The story —in every good sense of the word particularistic (Hasidism and painters are both subgroups, after all)—deserves and should have wide appeal.

Robert J. Milch has a special interest in works of fiction on Jewish themes.

DECLARATION OF CONSCIENCE

by Margaret Chase Smith
edited by William C. Lewis, Jr.

Doubleday, 512 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Liz Carpenter

■ Margaret Chase Smith "made it" in politics before a reactivated women's movement was around to offer her support and encouragement. She did it by keeping her colleagues in the U.S. Senate guessing about which way she would cast her vote and by reprimanding them from time to time for their misbehavior in her prim New England schoolmarm style—a style that her Maine voters obviously relish.

There will be more women Senators in the years ahead, for the momentum is there. Some will be direct products of the noisy women's lib movement, which has won the attention of candidates as well as voters. But their way has been eased because the quiet-spoken lady from Maine made her years in Congress count for something.

Edited and annotated by Senator Smith's veteran administrative assistant, William C. Lewis, Jr., *Declaration of Conscience* consists of the Senator's most important speeches and public statements, together with a running account of the political climate at the time they were made. The book should be read by the new political woman to remind her that she is not the first, nor will she be the last, reformer on the scene. It should also be studied by those young men and women who each year invade Capitol Hill on grants, fellowships, and internships, for it tells of the intrigue of the cloakroom, the well-timed, well-placed White House call, the pressure from back home, and spells them out for what they are: vital ingredients to the roll call vote.

Senator Smith was the first member of the nation's highest deliberative body to warn it during the shabby Joe McCarthy era of the Fifties that the Senate's purpose should be nobler than to provide a forum for fear and smear. In a startling address to her colleagues in 1950, she said:

> Those of us who shout the loudest about Americanism in making character assassinations are all too frequently those who, by our own words and acts, ignore some of the basic principles of Americanism: the right to criticize, the right to hold unpopular beliefs, the right to protest, the right of independent thought.

She placed the blame for the "national feeling of fear and frustration" on "the lack of effective leadership in either the Legislative Branch or the Executive Branch of our Government."

With this speech the freshman Senator from Maine established herself as a national figure to be reckoned with by her own Republican Party and respected by the Democrats. It also cost Mrs. Smith her membership on the Permanent Investigations Subcommittee and won her a McCarthy-backed opponent in her next campaign. (She trounced him five to one in the primary election.)

One is known by one's enemies; one is also known by one's friends. Among Senator Smith's best friends is the beloved Senator from Vermont, George Aiken. At the 1964 GOP Convention held in San Francisco, Aiken nominated Margaret Smith for President of the United States in what is surely the most genuine and delightful nominating speech ever delivered.

> In introducing my candidate [said Senator Aiken to the assembled delegates], I find myself in a most peculiar position; I am severely restricted in what I can offer for your support. I can't promise you a Cabinet job, an ambassador's appointment—or even a shot at a nice government contract. I can't even offer you cigars or chewing gum. For a while it looked real promising. I thought I could at least invite you all out for coffee because I knew my candidate was having checks and $10. and $1. bills and pennies sent her from most every state in the Union. . . . You and I were going to have a wonderful time here in San Francisco. Then do you know what happened? Do you know what my candidate pulled on me? She took every big check—every little check—every $10. bill—every $1. bill and every penny and sent them straight back to where they came from. My candidate wants the nomination solely on her record and her qualifications for the job. As a result our transportation fund is busted. Our entertainment fund is shattered. Our demon-

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stration wallet collapsed. Our conscience is intact.

Senator Smith won twenty-seven votes on the first roll call, twenty-six of which stayed with her, despite the overwhelming convention election of Senator Goldwater.

There are weaknesses in the book. It is doubtful that President Eisenhower ever seriously considered dumping Nixon as his running mate for Margaret Smith, that it was anything more than newspaper rumor. And one questions whether all the slights and hurts that her editor, closest friend, and selfless aide Bill Lewis reads into her story are really as significant as he makes them out to be. Still, such lapses are forgivable: Lewis's affliction is a common one on Capitol Hill, *i.e.*, oversensitivity in regard to matters that concern the Boss. In addition, he has had to take the abuse that inevitably follows the loyal, selfless confidant of a courageous and unorthodox public servant. Perhaps he has received more than his share because his boss is a woman.

Margaret Chase Smith is not of the modern, urban mold of the liberal, yet her favorite statement, written for Edward Morgan and Edward Murrow's radio series *This I Believe,* is as relevant today as it was when she delivered it in January 1953.

Of course, like everyone else I went into public service and politics with my eyes wide open. I knew that any public official is fair game for slander and smear and carping criticism. . . . I should have known that chances were good that I would even be accused of being a traitor to my country. . . . It is these things I think about when I'm tired and discouraged. . . . It is then I ask myself, "What am I doing this for? "I realize that I am doing it because I believe in certain things. . . . that life has a real purpose, that God has assigned to each human being a role in life. . . . that every human being I come in contact with has a right to courtesy and consideration from me. . . . that freedom of speech should not be so abused by some that it is not exercised by others. . . . that people should never get so indifferent, cynical, and sophisticated that they don't get shocked into action . . . . that we should not forget how to disagree agreeably and how to criticize constructively . . . . that we must not become a nation of mental mutes blindly following demagogues . . . . that in our constant search for security we can never gain any peace of mind until we secure our own soul . . . and . . . above all especially in my times of greater discouragement . . . I must believe in my fellow man . . . in myself . . . in God—if life is to have any meaning.

Right on, Maggie! Right on!

Liz Carpenter, former press secretary and staff director to Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson, is a member of the Policy Council of the National Women's Political Caucus.

ELECTIONS FOR SALE

by Max McCarthy

Houghton Mifflin, 206 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by L. L. L. Golden

■ Max McCarthy, former Congressman from Buffalo and would-be Democratic nominee for his state's Senate seat in 1970, has written a study-tract that has been rendered partially obsolete by new legislation. The main target of McCarthy's criticism in *Elections for Sale* is the Corrupt Practices Act of 1925, which was, in effect, more loophole than law. On February 7 of this year, however, President Nixon signed into law a bipartisan bill that limits campaign spending and is designed to end what has been a charade: the way candidates formerly reported on contributions. Still, many of the basic arguments presented by Mr. McCarthy, now a Fellow of the Institute of Politics at the John Fitzgerald Kennedy School of Government at Harvard University, retain their cogency despite this belated reform. For even though the total amounts that can be spent on campaigns have been reduced, and though the sums that may be spent by a rich candidate on his own behalf henceforth will be curtailed, there remains the important issue of the effect of contributions by special interest groups on legislators and their voting patterns.

McCarthy defines a special interest group as "a group, organization, or association with special axes to grind and special favors to ask. The groups have narrow interests, as contrasted with the broader public interest." He then enumerates the major special interest groups—*i.e.*, those that "contribute directly or indirectly to political candidates and maintain lobbyists in Washington." *En bloc,* these are corporations, organized labor, farmers, liberal and conservative groups, medical and health insurance associations, gun enthusiasts, and groups concerned with the environment, peace, and national defense. Limiting the amounts of money such pressure groups may contribute to election campaigns does not alter Mr. McCarthy's thesis that contributions affect the thinking and often the votes of a Congressman. Though the new legislation reduces the price of a candidate's being elected to office, will not the man who pays the piper still call the tune? And since the average man is little inclined to help pay a candidate's campaign expenses, will not the same paymasters drown out the voice of citizens who are not represented by a powerful lobby ?

> One $200,000 donation that was refused by Senator Muskie [in the 1968 election] was offered by a man [reporter Richard] Reeves described as having "just sold his business for $22 million." He told the Senator: "You understand there'll be a *quid pro quo*? I want to be an American ambassador. Not a big country, you understand. Not France or England, I couldn't afford that anyway. But can you give me a little one, Switzerland or Belgium?" Reeves recalled that "coincidentally or not, the American ambassadors to France, Luxembourg, and Malta contributed officially recorded amounts between $22,000 and $49,000 to Mr. Nixon's 1968 campaign."

Among the most revelant sections of *Elections for Sale* are those that deal with television as a campaign tool. It has long been clear that no person can be elected to an important office without extensive use of TV, which is the single largest campaign expense. For the shrewd television producer can effectively mask the inadequacies of most candidates. "While television offers a unique opportunity for the electorate to be truly well informed on major issues," writes McCarthy, "it also increases the value of good looks and showmanship in the candidate. The powerful image makers can present plastic personalities to the public, and may the better actor win! Most television spots are of little or no informative value; they . . . attempt to sell candidates the way advertisers sell detergents and deodorants."

To combat this type of campaigning, McCarthy recommends the banning of all political advertisements of a minute or less and proposes a minimum length of five minutes. Furthermore, he writes, "if all political advertising on television is not made free, then time must at least be sold to candidates at the lowest unit rate. It has even been suggested that they be given a fifty per cent reduction off the lowest rate, while the stations be permitted to recoup somewhat by writing the loss off on their tax statements. Again, if all political TV advertising is not made free, the disadvantaged position of the poorer candidates could be relieved somewhat by prohibiting any paid political broadcasting during the last week before the election, at which time the free broadcasts would be aired to permit exposure of *all* candidates during the crucial final days of the campaign."

Elections for Sale will be of value to those who believe that the public should have an opportunity to select their candidates rationally rather than emotionally, as well as to those who are concerned about whom their representatives actualy represent.

L. L. L. Golden has worked in national, state, and city political campaigns.

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BELOVED PROPHET:
The Love Letters of Kahlil Gibran and Mary Haskell and Her Private Journal

edited and arranged by Virginia Hilu

Knopf, 450 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Nancy Wilson Ross

Mary Haskell and Kahlil Gibran—burning attraction and painful self-denial.

■ Anyone who has ever sifted through collections of personal memorabilia—faded letters, indecipherable notes, maddeningly irrelevant diaries—searching for facts to illuminate past events and buried relationships can hardly fail to respond with some anticipation to news of the discovery of the secret love letters that passed between Kahlil Gibran, the Lebanon-born poet, painter, and mystic, and Mary Haskell, a proper Bostonian headmistress who became not only the enduring passion of his life but his financial adviser and literary guide until his death, at forty-eight, in 1931.

This unsuspected cache of 600 intimate letters and forty-seven candid journals was come upon only recently in the library archives of the University of North Carolina, to which Mary Haskell had bequeathed her papers before her death in 1964. In making her donation to the library at Chapel Hill, Mary, by then the widow of J. Florance Minis of Savannah, Georgia, made no stipulation about the possible use of this revealing personal record. It seems quite possible that she wished it to be discovered after more than half a century of careful guardianship. Supporting this viewpoint is the episode that occurred when she came to New York at the time of Gibran's death to help Barbara Young, his executor, go through his possessions. In his West Tenth Street studio the two women found a concealed box that held, to Mary's apparent surprise, all the letters she had written him in their nearly twenty-seven years of close association. Although Barbara Young had known of this friendship she had never guessed the true nature of the bond and is said to have "implored" Mary to burn everything, including her own collection of his letters to her, arguing the possibility of future "misunderstandings" that might arise among Gibran's many devotees. At first Mary agreed. Later she reneged. Kahlil's relationship with her was a part of history; it had always been more than merely personal. She believed Gibran had things to say that were universal and eternal; he belonged to the ages. "More will love you as years go by," she had once written him, "long, long after your body is dust."

On this last point she appears to have been right. Publishing statistics about Gibran's enduring, even growing, popularity may well astonish those who have assumed the Lebanese mystic to be long since outmoded. Although his paintings—vaporous, allegorical studies with such titles as *The Spirit of Light, The Heavenly Mother*—have not survived changing tastes in art, his small aphoristic books, written in mystical, semi-biblical prose, are still selling—forty years after his death—close to half a million copies annually in the United States alone. As for his best-known work, *The Prophet*, so frequently turned to in marriage, baptism, and funeral services, it has, in various American editions, sold nearly four million copies; at last count, approximately seven thousand copies were being bought each week. To clinch the point of Gibran's contemporary influence and relevance, his publishers, Alfred A. Knopf, further inform us that on college campuses he is quoted as often as Jesus and Ayn Rand, which certainly places him in a unique philosophic and literary triumvirate.

It does not lie within the province of this review to undertake a personal judgment of the collected works of Kahlil Gibran. We are concerned here only with the story revealed, through letters and diaries, of a singular relationship between two people of wholly unlike background and temperament, caught and attached by such immediate and irresistible ties that the two captives themselves came to believe their bond could only be a very ancient "karmic" one. Kahlil Gibran met Mary Haskell in 1904 when he was twenty-one years old, a sensitive, frail, unknown, proverty-stricken Lebanese to whom a Boston photographer had offered the use of his studio for a show of drawings. Mary Elizabeth Haskell was invited to the showing. The daughter of a distinguished and conservative Southern Confederate family, Mary had attended Wellesley and afterwards, with her sister, Louisa, founded a school for girls, first in Boston, later in Cambridge.

Mary and Kahlil's first meeting took place in May. By the winter of the same year Mary had persuaded Kahlil to swallow his pride and accept her help in going to Paris to study. From then on she was the most significant force in his life. Although she continued to reside at her schools in Massachusetts whereas he installed himself in a New York studio after his return from Europe, they managed frequent clandestine meetings and kept up a constant exchange of letters. Not only did Mary mother him through his many illnesses, she corrected his English pronunciation when he read aloud, his syntax and phrasing when he wrote. She suggested galleries to visit, books to read, diets, hair treatments, hand creams, Turkish baths, medicines, investments, furnishings for his studio, and she urged more exercise, more time alone, more trips into the sun. In return for this unswerving concern (of which the financial part was relatively incidental since Mary herself was far from rich), Gibran offered his total devotion: "You and my Destiny are inseparable." They did, in fact, fall passionately in love with one another, and yet this love was, by their own decision, never physically consummated. In these easygoing days of The Pill it may be difficult to sympathize with the emotional and physical tortures Mary and Kahlil chose to endure so short a time ago, or even to respect their denial not only of sexual union but of marriage as well—the latter, in part at least, because of the dis-

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parity in their ages. She was ten years his senior.

Throughout this collection of letters and diary entries, so carefully winnowed and annotated by its editor, Virginia Hilu, the recurrent theme of burning physical attraction and painful voluntary self-denial runs like a scarlet thread. The candid heart-searching which Mary brings to their dilemma somehow tends to check dismissal of it as merely conventional submission to the prevailing social mores of the time. Their plight does serve, however, to evoke a strong sense of period, a quality further enforced by the many references, mostly on Kahlil's part, to New York life forty years ago when a rising young artist could meet, converse with, and even paint portraits of such distinguished residents and visitors as W. B. Yeats, Sarah Bernhardt, Pierre Lotí, C. G. Jung, and Alfred Ryder. Two of Kahlil's portraits of Mary appear in *Beloved Prophet*. The first shows a face lively, sensual, intelligent, witty, and faintly quizzical. The second and older face suggests a subtle interior suffering.

In spite of Gibran's continuing fame it is Mary's personality, as revealed in her own words, that here arouses the reader's deeper interest. She is the one who remains the real enigma. Although surely no prude, she plainly chose to live within the confines of the puritan tradition. How was it then that she went to pose in the nude for the artist Arthur B. Davies, without considering it anything particularly unusual—until Gibran protested? What was it that drove her, summer after summer, to the high Sierras, where she would live alone for weeks, often wearing no clothes, with only birds and animals for company? What on earth was she doing in the ranch country of Wenatchee, Washington? Why did she finally choose as a husband (after rejecting, it would appear, any number of equally eligible suitors) Florance Minis, the elderly Savannah widower, a former cousin by marriage? It was certainly not for the Minis money, because she continued to live frugally as always and, on her husband's death, quietly gave away her inheritance, ending her days in modest circumstances and, at the last, as a virtual recluse.

In the lines and between the lines of this seemingly candid record of an unusual relationship there lurk psychological mysteries not too easily evaluated in the terms of our contemporary analytical vocabulary. *Beloved Prophet* might well be described as a mystery story of a very special genre.

Nancy Wilson Ross is a novelist and social historian. Among her books are *The Left Hand Is the Dreamer, Westward the Women, The World of Zen,* and *Three Ways of Asian Wisdom.*

THE QUALITY OF HURT: The Autobiography of Chester Himes (Vol. I)

Doubleday, 351 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Richard H. Gaines

■ The sweet serenity of books, as Longfellow put it (how long ago!), is out the window when it comes to modern authors—especially blacks such as Chester Himes. He's a scourge.

Decent folk, black or white, may not like or deserve his lash, or enjoy the sluttishness and the real or exaggerated satyriasis present in this first volume of Himes's autobiography—as in most of his fiction—but one factor overrides every demur. When you read Himes you know you are in the hands of a literary master.

Born in Missouri in 1909 of an almost-white mother proud of her white ancestors and a black father, who was a college professor of wheelwrighting and smithing, Chester early in life ran into the baffling love-hate syndrome that was to inform his works. His mother looked down on his father's black relatives and was also infuriated by any condescension from whites. His father later appeared to him something of an Uncle Tom, but he loved him. As he did, intensely, his spirited mother.

The family—the mother and father always at loggerheads—moved frequently. In Mississippi the black schools were so bad that the mother herself undertook the education of Chester and his beloved brother, Joe, who was later to be blinded in an accident for which Chester held himself and his mother responsible. Both boys were brilliant, and Joe eventually graduated *magna cum laude* from Oberlin College. But when the family moved north, and Chester with high hopes entered Ohio State University, he ran into bigotry and soon drifted away into the Cleveland ghetto, where he took to gambling, whoring, and petty crime. Finally caught in his first felony (armed burglary), he received the most painful of the many hurts of his life—a sentence of from twenty to twenty-five years in the Ohio State Penitentiary.

The only good thing about his term in prison, which he entered at the age of nineteen, was that Himes started to write there. By 1934 he was publishing short stories in *Esquire*—a fact that, Himes notes, may well have saved his life since "the screws could not kill me after my name began appearing in national publications. . . ." Released in 1936, he married a boyhood sweetheart, "an extremely beautiful brown-skinned girl," and set out with her for Los Angeles. In California, "from the accumulation . . . of racial hurts," he wrote his searing novel *If He Hollers Let Him Go.* Himes's comments about Los Angeles—and about New York, where the destitute couple later lived—are trenchant:

> Los Angeles hurt me racially as much as any city I have ever known—much more than any city I remember from the South. It was the lying hypocrisy that hurt me. . . . The only thing that surprised me about the race riots in Watts in 1965 was that they waited so long to happen. . . .
>
> New York hurt me in a different way—by accepting me. That sounds like a contradiction, but it's the truth. I knew that, as much as I had been hurt by then, I was sick. But New York accepted me as normal, and that made me sicker.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

NO SUCH ANIMALS!

The gifted animals in Column 1 ran away from their homes in Column 2. Marilyn Rosenman of Wallingford, Pennsylvania, requests that they be rounded up and returned. Answers on page 71.

1. A motoring toad ( )
2. Horses wiser than men ( )
3. A fox that molds a tar baby ( )
4. A turkey that acts as J. P. ( )
5. A young elephant king who rules justly ( )
6. A pessimistic donkey ( )
7. A typing cockroach ( )
8. A smoking caterpillar ( )
9. A dual-headed llama that serves as ship's lookout ( )
10. A literate spider ( )
11. A pig that leads a revolution ( )
12. A wolf that mothers a boy ( )

a. *Adventures of Babar and Celeste*
b. *Alice in Wonderland*
c. *Animal Farm*
d. *archy and mehitabel*
e. *Charlotte's Web*
f. *Dr. Dolittle and the Pirates*
g. *Gulliver's Travels*
h. *The Jungle Book*
i. *The Owl and the Pussycat*
j. *Uncle Remus*
k. *The Wind in the Willows*
l. *Winnie-the-Pooh*

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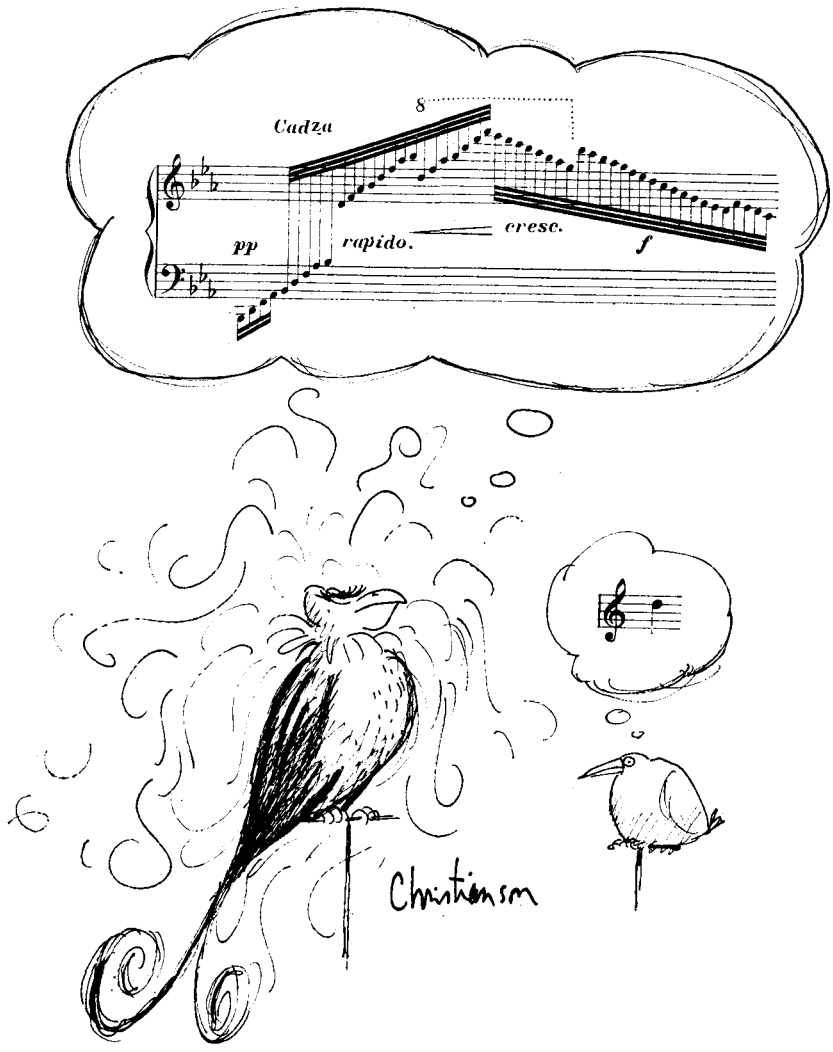
Using Harlem as a base, Himes continued to write at intervals between a variety of jobs. In the midst of his struggle to subsist his wife left him ("After fourteen years of love and marriage we had lost each other. It was no one's fault, really.") Whereupon he took up with a white nymph named Vandi. Then, in 1953, Himes's agent finally sold his novel *The Third Generation.* With the payment for one of his prison stories Himes took off alone for Paris on the *Ile de France,* having beaten and nearly killed Vandi in a fit of jealousy.

The section of *The Quality of Hurt* that begins with his departure from New York—it is, in many ways, better than Hemingway's *A Moveable Feast*—contains as many novel twists as Himes's detective stories. On about the third day out to sea, for instance, a married white woman named Alva throws herself at him and by the time her Dutch husband picks her up at Le Havre Alva and Himes have fallen crazily in love. Later, they live together in France, England, and Spain. Always writing (she wrote too: *The Golden Chalice*), they are frequently penniless and repeatedly encounter racial prejudice. Finally, Alva returns to America without him.

Spain, the land of Lazarillo and Quixote, where he now resides, is a fitting domicile for Himes, for his autobiography reads like a picaresque novel—a brilliant one that, in this case, happens to be true. A gifted storyteller, Himes is a master at describing people and places.

Unfortunately, he has a tendency to brag about his virility *à la* Hemingway. And the racial tribalism implied in his use of "soul brother" also put me off, believing as I do that no race has a monopoly on soul and that all men are brothers. These, however, are minor cavils. The book is fascinating, and beneath its realistic surface runs an undercurrent of Faustian tragedy. For not only does one discern in these pages the spirit of vengeful evil that seems to assist Himes in achieving his goals, whether carnal or artistic, but the presence of innate good. He is at once menacing and admirable, darkly tragic and luminously human.

Richard H. Gaines is a former actor, director, and professor who contributes as a critic to the Los Angeles *Times* and other publications.



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COLLECTED POEMS: 1958-1970

by George MacBeth

Atheneum, 254 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by Patrick J. Callahan

■ George MacBeth's *Collected Poems: 1958-1970* affords a wide-angle view of one of the more versatile poets writing in Britain today. And, although MacBeth has previously published six volumes of verse, this one, which gathers the poet's choice of his earlier work as well as some new poems, is the best showcase to date for his far-ranging talents. Here one finds both searing portrayals of modern love—detailed down to the lady's mole—and soap-bubble poetic jokes which, as MacBeth says, were "written for those who (like myself) regard themselves as children." Forms range from the exploded typography of "op" to such traditional forms as the sonnet. But the tonal reach of these poems is perhaps their greatest surprise. This man can gear language to whatever effect he wants: humor, satiric wit, liturgical solemnity, or psychological horror.

MacBeth's metrical virtuosity is such that he seems equally at home in almost any form. In his lighter poems he often uses free verse, rhymed couplets, or ballad stanza; in his more serious poetry he may turn to tradition for Petrarchan sonnets or blank verse, to his contemporaries for that stress-scanned line so frequent since William Carlos Williams. MacBeth's experimental poems are most interesting for their tendency to play in rhythm, as seen by his use of rock-music beat in "Lady Dracula" or "The Auschwitz Rag," as well as by his pure-sound experiments. Some of these experiments rely on rhythmic chanting of nonsense syllables; MacBeth accompanies others during his readings by drumming a small stick against the lectern. But none make any sense on the printed page. Mercifully, the pure-sound experiments occupy few pages.

In MacBeth's light verse and experimental poetry anything goes, including the detached typography of the Concretists and strange do-it-yourself poems that one is supposed to paste upon playing cards and deal out to partners for reading. If a number of these are wearisome, others are genuinely entertaining but, for all their cleverness, they are not what MacBeth does best. What he does best is to write a poetry of psychological inscape so intense, yet so bleak, that the "fun and games" section of his book may be seen as a retreat, a place to gather one's senses before passing on to some new vision of hell.

MacBeth's serious verse gains its effect through a massing of details, and it is his prowess here that, combined with his considerable dramatic instincts, his ability to get inside his characters and bring their thoughts alive, accounts for his successes in the dramatic monologue. "A Confession," for instance, is the monologue of a woman who has had an abortion, and who confides to the priest her irrational terror that some small piece of fetus, missed by the surgeon's forceps, has remained alive and is growing:

> It might be growing again from one bit left,
> A resurrected monster, like a giant lizard
> Sprung from a tadpole, gathering itself for revenge
> On me and its father.

As the woman remembers the manner in which the abortion proceeded, the poem becomes as merciless as her own guilt:

> Each morning, screens: and forceps picking at me,
> Dismembering the corpse in penny numbers.
> That last day was the worst. Like having the curse
> Worse than when it's worst. I was having a baby
> Born in bits. I could recognize it then:
> Solid: not blood: I could see cells and things.

Her feelings are intensified by the sight of a plaster of Paris Virgin Mary, visible from the confessional, which leads her to confide her final and most bitter fears to the priest:

> Only two people would know
> If Christ came back I might have murdered Him
> And you'd be one of them. You've said on Sundays
> We're punished for our sins. What could mine be
> For crucifying someone in my womb?

MacBeth gives the poem motion and structure through shifts in setting. As the woman's mind jumps in an almost random fashion from priest to church interior to her memories of the hospital, MacBeth supplies his readers with a chronology of events that interpret the poem's "present." Other monologues that exhibit the same disciplined intensity, if the same bleak tone, include "The Disciple," a piercing glance into a Nazi executioner's mind as he goes about his work with the corpses and the gas, and "Early Warning," a monologue in which a dying Eskimo prays for mercy—to the ice-covered wreckage of a SAC bomber.

While MacBeth is adept at handling

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 k, 2g, 3j, 4i, 5a, 6 l, 7d, 8b, 9f, 10e, 11c, 12h.

WIT TWISTER #266

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Her — — — —, which never framed untruth,

— — — — homilies and sayings sooth,

Yet part, when she can sip unseen,

To let hard liquor — — — — between!

—A.S.

(Answer on page 73)

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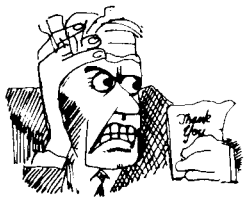

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almost unbearable psychological pain, rendering it through larger and larger doses of violence, at times he seems to seek out excuses to exercise that talent. His antiwar poems are a case in point. "Driving West," the longest poem in the book, goes flat through the sheer monotony of death and carnage. It tells the story of two survivors of nuclear attack, both of whom are dying of radiation poisoning as they struggle to find each other in the midst of a nightmare scene of ruins and cooked human carcasses. The poem fails in part because it has nowhere to go, in part because the lovers are never established as of any importance. "The Crab-Apple Crisis," another antiwar poem, is similar in theme but utterly unlike in its treatment, and is as much a success as "Driving West" is a failure. The poet takes thirty-eight levels of nuclear escalation, from "Rung 1: Ostensible Crisis" to "Rung 38: Spasm or Insensate War," and makes each a heading for heightening tension in a neighbors' quarrel over a crab-apple tree. The poem moves through a controlled shifting of tone: at the beginning it seems mainly humorous, by the middle one is no longer sure, by the end it is utterly chilling.

A number of MacBeth's poems offer glimpses into nature, showing murderous cruelty with a kind of objective eye, but always making the reader wonder to what extent the poem comments on the realm of the human. One such poem, "The God of Love," portrays a defensive circle of musk-oxen caught in a "whirlpool of wolves." The calves which the adult oxen protect are lying dead in the snow, thus making their stolid courage meaningless. MacBeth sees the doomed oxen as sacrifices to a grim "love god," perhaps nature herself. Similarly, when men and women fall in love they enter nature's instinctual world and the same "whirlpool of wolves." Love is conflict, even depredation, as MacBeth makes clear in "The Death-Bell," addressing his lover: "All I own/ Sinks into this: that we are still at war/ And burn like soldiers in the heat."

Love's combat finds its longest and most effective presentation in "A Light in Winter," the last of the book's section of love poems. In the following scene, a nympholeptic professor and a suicidal co-ed seal their love tryst:

At Putney once
They strolled in prickling sunlight,
spitting pips
Of grapes in the river.
Tanned by inward light,
Her pitted face, pinched by the winter
heat,
Faltered in smiling, as they paused.
By an oak,
Racked into hollow fretwork, she
stretched up
And kissed his neck.
He touched her razored arms,

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Grown to the tree's heart.
So their pact was sealed
In hungry April.

The setting, as almost always in MacBeth's work, is clearly drawn: a season, a sunny day, a river, two lovers under an oak tree. Images are made to do everything here, for the scene's significance emerges not through editorial comments but through the poet's skillful use of visual detail. For instance, the lady's "razored arms" suggest a recent suicide attempt, and come clear at the instant of the kiss to provide a foreboding comment on it. Furthermore, images of the natural scene assimilate the lovers in a montage: the lady's face is "tanned by inward light," the man is "grown to the tree's heart." Yet just as the lovers merge with "hungry April" so, too, they will be devoured by it; their unreasoning passion will inevitably rip them apart as the benison of this early meeting degenerates into lust, jealousy, and murderous betrayal. Sixteen pages long, "A Light in Winter" builds toward its climax through the same inevitable structure of images as is revealed in the brief passage quoted above. MacBeth may seem grim, but he is most assuredly a craftsman.

Yet in this extended work, as in other of his serious poems, MacBeth's characters are caught in a bad dream. They can't act because, like the musk-oxen, they never comprehend their situation. They can only react—to their guilt, their passions, to cosmic accident. Such heroes-as victims never awaken, they never make decisions. In fact, all they are able to do well is to feel pain. To increase the intensity of their pain is perhaps the only thing any writer can do with them; hence, MacBeth cumulatively injects ever more massive shots of violence and agony into the stanzas until the poem finally explodes. This esthetic is not one of tragedy, which requires a universe informed with meaning and which assumes man's significance; in MacBeth's poetry, however, it seems to function as a substitute for it. Still, if the characters in such art as George MacBeth's are too small-scale to make tragedy possible, at least they can squeal convincingly when they are dismembered. Employing violence as a surrogate for tragic catastrophe appears to be an increasingly common practice in the arts—one thinks of the film *Easy Rider*; of James Dickey's novel, *Deliverance*. MacBeth stands as a master of this kind of effect; he can destroy his characters with consummate craftsmanship.

Patrick Callahan teaches in the Department of English at the University of Notre Dame and is a free-lance critic.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 71: lips, Lisp, slip.

POE POE POE POE POE POE POE

by Daniel Hoffman

Doubleday, 339 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Robert D. Spector

■ Yet another book on Poe? Daniel Hoffman himself raises the question. Poe has been analyzed and psychoanalyzed; he has been the subject and target of literary historians, psychiatrists, and estheticians. Does his work even merit the attention it has been given? To be sure, he was the darling of Baudelaire and the French Symbolists, but was James Russell Lowell really wrong in labeling "Three fifths of him genius, two fifths sheer fudge"? Hoffman does not deny the fudge: "Tamerlane" is a poem nobody would read unless he "*had* to"; "Al Aaraaf" is "Poe's most ambitious failure"; Poe's philosophy is often "guff," the "lunatic consolations of a desperately unhappy man."

But for Hoffman the poems, even where "terrible," remain "unforgettable" and Poe, whether writing in verse or prose, is a truly "haunted man" who has "the power to haunt his readers." It is this Poe that Hoffman set out to write about. His book concerns itself—as few other works on the author have done—not only with "the propensities of Poe's mind, the scope of his Art," but with "the sources of his claims on us and the nature of our responses to those claims." More particularly, Hoffman describes the effect of Poe on Hoffman himself, an almost

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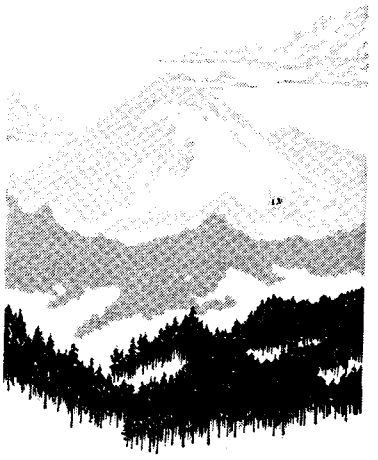

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lifelong experience in which "Edgarpoe wormed his way into my guts and gizzard and haunted my brain and laid a spell upon my soul which this long harangue is an attempt to exorcise."

Without much exaggeration Hoffman might have entitled his book *Poe and I*. The approach has dangers. Familiarity breeds an informality that at times undercuts the critical seriousness. Poe becomes "Eddie," "Idgar," and "Hoaxiepoe." With what can only be described as self-indulgence, Hoffman yields to puns that detract from the point he is making: "A body'd have to be stark raven mad to go along with Poe's ludicrous poem!" He permits his organization to lapse into anecdote, having then to recall it with, "Where did we leave him?" There is something irritating, patronizing, about Hoffman's deliberate vulgarity: "But the next couplet nearly blows it!"; "You dumdum, I asked myself. . . ." Some of this is no doubt inseparable from Hoffman's purpose—his need to show the particular effect of Poe's writing on himself—but it is noteworthy that he can and does manage without it as he gets further into his work and down to the hard business of analyzing the tales, which for him are Poe's major achievement.

One can only hope that these mannerisms will not dissuade readers from taking seriously Hoffman's critical perception of the forces at work in Poe's writing. Hoffman understands the tortured, tormented artist "always about to explode into the pieces of his divided, anguished self." He perceives that Poe's "efforts at unification are arbitrary, willed, obsessional, incomplete." More importantly, Hoffman recognizes why it is that we respond to Poe's writing. "Unusual as are Poe's particular obsessions and compulsions," Hoffman insists, "the attachments of which they are variant forms and the instincts which they embody are the common properties of our human inheritance. Thus Poe, out of the very peculiarity of his psychic makeup, speaks to us not as a psychotic but as a man."

Persuasive in making his central point, Hoffman is even more impressive in his particular comments. An admirable poet himself, Hoffman analyzes the riches and weaknesses in Poe's poetry: a fine craftsmanship destroyed by Poe's insistence that poems "*must be* about the death of a beautiful woman, expressed as indefinitely . . . as possible." He examines Poe's poetic principles both in themselves and for their influence and sees the manner in which they were destructive of his own poetry even as they established him as the high priest of the Religion of Art that was worshiped by Baudelaire and Valéry and found its disciples in Eliot and Stevens.

Hoffman is at his best with Poe's tales, those works that first drew him to the author, that enthralled him in childhood and pursued him in adolescent dreams. Point after point is tellingly made: The function of the dull-witted narrator to express the reader's awe at Dupin's disentanglement of the mysteries in "The Purloined Letter" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue"; the significance of those voyages to the moon, to the bottom of the sea, and through time—using balloon, boat, drugs, and trances as means of freeing the spirit from the mortal clay; and the sources of horror in the forbidden mysteries of "The Fall of the House of Usher."

For Hoffman, Poe's "poems and tales are an elaborate repertoire of masks: Poe Poe Poe Poe Poe. . . ." With intelligence, sympathy, and excitement, he has revealed the face they hide and has brought Poe and his work into clearer view than they have ever been before.

Robert D. Spector, chairman of the English Department at Long Island University, has written extensively on British and American fiction since the eighteenth century. His most recent book is a study of Tobias Smollett.

"Here it is, only April, and I'm already sick of politics."

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(Continued on page 80)

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(Continued from page 79)

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For Summer Rental

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JUDGMENT RIDGE — Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($150 extra). 36 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, farming, hiking, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

ARIZONA RANCH CAMP. Challenging opportunities for boys and girls 7-17 in horsemanship, creative arts, environmental and ecological studies, sports, swimming, desert survival on 40,000 acre ranch. Extensive southwestern travel. Optional academic work. Nationwide enrollment. A.C.A. accredited. 43rd year. Also winter school. Quarter Circle V Bar Ranch, Box SR, Mayer, Arizona 86333.

OVERWEIGHT GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camp. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Camp Stanley, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Also Camp Tahoe for Overweight Boys. Phone 212-947-7749.

WILDERNESS JEEP CAMPING—Small groups ages 10-14, families. Desert Expeditions, Palm Desert, California 92260.

INTERNATIONAL RANGER CAMPS—Set in breathtaking French Swiss Alps and scenic Denmark. Accredited American Camping Association. Coed 8-15. All activities, languages, excursions. $320 per 3 weeks. Write: Hans T. Spengler, 330 East 49th Street, NYC, 10017.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Arts & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318.

JOIN A MARINE ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Send for brochure: UNDER SEA ACADEMY, 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. 412-335-8844.

SAWTOOTH WILDERNESS CAMP—An exciting and meaningful camping experience. Valuable outdoor skills taught. In Idaho's spectacular White Cloud mountains. Boys 10-16. July 8th-29th, August 5th-26th. Box 153, Sun Valley, Idaho 83353.

CAPE COD SEA CAMPS. Boys and girls, 7-17, resident and day. 190 acres, private beach, pool and lake. 60-boat fleet. Older campers may specialize. Full range of activities. Separate Junior Camp. Counselor-camper ratio 1:6. 51st season. Member A.C.A. Also pre-season Sailing and post-season Wrestling Camps. Write: MONOMOY-WONO, Box J, East Brewster, Massachusetts 02640.

BROWN LEDGE—Mallett's Bay, Vermont, "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

READING CAMP. Speed-remedial. Friendship Center, Wisconsin. Individual attention by certified reading specialists. Enthusiastic, fun-loving staff. Coed, 9 to 20. Mary Konle, 12418 West Rosemary, New Berlin, Wisconsin 53151. 414-425-0629.

CAMPS

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 10036. 212-736-1660.

THE PUTNEY WORK CAMP provides an experience that integrates work and recreation, the arts and current concerns. A vitalizing summer with well selected contemporaries in a country setting. Coed, ages 13-17. The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346. 802-387-4212.

NOYES JUNIOR CAMP—Creative arts, flowing dance, mountain, lake. Portland, Connecticut.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

VACATIONS

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. 28771. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Secluded, informal, rustic-yet entirely modern. Southern hospitality amidst Alpine splendor. Recommended by AAA, Duncan Hines. American Plan only. Excellent cuisine. Late May to November. No children under 12. Brochure. Bob Stone & Bill Timmerman, Owner/Hosts. Tel. 704-479-3433.

WILD LOONS CALL from Indian Lake's clear mountain waters, Adirondacks. American Plan, families, adults. Rustic, informal. Sailing, horses, guided canoe trips. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

VERMONT'S FAMOUS FAMILY RESORT on Lake Champlain. Complete Color Brochure. TYLER PLACE, Box 133, Highgate Springs, Vermont 05460.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811. THE SHARY'S.

CARIBBEAN SEA — Idyllic beach. Superb snorkeling. Cabana efficiencies. CARIBE PLAYA, Patillas, Puerto Rico.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

NEW SWISS CHALETS, completely furnished, electric kitchen, carpeted, 2 bedrooms, full bath, fireplace, beautiful view. Week, month. Alpina, RFD, Wallingford, Vermont 05773. 802-446-2754.

YOU'LL FIND WILD RICE PANCAKES south of Canada. Shingwauk Village . . . for that northern Minnesota vacation on your mind. Everything that's special about northern Minnesota is Shingwauk Village . . . from a crystal lake to "wild rice pancakes" . . . great fishing . . . swimming pool . . . golf . . . supervised children's activities . . nonhousekeeping cottages . . . hearty home cooking. Vacation on your mind? Check the map, you'll find northern Minnesota just South Of Canada . . . right in the middle of: Shingwauk Village, Box 37, Aitkin, Minnesota 56431.

RELAXED ISLAND TROPADISE. Endless beach, pool. Caribe Adventure Inn, 158S, Sanibel Island, Florida 33957.

WYOMING WILDERNESS—Small, secluded guest ranch south of Jackson Hole. Quiet, relaxed, personable. Family rates. Box Y Ranch, Box 1172B, Jackson Hole, Wyoming 83001.

PARADOR MARTORELL, Inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Don and Kathie Murray, Dept. 6, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

(Continued on page 82)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 81)

FAVORITE HIDEAWAY IN PATAGONIA . . . where Saturday Review readers . . . and SR editors go. Circle Z Ranch, Patagonia, Arizona 85624. Brochure.

A COOL, CLEAN TEN MILES AT SEA . . . serene island, quiet, fourteen-guest inn, June-September. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

COLORADO ROCKIES—Family tent camping vacation bordering the Snowmass Wilderness. Everything provided. Richard Car-Skaden, Box 446, Aspen, Colorado 81611.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts 02568.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE COAST. Your week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food and exciting sailing. $150 weekly—no extras. For brochure: Schooner Timberwind, Box 247B, Rockport, Maine 04856.

BUCKS COUNTY — If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a charming country inn. 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. For a brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel. 215-297-5661.

CAMDEN, MAINE—A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Windjammer cruises, lobster boats or just quiet contemplation. WHITEHALL INN has reflected this magic since 1902. A historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits. June opening. A.P., M.A.P. Write Box SR, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine 04843.

NASSAU—Relax in 1-2-3 room apartments. On excellent beach, pool. Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

1780 LOG HOUSE — Superbly restored, furnished, equipped, charming Appalachian setting year round. Choppingdale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia 24432.

OVERLOOKING THE BLUE PACIFIC in San Francisco. Residential area. Seal Rock Inn Motel, 545 Point Lobos Avenue, 94121. Write for rates.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year round resort on private beach.

ECHO VALLEY — Secluded housekeeping cabins near Mount Rushmore. Keystone, South Dakota 57751.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

NANTUCKET, Island of Enchantment, 30 miles at sea, less than one hour by air from New York or Boston. Sandy beaches, warm water swimming, surfing, golf, your favorite sports, varied evening entertainment. Well-equipped boat basin. Modern accommodations. Excellent restaurants. Advance reservations recommended for August. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 45 Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

GASCON RANCH. Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

WILDERNESS-COMFORT: Rugged, inviting: Historic, new. An unusual vacation of contrasts is yours sailing a foreign ocean inside North America. Where? Up North on a great adventure cruise into Manitoba's Wilderness. The M.S. Lord Selkirk, a new luxury cruise ship, sails the prairie inland ocean, Lake Winnipeg (9,398 sq. miles), every week June through October, on fabulous fun-filled five-day cruises. All inclusive rates start at the low price of $135 per person. Write Venture Manitoba Tours Ltd., Dept. SR3, P.O. Box 1701, Winnipeg R3C 2Z6.

ESCAPE crowds, tension, pollution, newspapers and hotelitis. Come to our little Caribbean island and relax. Simple comforts, good food, wine, beach, clear water and cooling tradewinds. Bring a book and unwind. 20 miles but light years from St. Thomas. MARINA CAY, Tortola, British Virgin Islands. Brochure.

VACATIONS

SUN VALLEY, IDAHO—Luxurious, split-level, 3 bedroom, fully-equipped condominium available for seasonal rental. Also for summer months. $600 month. Ideally situated, center of village, shuttle bus to lifts, free use of heated pool. Write SR Box G-433.

UNCROWDED, UNSPOILED, WOODED Connecticut campsites. Swimming. Box 432, Watertown, Connecticut 06795.

YOUR OWN PRIVATE FLOATING VILLA. Aquavilla is a new resort in Eleuthera Bahamas, where each couple gets a spacious private suite of rooms floating atop crystal clear Bahamian waters. Complete water sports center, brand new tennis court, and The Captain's Table restaurant. And all for about half what you'd spend at other island resorts. See your travel agent or write our reservations office: Aquavilla Reservations, Box N7535, Nassau, Bahamas.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

ON A CLEAR BLUE LAKE. Cottage colony in towering pines. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Delicious meals. Water skiing, canoe trips, tennis, lobster bakes, sauna, entertainment. Breakfast and dinner included. Color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

DEAD INDIAN RANCH offering backpacking into the North Absaroka Wilderness and the Beartooth Primitive Area. Mrs. Paul Ritterbrown, Sunlight Stage, Cody, Wyoming 82414.

MAINE. Bogtrotters, botanists, birders, other boarders. Roam, read, relax by the sea. The Bucks, Craignair, Spruce Head, Maine 04859.

THOUSAND ISLANDS FAMILY VACATION—Meals, congenial, reasonable. Brochure, McGarry, 45 Callingham, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534.

NEW MEXICO RANCH RESORT—Bring the children to one of America's finest ranch resorts located just 5 minutes from historic Santa Fe. Enjoy the clean, invigorating mountain air and the wholesome activities supervised by trained counselors. Riding, swimming, fishing, golf, tennis, trap and skeet shooting, pack trips and cookouts. Fascinating shops, art colony and world famous opera in nearby Santa Fe. Excellent food and accommodations. Special Holiday Package including daily horseback riding available. For complete information and reservations, contact James R. Thorpe, Manager, The Bishop's Lodge, Box 2367-R, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501. Telephone 505-983-6378.

DIVERSIFY YOUR VACATION—Castles, gardens, manors and churches in Scandinavia. Brief study tour for adults July-August. Write to Association for Cultural Exchange, 539 West 112th, NYC, 10025.

VERMONT—The Beckoning Country: Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained inn. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, air conditioning. 802-247-5766. Write Brandon Inn, A Vermont Resort, Box 206, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $140 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

HOTEL ON SMALL ISLAND—Pool, superb beaches, remote, peaceful. $25 double. Write Sportsman's House, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765. 809-741-3751.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine, In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

SHELBURNE MUSEUM VACATION! Tour 45 acres, 35 buildings, plus breakfast, dinner, gratuity, tax, new air conditioned motel room, color television. All for $19.95 per person double occupancy, May 15th through June 30th and all September only. Shelburne Inn and New Motel, Box 4, Shelburne, Vermont, U.S. 7.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

VACATIONS

THORN HILL LODGE. Charming country inn on quiet hillside facing Mt. Washington. Swimming pool, lawn sports. $80 up weekly including your choice of 2 or 3 meals daily. D. Darville, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

VERMONT. Luxury resort and condominiums on scenic hillside. 9 hole golf, heated pool, championship tennis, fishing. Low May, June rates. Fox Run, Box O-SR, Ludlow, Vermont 05149. 802-228-8101.

WORKSHOPS

ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION: the Swedish Way. 1 and 2-week trips April, May, June including the U.N. Conference. $500-$900 from New York. Write SAS Environmental Workshops, 138-02 Queens Boulevard, Jamaica, N.Y. 11435 or call 212-657-8000.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

WEST INDIES WORK CAMP—High school students and teenage island counterparts live together and construct needed community projects. Six weeks. Ages 16-18. Cost $750. Operation Crossroads Africa, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.

VERMONT SUMMER ARTS CENTER for amateurs and professionals. Chamber music, arts, crafts, dance, yoga. Weekly session, or longer, June 25th-August 20th. Creative vacation on a college campus in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Write: Anne Allen, Executive Secretary, Lyndon State College, Lyndonville, Vermont 05851.

CONFERENCE CENTER, Berkshires. Available for small groups. Inviting informality; tennis, swimming. Box 88, Hancock, Massachusetts 01237. 413-738-5032.

ADIRONDACK SUMMER WORKSHOPS. Ceramics, weaving, sculpture. Brochure (SR), Brant Lakes Art Center, 3083 May Road, Wantagh, N.Y. 11793.

WEST COAST Summer Humanities Workshop—coed, for high school students—Claremont Men's College, June 25th-July 22nd. Box 25, Inglewood, California 90306.

SUMMER WORKSHOP: Mime, Opera, Acting. June 18th-July 29th. $490. Write Valley Studio, Spring Green, Wisconsin 53588.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN—ENGLAND. SCHILLER COLLEGE—See "Studies Abroad." Liberal arts, language, theatre.

LONDON THEATRE NOW! "Leisure-Learning," modern vacations for people who want to learn as they play. Includes excellent university lecturers, outstanding plays, modern college accommodations, excursions. 2 weeks only $235! Symposium Seminars Abroad, 714 Park Towne West, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19130.

SUMMER SESSIONS AT SEA. World Campus Afloat accredited study cruises to South Pacific and Asia. Workshops, seminars, classes and travel for educators, businessmen, other adult groups. Brochure: Chapman College, CC13, Orange, California 92666, or phone 714-633-8821, Ext. 317.

ROME, ITALY. Diversified curriculum. Outstanding faculty. Etruscan archaeological program. Classes June 12th-July 19th. $760. Trinity College/Rome Campus, Hartford, Connecticut 06106.

IRELAND OFFERS exceptional academic experiences for international college students. Write Institute of Irish Studies, U.S. Office, Franconia, N.H. 03580.

SUMMER ABROAD: Age groups 14-18, 17-22, 10-14. 4-6 weeks, from $595. Language-study-travel. Sports and camp; underwater archaeology. Programs in France, Spain, Switzerland, Austria, Mexico. Cost includes flights, much sightseeing, festivities. European Language Institute, SR, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10017.

HIGH SCHOOL SPANISH PROGRAM — One month in beautiful hacienda in Colima, Mexico. Write: Richard Hancock, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

FILM IN BRITAIN: Third Annual Seminar, London, June 26th-July 28th. Six graduate credits. Conducted by Dr. Ray Fielding and Kenneth Adam, former BBC-TV head. Covers all aspects of contemporary British film. Also seminars on "British Broadcasting in Transition" and "Mass Media in Mexico." School of Communications, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122.

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SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

INTERNATIONAL STUDIES FOR EDUCATORS. Summer 1972. Graduate and undergraduate credit programs in Europe, U.S.S.R., England, Israel, New Zealand and Africa covering elementary and secondary subjects. Information: Dr. Frank Klassen, American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education, One Dupont Circle, Washington, D.C. 20036.

COURSES AT OXFORD—3-6 weeks for adults and college students. Archaeology, Theatre, Art, History, Literature, English Houses and Furniture. $650-$990 inclusive. Association for Cultural Exchange, 539 West 112th, NYC, 10025. Tel: 212-666-1605.

SUMMER ON A GREEK ISLAND Aegina Arts Centre happens on the Greek island of Aegina offering workshops in music, painting, poetry, theatre, photography, dance, archaeology, Greek. World-famous lecturers. Surrounded by sun, sea, wine, and friends of all ages. One month tuition $300. AEGINA ARTS CENTRE, 136 West 52nd Street, NYC, 10019. 212-LT 1-1150.

LONDON THEATRE WORKSHOP, 1972. Exciting vacation/study at Imperial College of London University. Theatre, Action Seminars, Cinema. Students and non-students. $545. July 29th-August 26th. Box 7124, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin 53213.

ACCREDITED CAMPS in Switzerland, ages 8-18. University and living with European family programs in France, Switzerland, Spain, Italy. Ages 16-20. Tours to Europe, Middle East. Hall Ross Travel, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York City, 10016. 212-661-6100.

STUDIES ABROAD

HEIDELBERG - BERLIN - PARIS - MADRID - LONDON. SCHILLER COLLEGE—Liberal Arts; B.A., M.A. curricula; academic year programs. American credit system. Special programs: music, theatre, fine arts. International business administration. Graduate, undergraduate, and high school summer courses. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. (Phone: 405-842-5979) or 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

"AMERICAN EDUCATION IN SWISS TRANQUILLITY" —American College of Switzerland. B.A., B.Ss., A.A. degrees. American liberal arts college, four year, co-educational, boarding. American and International faculty. Liberal arts, science, languages, international business, and fine arts programs enriched by curriculum related tours; strong sports program; excellent transfer record to U.S. universities and V.A. benefits. Affiliated with Leysin American High School. Write: American College of Switzerland, 1854T, Leysin, Switzerland or Hans T. Spengler, U.S. Representative, 330 East 49th Street, New York, 10017.

FILM AND PHOTOGRAPHY WORKSHOP—Create within the context of Norden Fjord World University. Complete living and working facilities. Write: PRAESTEGAARD, Kettrup pr., 9690 Fjerritslev, Denmark.

COLUMBUS INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE of Spain—A 2-year liberal arts college in cooperation with the city of Seville. Freshman Sophomore Curriculum, American Faculty, Dormitory Boarding Plan. Tuition $1,050 yearly, credits transferable. Write Columbus International College, Capitan Vigueras, 1, Seville, Spain.

STUDY AT SEA. World Campus Afloat Semester sails September and February to exotic ports round the world. Accredited. Financial aid available. Write: Chapman College, Box CC17, Orange, California 92666.

AMERICAN JUNIOR COLLEGE OF BARCELONA — Intensive two-year bicultural study in Spain. Credits transferable. Write: Jean Pinkham, 1525 41st Place, Des Moines, Iowa 50311.

STUDY PROGRAMS IN FRANCE—French, Dance, Music, Art-History, Painting, Cuisine, Sculpture, Theatre, Photography, Cinema. 1. Academic year, two semesters. 2. Interim program, January 4th-February 1st. 3. Summer in France, July 1st-August 12th. 4. Christmas in Paris and London, December 23rd-January 2nd. Eminent artist/professors. Write airmail (3 International coupons) to: PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY, 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5, France.

ACADEMIC YEAR IN SPAIN — University Programs: Undergraduate, B.A., M.A. TOTAL, $1,985. (Semester $1,385.) Summer $485. FELLOWSHIPS, AYS, 67 Orchard Ridge, Chappaqua, N.Y. 10514. 914-238-4306.

PRAESTEGAARDEN FOTOSKOLE—A unique setting for study and realization in cinema and photography. Summer and Winter program openings. Praestegaarden Fotoskole, Klim Strand, 9690 Fjerritslev, Denmark.

TRAVEL

GOING ABROAD THIS SUMMER? Go The Experiment Way: travel with 11 American students to one of 34 countries; learn a language, if you wish, or improve one you know; live with a native family; see the country with people who call it home. Special projects and academic credit available. Interested? Write: The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346. Indicate age and year in school.

"CASTLE-HOTELS," "FLEA MARKETS" guidebooks. 450 castles, monasteries, palaces offering accommodations. 250 illustrations, maps, 16 countries, "Europe's Flea Markets"—80 markets, 10 countries, maps. $2.95 each. Both $5.50. Robert Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD. 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . air conditioning and TV . . . ideal for families . . . Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

THE REAL MEXICO—A quality experience in the wilderness of the Sierra Madres. April and November only. Free brochure. Tag-A-Long Tours, Box 1206H, Moab, Utah 84532.

NEW ENGLAND MUSEUM will take few teenagers for summer of archaeology, history. $1,200 fee includes London fortnight studying American roots. Apply Standish Museums, East Bridgewater, Massachusetts 02333.

BICYCLING-HIKING-CAMPING trips through the countrysides of the world for 14-17 year olds. Europe, New England, West Coast, Canadian Rockies, Nova Scotia. Free Brochure. Student Hosteling Program of New England, Inc., Rochester, Vermont 05767.

STUDENTS-EUROPE—Small coed camping non-tour. 212-375-8609, Box F-440.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21Z Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS and Graduates. Stay in a Soviet youth center. Or sail with Breton fishermen; ski in August at Mont Blanc; make bicycle trip in Denmark; climb glacier-covered Alps; hike with Czech students; speak French in France or Spanish in Spain all summer; live with European family. Music festivals, theatres. Exceptional summer travel plans in Western Europe—Russia—Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. 21st year. Write: George R. Shumlin, Putney Student Travel, Putney, Vermont 05346.

EUROPE — AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

GET YOUR HANDS DIRTY! Participate in scientific field expeditions recently made accessible by Educational Expeditions International and the Smithsonian Institution to selected members of the general public. No special qualifications necessary to become actively involved in expeditions led by prominent scientists in anthropology, archaeology, geology, ecology, botany and astronomy in Africa, the Middle East and South America. Costs start at $1,275 plus air fare. Participation limited; early registration essential. Educational Expeditions International, SR6, 68 Leonard Street, Belmont, Massachusetts 02178. 617-489-3030.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

FOR STUDENT TRAVEL or Study or Camping or Summer Ski Camp . . . small groups . . . leisurely pace . . . lively, flexible programs . . . leaders of caliber, taste and wit . . . Itineraries in Western Europe, Israel, Scandinavia, Russia, Greece, Yugoslavia, Africa. 15th year. Students Abroad, Gertrude Lang, Mark Parets, Directors, 771-S West End Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10025. 212-928-7878.

TRAVEL WISE—A B C's OF TRAVEL. Emphasis on Europe. Suggests what to wear, unusual things to see or do. Increases trip enjoyment. $2.95 from Travelwise, Box 7686-S, Dallas, Texas 75209.

EUROPE THIS SUMMER? Ages 22-35. Looking for a low-cost coed trip combining a magnificent ten country itinerary with loads of free time, theatre tickets, fine hotels and all meals? Eight weeks, $1,675; six weeks, $1,475; four weeks, $1,150; WITH NO EXTRAS. Dr. S. M. Lutnick, 313 Post Avenue, Westbury, N.Y. 11590. 516-WA 1-7898.

TRAVEL

LIVELY FRENCH FAMILY welcomes guests. Ultramodernized house, outstanding cuisine. $175 week. Thevenin, Solignac, Haute Vienne, France.

DISCOUNT CAR RENTAL in Europe? Indagate the indigenes: Car Hire Centre International, 23 Swallow Street, London W1R 7HD. CAUTION: Book early—recent strikes mean fewer cars this summer.

EASTERN EUROPE—Art and architecture tour sponsored by Archaeological Institute of America. Russia, Bulgaria, Roumania, September 6th-27th. Brochure: Canterbury Travel, 95 Madison Avenue, NYC, 10016.

AUTO BABYSITTERS—INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than outdoor airport/pier parking. Pickup/delivery. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garages, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11216. 212-493-9800.

RUSSIA-SCANDINAVIA. 5 weeks. $350 inclusive. London departures. Small group camping travel (ages 18-30). Also Europe, Africa. Write: Whole Earth Expeditions, Ltd., Box 1497, Kansas City, Missouri 64141.

"ABC's OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL." A must for the first-time traveler. $1.95. Allen Associates, Box 382, Cranbury, N.J. 08512.

FOR MATURE TEENAGERS who want to learn as they travel. Seven-week camping programs: Appalachia $650, Southwest $700, East-West Europe $1,050. Write Nelson, 16 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19106.

JAPAN OR SOUTHEAST ASIA by freighter! Voyage to adventure on a working merchant ship. Visit Japan, or Hong Kong, Singapore, Korea, Malaysia, Taiwan. Spacious, deluxe accommodations. Great way to "rough it" at sea. Frequent departures from Seattle. For brochure, write: American Mail Line, 1010L Washington Building, Seattle, Washington 98101.

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HOLIDAYING in Devon, England? Contact private tourist guide. Colyer, Lippell Drive, Plymouth, England.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1984

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Makes serious demands on	5 69 46 74 103
B. Engage (the mind); take possession and control of, by military invasion	128 30 70 109 145 161
C. Fad, usually new; crease	79 90 118 139 169 131 158
D. Low altitude rain cloud	163 2 68 42 102 123 141 157 24 35 59 138
E. Checked, as a tide	142 159 170 60 101 78 25
F. A softening agent	36 107 136 146 173 65 91 117 153
G. Sumerian and Akkadian demon personifying death	49 62 129 165 28 40
H. Inclined to teach or lecture others too much	58 94 63 121 133 177 9 105
I. Important city, central Netherlands	179 8 21 45 115 12 82
J. After *the*: district of Staffordshire (Stoke-on-Trent, Newcastle-under-Lyme, etc.)	108 178 11 26 53 80 120 150 4
K. "My well-won _____, / Which he calls interest." ("Merchant of Venice")	29 71 112 132 148 172
L. Eng. playwright (1881-1913; "Hindle Wakes")	87 106 15 44 98 135 175 66

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Wife of Amphiaraus; she was killed by her son, Alcmaeon	83 125 143 33 116 156 93 111
N. Appeal to beyond the power of resistance	14 52 88 137 57 23 32 47 113
O. Playfully mischievous	151 174 6 20 51 85 154
P. Old alluvial deposit or group of old deposits	180 41 48 56 75
Q. Annul by authoritative act; put an end to	92 61 84 19 164 55 97 114
R. It. writer (1870-1945; "Stella Mattutina")	122 96 16 37 72
S. Ionian island celebrated as the home of Odysseus	81 100 17 124 127 168
T. The west wind, in Gr. mythology	95 126 77 22 18 160 34 152
U. Play by Plautus	39 167 130 27 43 110 3 76 31 89
V. Satirical imitation; burlesque	10 99 176 155 140 1 54
W. Semblances; emblems; statues	171 144 134 67 7 38
X. Vanilla and lady's-slipper, for instance	166 13 119 181 147 64 50
Y. It. economist and statesman (1868-1953; "Europa Senza Pace")	73 149 86 104 162

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

				1 V	2 D	3 U	4 J	5 A		6 O	7 W	8 I		9 H	10 V					
11 J	12 I	13 X	14 N	15 L	16 R	17 S		18 T	19 Q	20 O	21 I		22 T	23 N	24 D	25 E				
	26 J	27 U	28 G	29 K		30 B	31 U	32 N	33 M	34 T	35 D	36 F	37 R	38 W		39 U				
40 G	41 P		42 D	43 U	44 L		45 I	46 A	47 N	48 P	49 G	50 X	51 O	52 N	53 J					
54 V	55 Q	56 P	57 N		58 H	59 D	60 E	61 Q		62 G	63 H	64 X	65 F	66 L	67 W	—				
68 D	69 A	70 B	71 K	72 R	73 Y	74 A	—	75 P	76 U	77 T	78 E	79 C	80 J	81 S	82 I	83 M				
84 Q	85 O		86 Y	87 L	88 N	89 U		90 C	91 F	92 Q	93 M	94 H	95 T	96 R		97 Q				
98 L	99 V	100 S		101 E	102 D	103 A	104 Y		105 H	106 L	107 F	108 J	109 B	110 U	111 M	112 K				
	113 N	114 Q	115 I	116 M	117 F	118 C	119 X	120 J	121 H	122 R	123 D		124 S	125 M	126 T					
127 S	128 B	129 G	130 U	131 C	132 K	133 H	134 W	135 L	136 F	137 N	138 D		139 C	140 V	141 D					
142 E	143 M	144 W	145 B	146 F	147 X	148 K	149 Y	150 J	151 O	152 T		153 F	154 O	155 V	156 M	157 D				
158 C		159 E	160 T	161 B	162 Y	163 D	164 Q		165 G	166 X		167 U	168 S	169 C	170 E					
171 W	172 K		173 F	174 O	175 L	176 V		177 H	178 J	179 I	180 P	181 X								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 5 of this issue.

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